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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

JUNE
1924

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Painted from life

Edna Crompton

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Photo © by Paul Thompson

DANA BURNET

Everyone who read and laughed and thrilled over Mr. Burnet's lively story "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime," which appeared in this magazine and later on the screen, will be delighted to know that another story by the same author is to begin in the next—the July—issue. You'll laugh aloud when you read,

"THE SHOE TREE"

Subscription price: \$3.00 a year in advance. Canadian postage 50c per year. Foreign postage \$1.00 per year.

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Somebody Cares

By M. MERCER KENDIG, A. B. VASSAR

Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

ONE of the deepest emotions of human beings is the longing for friendship. The fact that people *care* for each other is the fact that makes society the first of all human structures. But it isn't the crowd that we long for in our loneliness—for the more we see of the mob the lonelier we feel. We long for those who see and know us as *individuals*; personalities, men and women with attributes for the expression and the acceptance of human sympathies.

In the education of the young the essence is not books so much as humanity—the friends and exemplars of intellect and character. In our Private Schools the conduct of the pupil is largely inspired and controlled by the ideals which the faculty sets before them. The pupil lives up to the appreciations of the friendships around him. And there is no social agency so powerful as that of friendship in the transmission of ideas and ideals in the Private School. Personal contacts in school and college are the greatest single value of education. As a man of rare educative genius once said: "Books and laboratories are useful and necessary; but . . . the personnel of the faculty, the college, the class, the society and the team—they are the soul of educational theory."

In the Private School somebody cares for your boy and girl. The social longing of gregarious human beings is directed into educational character-building opportunities by the human touch. Ideals have here their natural contacts and produce reactions of higher development. A normal educative process obtains in the Private School as in few other environments. Boys and girls are under the magic spell of a guiding friendship. Some one always cares, always observes, always

offers the friendly help of human fellowship in the classroom, on the campus, in the private councils of teacher and pupil.

There is a mental grace, a vivacity, a distinctive social quality in the boy and girl bred in the Private School. It is not what they know from books that has made them so. It is what they have learned from the precept and the example of the gentility around them that dignifies the qualities of heart and mind of the Private School graduate.

The idea of responsible parenthood is growing throughout the land. Men and women are seeking higher educational privilege for their children. They realize that the child is the nation's greatest insurance against the sinister forces constantly besetting it. Foreign ideals, foreign manners, foreign customs are invading American life and enfeebling the spirit of a once rugged Americanism. If American institutions are to endure in their fundamental purity, the aggressive Americanism of the Private School and of the boys and girls educated there must carry on in the enlightened spirit of the founders of our liberty.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE Department of Education has made a personal investigation of all the schools listed in its pages and many others. If you are experiencing difficulty in making a selection, we will assist you to choose the best school for your children. Give us all the necessary facts so that we may be fully helpful.



Address the Director, Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 33 West 42nd Street, New York City

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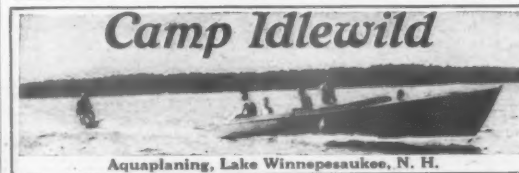
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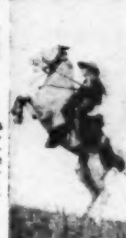
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The Director, Department of Education
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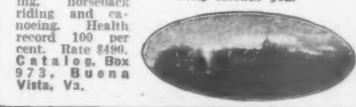
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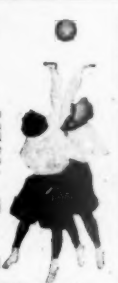
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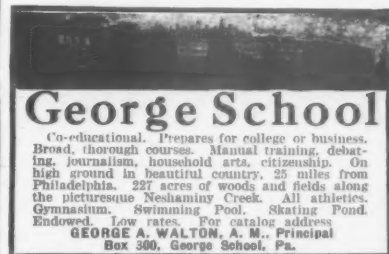
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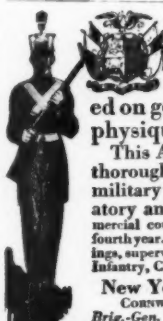
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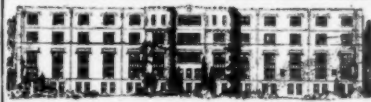
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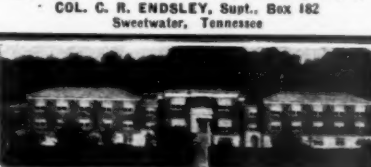
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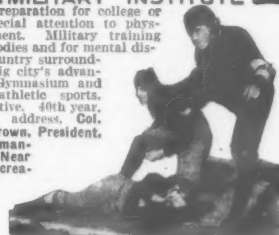
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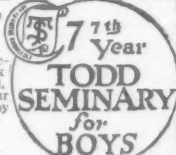
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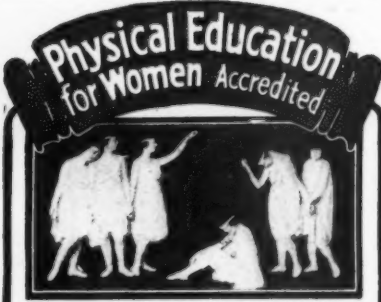
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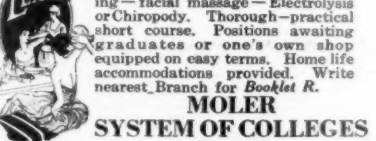
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The Lonesome Place

By *ANGELO PATRI* ✻ Decoration by *W.T. Benda*

IN a bend of the trail lies the Lonesome Place. The woods creep down on both sides and hem it close in. Tall trees lock arms and form dusky arches, and the dim light filters through to make deep, mysterious shadows—formless, uncertain.

It is still, so still. No bird twitters; no breeze ruffles the becalmed air; neither roaming bee nor wandering butterfly strays here. It is still. A leaf lets go and flutters to the damp ground. Fear rides your shoulder. You would turn and flee; but your feet are set on the road, and there is no turning back. You must go on—and alone. It is single file in the Lonesome Place.

"You have been very brave," said a comforting friend to a bereft mother. "How did you ever stand it? I can't see how you faced it and lived."

"I didn't bear it," said she simply. "It was too big. Something that was not I slipped into my place, and somehow I got through. I found a strength that I never knew, and courage and faith too. I think they were waiting all the time—just waiting to be called on." . . .

A man who had worked more hours than should content any man, and carried heavier loads than any man ought, eventually found himself lying on



a hospital cot listening to the clipped tones of his friend the surgeon.

"I can do this job. I can cut out the trouble and patch you up as good as new. I can do my part and the nurses can do theirs. What I want to know is, can you do yours? Got anything to fall back on? Anything to call on in emergency?"

"There'll come an hour when I'll have to stand back, when we'll all have to stand back, and you'll have to come through on your own. Got anything that'll help you through a place like that?"

The sick man smiled. "I understand. Yes, I've lived outside my body before. I can hold on and come through. Go ahead."

Hold your stride and keep on. There is one with you, although you feel so alone. You scarce know him, because out there, you were so busy making

him. Here in the silence and loneliness, he rises to meet you.

The patience you learned by waiting on life, whose measured progress you could neither hurry nor hinder, is in his face, and it is as the patient power of the waiting sea.

Endurance that you wrested from the hours of grilling labor, nerve him now, and his strength is the sure might of the mountains.

Righteous anger that bit into your dull flesh and burned down the barricades of selfishness, flames in defiance from out his burning eyes.

The will that strove and would not be at rest rides him now like a god of the whirlwind.

You are not alone. You are with your Self, that elemental being of sea and mountain and tempest and fire. The spirit of man is bearing you up and carrying you on. You have passed the Lonesome Place, forever. You have found your Self.



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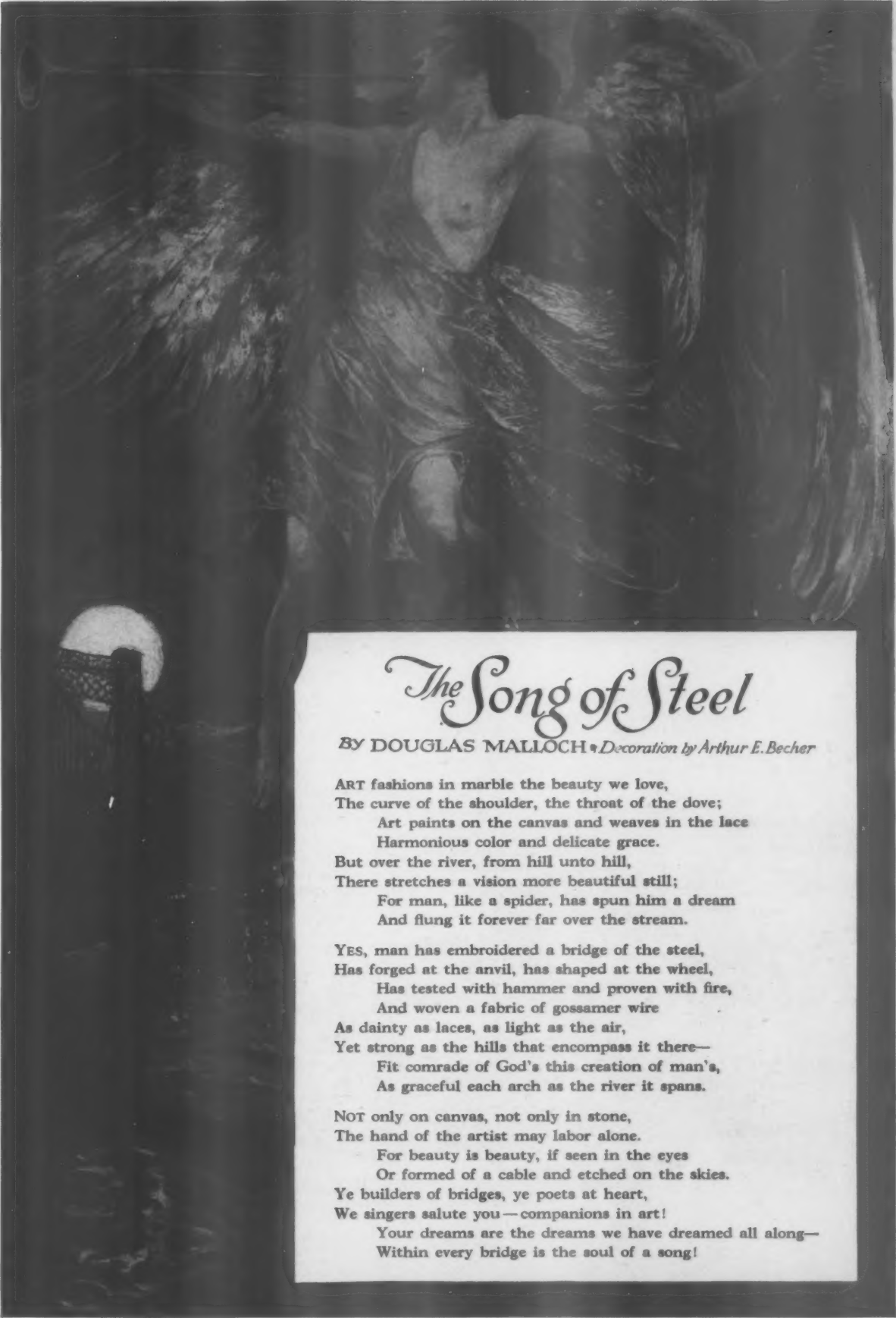
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The curve of the shoulder, the throat of the dove;
Art paints on the canvas and weaves in the lace
Harmonious color and delicate grace.

But over the river, from hill unto hill,
There stretches a vision more beautiful still;
For man, like a spider, has spun him a dream
And flung it forever far over the stream.

YES, man has embroidered a bridge of the steel,
Has forged at the anvil, has shaped at the wheel,
Has tested with hammer and proven with fire,
And woven a fabric of gossamer wire
As dainty as laces, as light as the air,
Yet strong as the hills that encompass it there—
Fit comrade of God's this creation of man's,
As graceful each arch as the river it spans.

NOT only on canvas, not only in stone,
The hand of the artist may labor alone.
For beauty is beauty, if seen in the eyes
Or formed of a cable and etched on the skies.

Ye builders of bridges, ye poets at heart,
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Your dreams are the dreams we have dreamed all along—
Within every bridge is the soul of a song!

Most men ask
"Is she pretty?"

not "Is she clever?"

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Often we marvel at her—the girl whose only asset is her beauty. She knows so little and says so little; yet serenely attracts everyone to her side. Too often her *clever* rival sits in a corner, alone.

* * *

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A Common-sense Editorial by Bruce Barton

The Gift to Little Men

IT was late in the afternoon, and the Government offices in Washington were deserted. A dollar-a-year man dropped into the office of a friend who, like himself, had left his business interests to take charge of important operations in the war.

Both men were doing vital work; the newspapers were constantly printing their pictures. But now, at the close of a hard day, they smoked their pipes and stared moodily out toward Washington Monument.

Finally one of them spoke:

"I suppose what we're doing looks very impressive from the outside," he said; "but between ourselves, Frank, I'm fussing along with the most obvious routine things."

The other nodded. Said he: "My greatest fear is that some one will walk in some day and find me out."

Like a couple of schoolboys they sat and laughed at themselves.

* It has been interesting to me to discover how often a first-class man regards himself, secretly, as much over-rated. I have seen a famous author blush like a schoolboy when his work was praised. Emerson sometimes came home after his lectures utterly discouraged by his sense of failure. Lincoln was subject to moods of abysmal dejection; his favorite song was the doleful, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?"

On the other hand, I know three men—and have come into contact with many more—who are utterly free from any doubt as to their own omniscience. One of the three is a ticket-taker in a New York theater; one is a day-laborer on a farm; one is private secretary to a corporation president.

These three gentlemen have positive views on every question, and do not hesitate to express their contempt for all who disagree. They have a high sense of the importance of their time. In their dealings with us common folks they are inclined to be abrupt.

I admit that their cocksureness used to irritate me. It seemed rather ridiculous, as contrasted with the self-depreciation of many of the leaders of the world. But one day I hit upon the explanation, and now no bump-tious individual irritates me any more.

My explanation is this: God is just. He distributes talents with impartial hand among the sons of men. To big men He gives the satisfaction of achievement; but He penalizes them with hours of depression, introspection and self-doubt.

Little men would be discouraged if they could see themselves in their true light. So conceit was sent into the world—

God's great gift to little men.



Butterfly Clothes should not be washed by caterpillar methods

THERE was a time when, without second thought, one could "toss into the general wash" stockings, underwear, nightgowns, shirtwaists, skirts—practically one's whole wardrobe.

But that was the age of lisle, muslin and duck. In this day of lovely silks and delicate woollens, one's garments shrink and fade almost at the very thought of the general wash!

New fashions in clothes have brought a need for new washing methods.

So a gentle squeezing in mild, safe Ivory suds as soon as possible after the garment has become soiled has replaced

the old-fashioned practice of letting one's personal garments pile up in a damp, dark hamper, and then washing them by soaking-rubbing-boiling.

And how long one's dainty modern garments do last when washed this way! Just as long, indeed, as the heavy cottons of old.

Ivory suds, quickly made from Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap, are as harmless to filmy, delicately tinted silk, and to soft fluffy woollens, as pure water itself. For Ivory is pure! So pure and gentle that millions of women use it every day for the cleansing and protection of their complexions.

If you have a laundress, by all means see that she adopts the Ivory suds method for your delicate things. If you prefer to insure their safety by washing

them yourself, you will find the Ivory suds method easy, quick and pleasant. There are full directions on the Ivory Flakes box. Perhaps you will let us send you the booklet offered elsewhere on this page.

Why not have *all* your washing done with Ivory? Lots of families do, because it makes their clothes white-clean, and sweeter-smelling than when ordinary laundry soap is used. The cost is *very* little more.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



A conclusive safety test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

*"Would I use this
soap on my face?"*

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes, your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

5 Hints for the safe handling of Silks and Woollens

Silk stockings should be washed in Ivory suds before the first wearing, and after each wearing. The acids of perspiration quickly injure silk.

If stockings have clocks different in color from the body fabric, be sure to stuff cheese-cloth or a small towel into the ankle while drying.

Iron dotted swiss and embroidered fabrics on wrong side over thick pad.

Never rub, wring or twist a woolen sweater. When washing, squeeze the Ivory suds through the fabric repeatedly; rinse by squeezing; dry by laying on a towel in the shade.

Too hot an iron will rot silk. If the iron makes paper smoke, it is too hot.

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It will give us great pleasure to send you a generous sample of Ivory Flakes without charge, and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 28-FF, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

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KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, Editor



When Falls the Colosseum

By

R I T A W E I M A N

The idea of this remarkable story came to Miss Weiman one evening last summer when, with a party of friends, she did the "usual tourist thing"—visited the Colosseum by moonlight. The vividness of her descriptions and the elemental drama she presents in her story will be appreciated to the full by everyone who has ever thus seen the structure, and no less by those who hope one day similarly to see the most famous relic of antiquity.

Illustrated by Franklin Booth

UNDER the languorous caress of noon, Rome lay quiet, as if thought itself had lifted wings and sped far from the broad brow of the city. Yet even in her passivity, one felt the quality that has prefixed her "eternal," the thousands of noons which had kissed and left her unchanged, the millions of human feet which had trod her ways and left no imprint. Like a laurel wreath, her eternity had been worn so long that Time itself seemed prisoner, a conqueror made slave. And Rome smiled.

So did the manager, assistant manager, second assistant manager; clerks, concierge, cashier; information squad, first, second and third head-waiters; waiters, bell-boys, chambermaid, valet, bus-driver, doorman and baggage-shifters of the hotel at which, the night before, Jere Gifford Owen and party, of New York, had registered.

The guide made the ages slip away. . . . "The lions walked majestically under those arches, awaited a signal from the Imperial Box to approach their victims."

Jere Owen could have bought the hotel had he chosen. But not choosing to buy it, there was little doubt that he would leave enough in its treasury during the few weeks of his stay to raise both suspense and whatever debts might have been entailed by bad business in the years following the war. Jere had honored that particular hostelry twice in the past, but that had been long before, and both times Mrs. Jere and their children had accompanied him. This was quite evidently a different sort of party—a more profitable one.

Thus the entire entourage of the hotel—or approximately—turned out to wish them good morning, as they assembled in groups of twos and threes in the lobby. They wore prosperity, that crowd of men and women, as a seal wears its shining coat. It was part of them, smoothed and silkened by the lapping waters of luxury. It shone alike under sun and electric light. One sensed it in the dark.

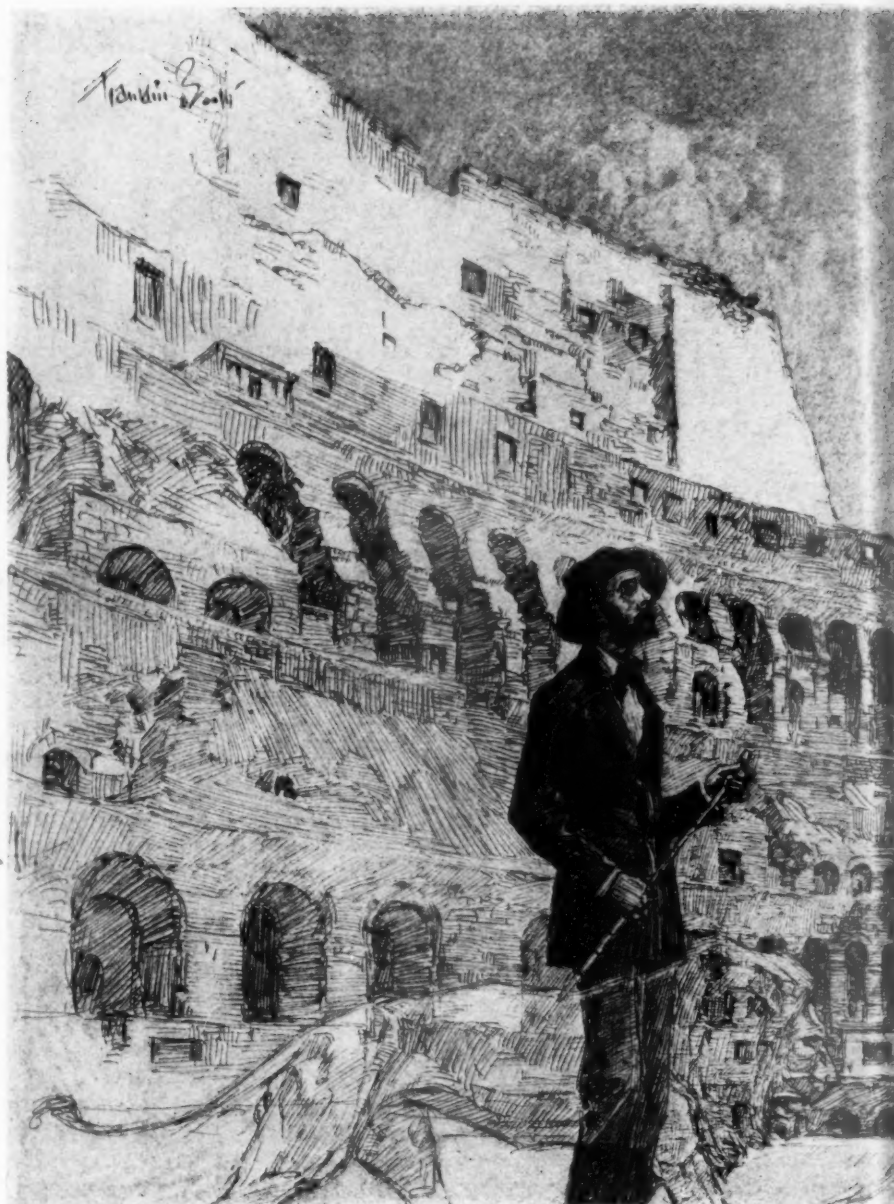
Their host was the last to appear. The instant you saw Jere Owen, you understood what had made him a multimillionaire at forty-eight. He was not the rugged, boisterous type of man who, styled self-made, has in the making covered all the essentials but self-culture. He was a force, a dynamo, grinding with the quiet intensity of accuracy against all opposing forces until they crumbled through sheer impotence to combat him further. He was Will epitomized.

Yet it was not his bigness that made this power felt as a vital tangible thing, nor his vigor, nor the magnificent probing quality of the eyes that arrested yours. Rather was it an uncanny sense of his imagination, of assurance that here was a man unconquerable because he knew unerringly where to strike the Achilles' heel of an enemy. The weaknesses of his opponents were known to him. In himself he acknowledged none.

Even the tendency to surround himself with lovely woman-kind—as witness the assemblage of his guests—even that was not weakness. It was diversion. He looked them over as he descended the stairs—Jere Owen traveled more rapidly than the hotel lift—and gave a quiet smile of approval. But his eyes did not halt until they rested upon one at the far side of the lobby.

She was standing with a young man and the guide Owen had picked up at Naples. Odd fellow, that guide! He was evidently outlining plans for the day. His long hands, an artist's under their tan and roughness, were describing some church or temple she must see. Clearly they were marking a dome in the air. His eyes were lifted—gentle, far-seeing eyes. His lips, above a shaggy short beard, were sensitively cut. Jere had a haunting, indefinite feeling that somewhere, at some time, he had seen that face before. The sense of it was persistent, had been with him from the beginning. The fellow's expression, more than actual features, was so deucedly familiar.

The girl on whom Jere's gaze and interest centered was listen-



ing with the rapt look she had worn ever since the smallboats had borne them from his yacht, anchored in the Mediterranean, to the shores of Italy. Her head with its small white hat set snugly over the bewildering gold of her hair was flung back. Her lips were apart, eager. Her eyes held a strange mystic longing, as if in this country, age-old, the veil of modernity had been torn from them, and their depths were about to be sounded. Jere's smile became difficult to interpret. They were worth sounding—those depths!

He joined the group of three with a greeting that drifted with genial impersonality from one to the other.

"Well, what's the schedule?" he put to the guide, and added without waiting: "Suppose we try the Forum. That's where the Vestal Virgins held forth; and for power, they put it all over your suffragettes. —You'll want to make their acquaintance early, wont you, Miss Marsh?"

He turned to the girl. His glance was frankly teasing. There appeared to be no reason for the faint flush that, without warning, stole from her smooth white throat to the broad forehead.

"I want to see everything—at once," came breathlessly; and she sent a smile directly into the eyes of the third man, who stood a bit to one side. "Don't you, dear?"

Christopher Norton, who held the post of confidential secre-



tary to Owen—and no president's secretary could have filled a job more coveted—answered her look. The light of that answer suffused his lean, fine features with a glow that did not leave them. "The light that never was on land or sea," Jere Owen told himself amusedly. Fool—the fellow worshiped her! Women didn't want to be worshiped. They wanted to be taken—the best of them!

"I was about to suggest," the gently dominant voice of the guide broke in, "that you visit St. Peter's now, in the heat of the day, and then the Colosseum. That is the time to see the Colosseum—when the sun is setting—or by moonlight."

Jere accepted the suggestion with a gesture that graciously submitted it to the girl.

"How do you feel about it, Miss Marsh?"

She nodded without quite looking his way, and again that unaccountable flush deepened her color. It was almost as if she feared to meet his gaze; yet there was no fear reflected in her eagerness. Her eyes merely turned from his bigness, his force, the powerful magnetism that seemed a tangible part of him. Yet the very turning away was an acknowledgment of their potency. Jere Owen continued to smile.

The party with their two guides occupied three cars commandeered for the duration of their visit. They drove through the

cobbled narrow streets of the ancient city, a glistening streak of progress. They came suddenly upon the sweep of plateau at the top of which stands the Cathedral of St. Peter, like a solemn sentinel guarding tradition against the invasion of modern thought. They mounted the steps, and from the sea of sunlight wandered through the scented gloom of the sacred edifice, chatting gayly, with here and there a yawn at the prospect of several hours wasted on a church that might have been dedicated to the more illuminating pursuit of bridge or mah jongg.

But the hush that failed to halt them, the sense of sanctuary that failed to grip them under the great gold and jeweled dome, fell like a spell as, late in the afternoon, they approached the roofless ruin of that greatest monument of pagan Rome—the Colosseum.

It rose before them, a gaunt skeleton of glory gone, big and encompassing in its endless circle—indestructible, though the setting sun girdled it with fire.

They walked under the vast height of one of its arches and across the Arena, suddenly huddled like a group of pigmies surrounded by the silence of space and time.

Jere's eyes traveled from one to the other, and into them came a twinkle of tolerance. It had got *him* that way, too, the first time—sort of by the throat, choking. No speech possible!

A strangle hold! That had been years before, when he was "Jerry Owen" uncamouflaged—before the world at large had felt the force of his personality. Yet even then he had been able to take what he wanted.

It seemed far less than twenty years back that he had stood for the first time in this same Arena with the delicately fragile woman who had flung aside all ties at his bidding. As he had since made everything he desired his own, so he had taken her—by the power of his magnetism—from the man whose wife she was; wooed her without the slightest qualm or hesitancy; forced her, not to plead for, but to demand her freedom. Loving him with that reckless blindness he could always command, she had worked his will on the husband who adored her. She had married Jere then—or rather, he had married her.

From his standpoint, that step might have been regrettable, had it not been for the boy, Jere, Jr., a miniature of his own magnificence, and symbol of the first passion which had flung them into each other's arms. He was the bond that held them together now, after twenty years. Not actually together—need it be said?—for the wistful, clinging charm that first attracted had, in a pathetically brief time, cloyed through the very security of its devotion. Security was not what Jere wanted. He demanded the unattainable—the recurrent opportunity to prove himself conqueror.

Mrs. Jere Owen spent most of her time in California with their fourteen-year-old daughter who, representing as she did a period of infinite sadness in her mother's life, was as delicate as the boy was strong. The frail flower of the second child's being had been watered by tears of disillusionment. No dynamo there—nothing but a pair of shy, sad eyes in a weak body, and the everlasting search for health that—fortunately for Jere—demanded so much of her mother's love and care.

Two children—but how different! The girl futile, useless; the boy superb, ruthless, a chip off the old block, indomitable! That boy was the only human being who could bring to Jere Owen's face "the light that never was on land or sea." No woman, he told himself, scanning the beautiful faces of his selection, but the youth who would step into his shoes, who was so completely equipped to carry on for him! That was an idol worth fighting for. And as always when he thought of his son, the probing eyes softened like a woman's.

He took from his vest pocket a letter received that morning, and his gaze lingered on the reckless, dominant scrawl. It might have been his own writing at nineteen.

"Dear old Dad:

"Soon I'll be with you, and we'll show Paris what New York can do to her. Exams have been pretty rough, but I'll pull through all right. Then you and I'll paint the town, eh what? A lot of goggles round here have been telling me that a good college record is the foundation of manhood. But we know better! Your record is all the foundation I want."

The Arena vanished from Jere's consciousness. In its place he saw a college campus: his boy's big, athletic body swinging toward him, arm swept out to push another boy from his path as if he were a fly; the arm then thrust through his, a dash for Junior's waiting roadster—and like a red streak, the two of them passing everything in sight. His boy's laughter carrying on the wind—his own an echo, exultant, youth revived! Nothing would ever stand in that youth's way—he himself would see to that.

The guide's voice, low, yet seeming to carry so far, gently drew back Jere's wandering vision.

"The ancients regarded the Colosseum as eternal," he was saying. "It was built to endure forever, of stones that fit perfectly one into the other—without cement, without any need but their own strength to hold them together. There is an old saying:

"When falls the Colosseum—then falls Rome. When falls Rome—then falls the world!"

JERE OWEN folded the scrawl, replaced it with smiling tenderness, and looked up at the circular, defiant pile. As the stones of that eternal structure fitted into one another, so was his life fastened into that of his boy, stone on stone, indestructible—his immortality. God? Heaven? Phantasmagoria! But a man-power, handed down from generation to generation, from century to century—that was life everlasting.

"They have used this Arena for every form of amusement, from aquatic sports, chariot races and gladiatorial combat, to the sacrifice of the early Christians."

"Amusement!" murmured Ethel Marsh with a shudder. "How—hideous!"

"You do not then think the survival of the fittest is interesting to observe, signorina?" The eyes of the guide more than his lips put the question.

"Not when it means bloodshed."

"Is there any triumph of the spirit without tears of blood?"

OWEN wheeled round with a glance of sharp query. This queer fellow had a way of branching off—of forgetting that he was an animated Baedeker. Yet somehow there was no inclination to reprimand him. One could not put him in his place, because he seemed to have none. He had a gift, with his far-seeing eyes, his softly haunting voice, his vivi pictures, of garbing bare stone with living personality. He made the ages slip away. The guide went on presently, as if not needing a reply:

"The wild animals the Romans used were not kept here but at the Circus Maximus. They were starved for three days before the ceremony. And when they were brought in, the leopards and hyenas were put into cages built part way up and just below the tiers of seats. The lions walked majestically under those arches and through a tunnel, in no hurry, but turning shaggy heads from left to right. Raw meat was held near the other beasts to render them more enraged and ravenous—but the lions awaited a signal from the Imperial Box to approach their victims. It was as if they realized that a Roman emperor was king over the king of beasts."

Jere looked from the eyes, faintly filmed with their vision, to those of the girl at his side. They were wide and fascinated, though the gray depths were filled with horror. Superb eyes, Jere observed, eyes with possibilities his imagination loved to dwell upon. That boy she had promised to marry couldn't probe them—not by a long shot. He didn't know enough of women, their very simple complexities. He hadn't the power to demand. And women wanted to give—even when the giving battered down the bars of tradition and convention. Christopher Norton would put this woman, like some divinity, on a pedestal. But first he, Jere Owen, would teach her that even goddesses had feet of clay.

She felt his gaze as she always did.

"It's overwhelming, isn't it?" She said the words hushed as she glanced around.

"Yes," he answered, looking at her.

"Of course, it's not new to you."

"It's always new to me." And he smiled without moving his eyes.

She turned to meet them, unwillingly enough, but impelled to it.

"This will mean such a lot to Chris, bless him!"

The young secretary had moved on, with their guide. He was standing bareheaded under the yawning emptiness of what had been the Imperial Box. The red sun settled on the face upturned, picking out the finely modeled brow and cheek-bones like a sculptor's hand, glinting across the heavy brown hair and blinding the eyes lifted to people the scene before him.

"He's just not here," she laughed. "He's off having a chat with Tiberius about the emancipation of the slaves or something. You know, I expect big things of Chris!"

"You expect him to persuade Tiberius to free the slaves?"

"I suspect that the Emperor depends on him more than he'll admit," she flung back with a suggestion of insolence that Jere loved. He was so accustomed to the "Yes—yes" women.

He walked slowly, with apparent carelessness, toward the passage under the tiers of seats, a darkened corridor with only an occasional departing streak of sunlight like blood across it. The girl walked at his side in silence until they entered the shadows.

Then chill wrapped round them, and she drew back.

"Why go in here?"

"Isn't there something fascinating about the unknown?" he made answer.

"I'd rather have certainty," came from her, not more than a breath.

He stopped, and his smile held more than knowledge. It was encompassing, exactly as if it thrust aside the screen of her soul.

"No, you wouldn't. You tell yourself so, but you know it's not true. You want to investigate—you want to learn the mystery of the ages. But you're afraid, aren't you—dear?"

She turned on him suddenly, her swift question, like a hand, going sharply to her throat.

"Mr. Owen—why are you trying to make love to me like this?"

"Because I am in love with you," was the quiet reply, but the words blazed like a flame.



"Mr. Owen—why are you trying to make love to me like this?" "Because I am in love with you," was the quiet reply.

"You're not! You know you're not. And what you're doing isn't fair to Chris—it isn't fair to me!"

"It's the fairest thing that could happen to you. Do you think if you cared for Chris, you'd want to listen to me?"

"I haven't wanted to. You've made me! All the way across I've tried to keep you from it."

"But you've listened to me, haven't you?"

"Because I couldn't help it! Because we were thrown together so much! Because Chris trusts me—absolutely."

"Are those the only reasons?"

The hand went nervously to her throat then. It was a gesture, half-helpless, one that showed the appealing line of shoulder and arm, that made him long for the touch of those delicate fingers.

"You know your power. I suppose you've tested it so many times. But I love Chris—all the best of me does—I'll always love him. And—Mr. Owen, we're in such a difficult position! You mean so much to him, and I'm your guest. Wont you—wont you let me alone?"

He chose to meet the appeal to his chivalry with a challenge.

"Do you suppose I invited you—to keep Chris company?"

"You let us believe you did."

"Why, my dear, my very dear, the first time you came to meet him at the office,—that first day I saw you,—I knew I'd have to have you with us."

"If I'd known that was why you asked me, do you think I'd have come?"

"Yes."

She looked away swiftly, unable to meet his measuring eyes. "You are one of those women meant for a strong man—not a weak one."

"Chris isn't weak. He couldn't be your right arm if he were." Her breath caught. "He's an idealist—he's idealized us both. And you—you—"

"I seize every opportunity to tell the woman who has promised to be his wife that I adore her. I'm likely to keep on telling her—even after she is his wife."

"But why—what object can you have?"

"I want her," came crisply; yet the words somehow held a caress.

Her hands, both of them, swept out toward the group in the Arena.

"But there are all those other women. Surely they have more beauty, more charm—"

"I don't want—them."

"But can't you see—how ruthless you are? You force me to go on battling with you in the dark. You're making me—utterly miserable."

"I could make you utterly happy."

"No—not that!"

"And you know I could. That's why you're afraid. Otherwise there'd be no battle for you. You want to surrender to the enemy. Don't you? Answer yourself—you don't have to answer me."

Twilight was creeping over the dipping sun, covering the

Arena like a gray shroud. At the other side, her lover and their guide had started to climb to the top of the pile. They seemed to be getting farther and farther away, out of reach as they mounted.

"You've deliberately set out to make me forget—that I love Chris."

"No. I've merely made you realize there's another love—more dominant, more demanding."

"I—I hate you for it."

"You acknowledge it just the same."

"Are all women the same to you? Don't you—reverence any of them?" It was a plea flung out desperately, but Jere Owen read in it only the thing he chose to read—subtle confession.

"Do women want—reverence?"

"I wanted it until you—until you—"

"Until I convinced you there was—something else."

"I want it still—what Chris gives me. Only, you—you're making me unworthy of it."

He caught up the hand that traveled again desperately to her throat as if to hold back the tears there.

"What I've made you feel gives you to me."

"No—I'll run away from you first."

"You can't do that."

"But I don't care what they would think—any of them!"

"You'd have to explain to Chris—and how could you? Can you go to the man you say you love, and confess to him that another man has brought into being another love you can't resist?"

"It's not love—you know that!"

"It's irresistible—you'll know that, too, when I take you in my arms."

She gave a gasp as if waters were closing over her, and tore her hand from the grasp that held it. Her lovely head with its swirl of gold under the close turban went up, and the deep gray eyes flashed into his.

"You'll never do that! When we started on this trip, I was happy—completely, absolutely happy. Chris and I meant everything to each other—all I wanted or hoped for. And now you've undermined it—deliberately set about to make me feel that the sort of love he gives me isn't enough. I don't know whether it's your experience with women—you've had a lot of it; I know that—but I hate you for what you've done to me, and I'm going to fight it down. It can't have any power!"

He looked at the trembling lips, the flashing eyes, the whole figure drawn taut, as if it had backed defensively against a stone wall. But he conquered the impulse to close his arms round her where she stood. Resistance was a novelty to him. The picture of this delicately alluring woman fighting to vanquish the emotion he had roused in her had the stimulus of a new brand of wine. It was bubble-topped nectar to be tasted, before the cup was emptied to the dregs.

Throughout the trip, his imagination had played with the thought of Ethel Marsh in his embrace, the firm virginal line of her lips relaxing under his. Women had for so many years flung themselves at the feet of his magnetism and his millions that he was sated with submission. Her valiant defiance was a spur to desire. Any one of those women strolling lazily round would in her place have met him more than halfway. This combat gave him the thrill of experimenting with his own power, of standing aside and watching the process by which Jere Gifford Owen proved to himself the frailty of even an innately good woman. He had taken the woman who bore his name from other ties; but she had been fragile and clinging, so completely his, that eventually there had been a sort of satanic glee in making her suffer through her adoration. Had it not been for the gorgeous boy she had given him, he would have called himself a fool for the bother of marrying her.

But this woman was different. His money meant nothing to her, nor his position, nor the strength of his hand at the helm of industry. Though a girl, she was more or less a woman of the world. She knew it, at any rate, having earned her own living. And she loved another man. To take her for himself under these circumstances would be a new sensation, one more completely satisfying than any he had known.

He measured her beauty, so vital, so superbly combative, and their eyes met in a long moment of silence, of realization that theirs was the most terrific, the eternal battle in the arena of life.

"What I've made you feel has the greatest power in the world," he told her, with voice low. "I'll prove that to you, too."

"You think I'd give you the chance?"

"You'll have nothing to do with it. When the moment comes, it will conquer both of us."

Without a word, she turned and sped across the Arena until she became like a wraith drifting in the violet of oncoming night. She



"The Signor might have had an ugly fall!" the guide

stopped below the spot where Chris Norton with their guide stood outlined black against the sky, and called to him. He waved with both arms and came scrambling down the broken, irregular steps, shouting to her in his enthusiasm, like some gay schoolboy on a holiday.

The gaze of Jere Owen traveled round the Colosseum, as completely cool as if he had not just emerged from a battle of the sexes. Suddenly it kindled. He sauntered out of the corridor, joined his other guests and put a question to the second guide.

"Is moonlight on the calendar tonight?"

The man, with seasoned efficiency, pulled out an almanac.

"A full moon, signor, tomorrow night."

"Good! We'll take the Colosseum for a party. See that everyone else is kept out."

The little Italian looked bewildered.

"It can be arranged," laughed Jere. "All we have to do is talk to the authorities. There's a way to open or close any door we like."

The crowd animated with an enthusiasm which age-old ruins had failed to bring to light.



explained. "I had a damned ugly dream." Jere shivered. "Thought the Colosseum was falling—end of the world."

"Great idea!" "Clinch it, Jere!" "What a duck you are!" came in chorus.

Jere's glance wandered to where Chris Norton made the last leap that brought him almost into the arms of his sweetheart. They went shakily up to his shoulders and held there.

"Chris!" It was a cry almost of despair. "Don't leave me for the rest of the day! This place has given me the horrors."

Jere did not hear the words, of course, but he saw the gesture. And as they turned, coming toward him, the girl held close within the protective arm swung round her, he smiled again, his quiet, calmly certain smile. Just a bit ahead, and at one side of them, walked the guide whose face with its strange, wistful eyes was so familiar, yet could not be placed. And as always, Jere groped vainly in recognition. Odd—where had he seen it? Surely not in New York. The fellow, in spite of his excellent English, had never been there. Student—scholar—he was a queer sort—appeared to care nothing for money, had not even named his price. He was a poet—a dreamer; that was evident. Well, let him have his vague dreams! Jere's were not vague. He knew what he wanted. He had always known. That was the key to his success.

The sun dropped into darkness. That chill which is neither night nor day settled like a ghostly canopy over the ruins. The emptiness of the place closed in upon them. In sudden silence they all moved out to the waiting cars. In silence they drove back to the hotel. The weird, hushed influence held them, even while they resented it.

"Me for a dozen of what these wops call dry Martinis," observed one of the men. "I feel like a funeral."

Young Norton pressed the hand that had been held within both of his throughout the drive, and his eyes were troubled.

"Go up and rest a bit before dinner, dear. You've been going it too hard—you look completely fagged."

She went to her room, so much more like a beautifully furnished boudoir than a hotel room, and switched on the two lamps of her dressing-table, lifting their delicately tinted shades. She pulled off her hat and leaned close to the mirror. This hideous thing that had her, how long could she fight it? Was there to be no escape? Was the dominant force of the man's personality to hold her like a ball and chain, to drag her eventually to his will? There could be no help from anyone but herself or him. And he would not give it. She must stand completely, absolutely alone in combat: the real (Continued on page 140)

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

Here is the first of a distinct group of stories of domestic life that Mrs. Banning is writing for you. You're going to like them, for you'll think that each is about certain folks you know well—folks next door, so to speak. The scene of the stories will be Cosmopolis, as Mrs. Banning names her fictional town. Anyway, it's not Duluth, for the author lives there, and she wouldn't dare be so frank about her fellow-townsmen!

The Joy of Battle

By

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THE benefit performance given annually for St. Margaret's Charities was in full swing. In a little group of brick cottages far from the Majestic Theater, St. Margaret's charges, the fatherless, motherless and homeless, were tended by kind professionals; and at this hour they were all neatly in bed, serenely unconscious of the fact that they constituted the "worthy object" for which Society in another quarter of the city was being relieved of its dollars, and for which Judith Ware, exquisitely rouged and costumed behind the glare of the footlights, danced and sang. She sang a silly lyric in a voice of no possible importance, but her dancing and her costume redeemed her art. It was not vulgar dancing, but the kind that, without being vulgar, told you all there was to tell about how lovely Judith was. As she finished, there was a storm of applause. Some people said that she was like a Dresden doll, and some like a piece of fine porcelain, and some like a Botticelli angel, and though she didn't look in the least like any of these, the comments showed that she had roused the sentiment she meant to rouse.

Looking down appraisingly from the box which had cost him several hundred dollars, Clement Dixon decided that she certainly was the girl he wanted to marry. He came to full stop with the decision, as he always did. Just before she left the stage, Judith glanced up at him half-casually, half-intimately, and he smiled back with a trace of fatuousness. She was very sweet. Later, as she went around the theater selling chocolates at an infamous

Judith listened, as a girl should on such occasions, to his praises and his promises. They were very happy.

price from an adorable basket, she had great success. Finally she repaired to Clem's box, clinking her money gayly, her wares all sold.

"Did you like it?" she asked when he complimented her, and the faint accent on the second word returned the compliment to its giver.

"Very much," he assured her in his somewhat difficult manner, "very much indeed!"

Judith had been born a blonde; and her mother, who considered her daughter her own image, always had gloried in her delicate skin and soft, light hair. At twenty Judith was still beautifully delicate of skin, and her hair, cut in the deffest of shingles, was expertly waved. She was not in the least fat, although Mrs. Ware's rotundity held out a threat for the future; nor was she skinny and underdeveloped, as so many girls who pursue slenderness become. Her face was one of those which are joys to photographers who make faintly blurred portraits, and her arms were more decorative than her evening clothes, which was saying a good deal. Yet with all that blonde beauty, Judith had escaped stupidity or placidity. She substituted dreaminess and docility. To be angelic and yet fashionable was distinctly her "line."

"Making money tonight, aren't you?" Clem asked Judith.



"One more word about that bacon," Susan said, "and I'll rub this onion on your face."

"I hope so," she said. "I haven't heard how much they took in. Some of the older girls have charge of that—Bess Watkins and Susan Traymore."

She did not glance at him as she spoke, but no doubt she noted with relief the real indifference in his tone as he answered:

"They'd be good at it."

Three years ago, when Clem had been very much in the center of things, Susan Traymore had not been an "older girl." She had been a leading figure in everything, and Clem's engagement to her had made them the center of importance. But that was history now, all that glorious smash. People had other things to talk about. They only said of Clem: "He was engaged to Susan Traymore, you know, and the invitations were out when they

broke it off. She said he did it." It was so long ago that people said it without much interest. Other broken engagements had flowed under the bridge since then.

And though sentimental heartaches were the last things that Judith's crowd believed in, still, she was relieved to hear Clem refer to Susan so casually. Susan, sitting at present in the box-office counting receipts, with a henna felt hat crushed down over her black hair, and her nose shiny, was still extremely good-looking, even if she didn't know how to handle men.

As for Susan's secret heartache, that might be gauged by the remark she made when Bess Watkins said: "Your old flame Clem has attached himself to the little Ware." Susan's remark, verbatim, was: "He's picked himself a proper mate this time. He



wants something he can walk on, and she'll be glad to be a doormat—at a price."

None the less, it was probably not an accident that she saw Clem coming out of the theater squiring Judith Ware, and looked at him with a half-amused interest. It was three years since he had escorted her anywhere, and she noted that he had not changed his manner. His self-assurance and protective dominance seemed to envelope the girl he accompanied.

"He is awfully handy to get a person through a crowd," thought Susan, "but I'm well out of that."

Clem turned to speak to some one, and she caught a glimpse of his face as he smiled. It wasn't an arrogant or mean face—rather, a confident face, with the stamp of many decisions on it, a face that was aggressively kind. "Not a bit changed," thought Susan. "Nothing has surprised him since I did."

She was right. That element of surprise which makes stories good reading and life interesting living was completely left out of Clement Dixon's philosophy. In all weighty matters things always turned out as he expected. He had begun maturity with a very decent fortune which he wanted to increase, and it *had* increased. He had expected to be made one of the directors of the Columbia Trust Company after he was thirty; and so he was. He had expected, after his father's death, to take his place as a conservative member of local society; and that was what he had done. Altogether, he expected nothing that was not sound and worthy of himself; and to his mind, which was eminently fair, he had no cause for disappointment.

Just at present he expected to marry, and was somewhat deliberately hunting for a proper wife. It had been in connection with just such a previous expectation that his first and single great surprise had come, *via* Susan; and only after three years did he

care to approach the matter again, and then not from an angle which brought Susan Traymore into view. This time he wanted some one who was sweet and pliable. Clem loved the last word, though he had used it to his disadvantage on one occasion. Tonight as he looked at Judith, she seemed to personify the word.

Over her dance-costume Judith wore a cloak of French blue velvet which enhanced her fragility, and her slippers were gold-brocade, hardly slippers at all, just golden heels and toes which showed the delicacy of her arched instep. And she had no tawdry habits, like smoking in taxies and carrying walking-sticks and flasks. Possibly she was sophisticated enough to realize that such things were becoming too common to be interesting, and Judith was always a little in advance of the fashion. If she wore a dress which made her look like a Quaker, you could be sure that gray was to be the leading color of the season.

There was a dancing party after the benefit, but Clem did not want to go. He said he didn't know how to dance any more, and so Judith let him take her home, and by accident or design there was a fire in the library of the Ware house, a fire that was burning for its third hour and had reached the warm reflective stage that makes fires alluring. Judith sat on a red velour bench in front of it and stirred the ashes with a long-handled poker, and Clem smoked and watched her lovely gracefulness, and felt so intolerably lonely that when he asked her to marry him, he almost forgot what an excellent match he was for any girl—especially for Judith Ware, just when the Ware fortunes were beginning to decline and his were so splendidly ascendant. Finally, when he was thoroughly melted, Judith let him take her in his arms and tell her of all the things that he wanted to do for her. She listened to perfection—not interrupting as Susan had done when Clem had made her such promises, saying: "I'm not a Christmas tree, Clem. Don't hang things on me all the time. I'm a human being."

No. Judith listened, as a girl should listen on such occasions, to his praises and his promises. They were very happy, and Clem was confident that he had found the perfect woman for his wife. The firelight was right, and the responses were right. It was all comfortable and delicious, the sort of emotion that a man needed after a busy day. He sat for a long while, stroking her hair and thinking of the beauty and peace of his prospective home. Then he looked at his watch and was surprised to find that it was not as late as he had thought it must be.

The next day Judith announced to her mother her engagement, and let it be known to her friends that she had something to tell them at a tea during the following week. The thing got about quickly; and Fred Davis, the husband of one of Judith's friends, a young man in the real-estate business, called on Clem promptly to interest him in desirable houses. Everyone assumed that Clem would have a house. He was really too well-to-do for an apartment to be adequate. Besides, he was thirty-five and a director of the Columbia Trust. All these things he considered seriously.

On his previous emotional venture he had decided to build a house. He and Susan had had plans drawn, and it was over these plans that they had spent many a difficult evening. Now one of Clem's first actions was to unlock a drawer in his files where a roll of blue-prints was kept. He never knew why he had kept those plans. As they were spread before him, he remembered a hundred things he had forgotten, and again he tasted the gall of a certain bitter scene when he had argued with Susan for the last time. They were standing among the foundations of the house they were building, and he told her what material he wanted to use in its construction. When she objected, the trouble had come.

"Susan, you really ought to be more pliable," he had said. "A woman should be pliable." And she had turned to him with her

It was not what they expected, to find the next table occupied by guests who had been at Anna's three hours before.

laughing, defiant face—odd, how well he did remember what he thought was buried in oblivion—and cried out: "You're impossible! At forty-five you're going to be a bossy, fat, dominant old man, if you don't look out. I won't have it."

It had stung, and he had retorted with something he certainly didn't intend to say—at least in the way he said it; he had only meant to sound a warning note. But the color had flown into her face, and the laugh had fled as she poised her head with even more defiance.

"All right, then—if you don't want to marry me, that's settled!"

Without giving him a chance to argue, she had jumped into her shabby little car and driven home; and that night, when he had arrived at the Club dance, Clem found that Susan had been spreading the news of their broken engagement instead of cooling off her temper. She had told everyone she met, that Clem had refused to marry her. And she stuck to the story. It was a miserable position to put a man in.

Clem tore up the plans hastily and choked off his memories. He and Judith would build as far as possible from that unlucky site where he had previously planned to live with Susan. Come to think of it, one of their first quarrels had been over the site itself. Susan had declared that there was no view, and that just because Clem owned the couple of lots was no reason for building on them.

Fred Davis found Clem easy to deal with. He sold him the most desirable house in the city, which was on the market through the misfortunes of its owner. Clem got a good bargain, and he

knew it was a beautiful house. Susan had always held it up as a model, three years ago, when it had not been for sale.

He simply took Judith to the house one day and told her that it was to be their home. She was radiant, as any woman should be.

"You're wonderful to me," she murmured, and that was what he wanted to hear, what he reveled in hearing. During the first days of his engagement he gave her presents just to taste the delight of such responses. She was unfailingly appreciative and unremittingly beautiful. Each costume that she wore was a perfect achievement of taste. Skirts were long that winter; and Clem, who remembered during his engagement to Susan that she had nearly always been clad in a sweater and skirt with a good length of trim calf showing, thought Judith's clothes very womanly.

He told Judith what he thought about many things, perhaps because he had formed many opinions in the last few years and had had no woman to tell them to. She always listened carefully and agreed with everything he said. There was one occasion, to be sure, when he said, "Don't you think so too?" and she answered dreamily, "Yes, isn't it?" which didn't make sense; but Clem, in the midst of expatiation, only noted her look and smile. He was thoroughly familiar with the expression of her face and eyes after he had been engaged two weeks, and told himself blissfully that it was the most beautiful face that he had ever seen.

Of course, they were entertained. It was a pleasure to entertain those who undoubtedly would be (Continued on page 174)

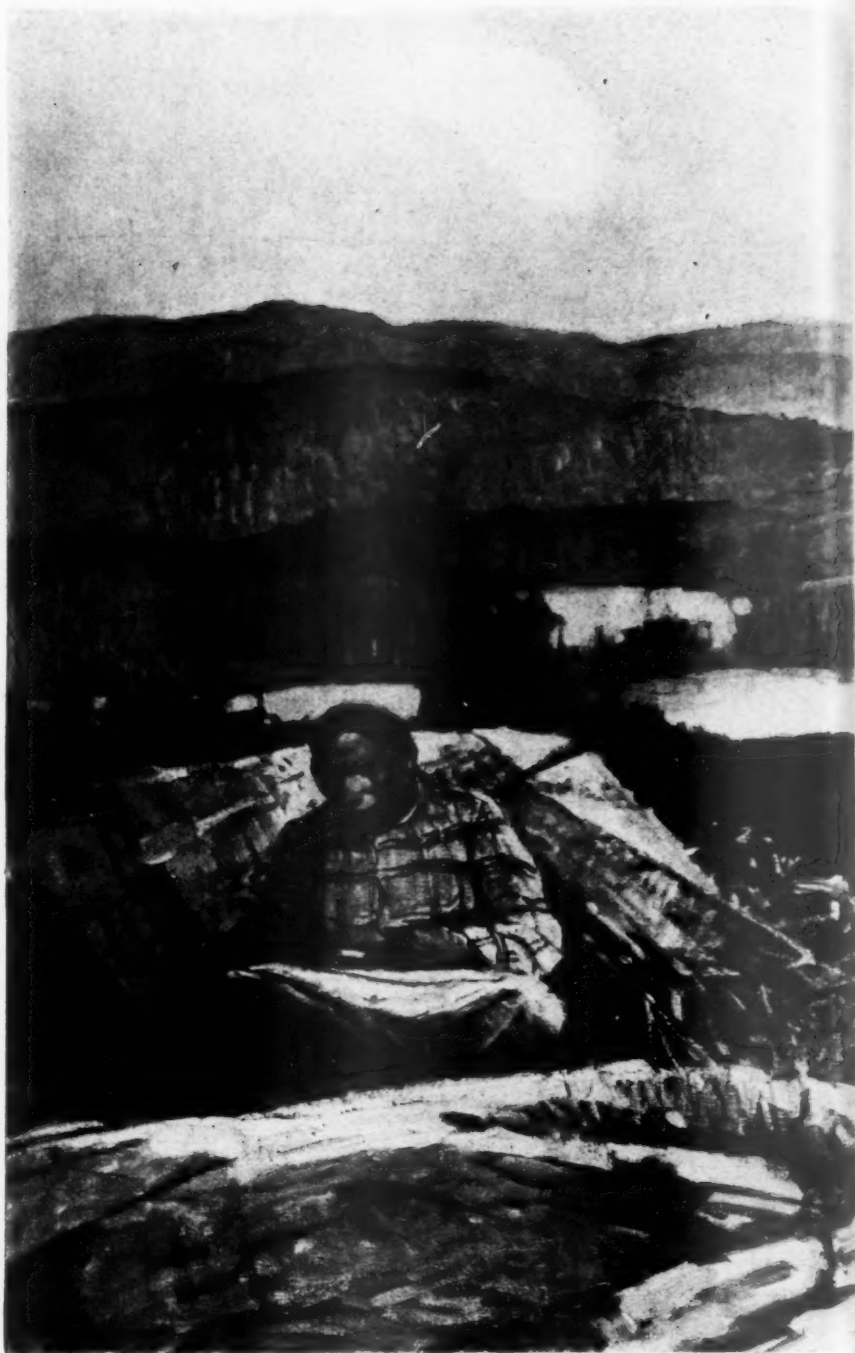
Illustrated by
Frank Schoonover

George Marsh knows every square foot of the land in which this impressive novel develops. So does Frank Schoonover. That's why he's illustrating the story. Nevertheless it's pleasant to receive such a word as Mr. Marsh telegraphed when he saw the pictures for the first installment: "The atmosphere of the illustrations is amazing in its accuracy. The illustrations are the real thing—not drawings of motion-picture sets."

The Valley of Voices

By

GEORGE
MARSH



The Story So Far:

TO the remote fur-trading post of Wailing River came Brenton Steele, an explorer in the service of the American Museum. And there Steele found the shadow of fear dark upon everyone—upon the factor St. Onge, upon his beautiful and talented daughter Denise, upon the Indian hunters and their families.

For the annual fur canoe, which carried the year's catch from St. Onge at Wailing River to his superior Lascelles at the Albany headquarters, had failed to arrive—had seemingly vanished from the face of the river after its first camp beyond St. Onge's post. This meant ruin to St. Onge, for he had with difficulty maintained his post against the encroachments of an unscrupulous free trader named Laflamme, who won the trade of many of St. Onge's Indians by giving them illicit whisky.

The loss of the fur canoe meant disaster, of another sort, to Denise St. Onge also, for both Laflamme and Lascelles courted

Her face darkened as she replied: "Farewell to summer—to

her, and toward both of them she felt justifiable dislike. But her aged father was in the power of his superior Lascelles—and was now doubly so when disaster had overtaken the post in his charge. Lascelles now could and would turn St. Onge adrift penniless if Denise denied him further.

To the superstitious Indians the loss of the fur canoe meant another thing—meant destruction by the evil spirits, the "Windigo" which they believed had long inhabited the Wailing River region, and had now made away with the canoe and its boatmen. In proof of their belief, strange tracks had been found in the forest, and unearthly outcries had sounded about the post in the night.

All this Steele learned in bits from Denise, who took refuge from anxiety in her beloved violin; from St. Onge, who in his cups became loquacious; and from Michel, the hard-headed Iro-



everything!" She drew her bow across the strings in a low minor . . . a revelation of grief and despair.

quois who was St. Onge's right-hand man, and who was friendly with his own factotum the half-breed David.

Because of the interest aroused in the man by Denise St. Onge, and in the ethnologist by the curious Indian belief in the Windigo, Steele determined to stay on for a time at Wailing River and see the situation through. And as if in confirmation of the need of help at the post, that night again the strange uncanny outcries roused the post, and terrified the Indians. *(The story continues in detail:)*

THERE was no one in the living-room when Steele entered early the following morning, but from the direction of the kitchen came the sound of women's voices. He was examining the shelves of French and English classics when he heard the light footfalls of moccasins behind him. Diffident at meeting Denise

St. Onge, whose humiliation because of her father's indulgence the night before must have been deep, but naturally curious as to her mental condition after the night wailing, he turned with:

"Good morning, mademoiselle! We are all here, you see, safe and sound, in spite of the serenade of our friend."

The fine eyes of the girl were heavy with shadows, but to his relief, were not unfriendly.

"Good morning, monsieur!" she returned in a voice without spirit, and there was no life in the colorless face as she went on: "Yes, we are still here, as you say; but after last night I trust you realize what my father faces in this terrible valley."

"It is most mysterious," he said, "but you must not allow it to get your nerve. You are an educated woman, mademoiselle; you must hold your mental grip. Nerve-racking? Of course it is, but there is a solution—mad wolf or wolverine, probably."

As he spoke, he strove to pierce the reserve of her dark eyes to the thoughts they masked.

"But it was horrible—ghastly!" she replied. "Is it to be wondered at that the Indians are in a panic? And those poor women whose husbands were with the fur canoe—they are imbeciles from terror. I found them this morning in a cabin, too frightened to cook the breakfast of the children."

"So you cooked it for them," he hazarded with a smile.

The girl flushed. "One could not have them suffer, monsieur." Then with a glimpse of white teeth she went on: "But we all feel better, now that the sun is out."

Steele smiled. "Has your father told you that I am staying here, with his permission, to follow up this Windigo?"

She glanced up in surprise. For an instant her eyes fell, the dark brows contracting in thought; then she met his quizzical look.

"You are going—to fight—the Windigo? You, a stranger—who have—no interest?"

"But I have a very great interest, mademoiselle. I am sent into the field by the Museum to study this sort of thing. Michel, David and I are going to fight him—and solve him."

"But you do not know the danger!" Her face was very grave as she faced him.

"I do not understand what you mean. Not being superstitious, Michel, David and I have nothing to fear," he protested, hoping to draw her out.

With a shrug of her shoulders she attempted to cover what Steele saw was a palpable shiver. Then she broke out impulsively:

"Oh, monsieur, you do not know all! There are so many—"

THE abrupt entrance of St. Onge cut off what Steele sensed she had intended as a warning.

"Good morning, Monsieur Steele!" cried the factor, with what was palpably a forced liveliness of manner. "You have not changed your mind since our talk, eh? You will honor us by spending September at Wailing River?"

"Father," Denise protested, "Monsieur Steele does not know—"

St. Onge turned petulantly upon his daughter.

"Monsieur Steele is a brave man and a scientist; he has no fear of your Indian devils."

"But he has a right to know all, if he is—"

"He shall know all, my dear," broke in the factor, evidently desirous of stopping further reference to what was blind mystery to the younger man.

"We shall have a week, mademoiselle, before David and Michel return, to make our plans," added Steele in defense of his host; but throughout the simple breakfast, his active brain was busy with the strange attitude of St. Onge and its cause.

At the trade-house the factor and his guest learned from the still shaky Tête-Boule that Michel and David had packed a canoe and provisions over the portage at daylight. With his daughter, St. Onge visited the shacks of the post Indians in the faint hope of finding that the sunlight, as it lifts the river mists, had also banished the terror of the night. But fear of the thing which without trace or trail had swallowed up four of their men, and with its night wailing had frozen them with dread in their blankets, still clung to the gray-faced men and women.

BEFORE starting down-river on his quest with David, Michel had done his work well. Because of the demon which the wily head-man had assured the Indians was lying in wait for them, not one of them dared leave the post. So for a time St. Onge could count on keeping his post servants; and then—

"Well, who can foretell what is on the knees of the gods, monsieur?" he said with a characteristic shrug.

Through the following days, while he impatiently waited for the return of David, Steele occupied his time with the study of two interesting subjects—Tête-Boule and Denise St. Onge. And he found in each much to stimulate his curiosity. The Indian, once the gift of a twist of nigger-head tobacco and a skinning-knife had established friendly relations, was led to repeat the tales of huge tracks in the muskeg and of night wailing, which he had brought to the post during the summer. To Steele, familiar with shamanism and the practice of sorcery among the Ojibways and Crees, this squat red man with his high cheek-bones and close-set eyes was something of a puzzle. In his forty years of wandering life the bow-legged Ojibway had drifted from Oxford House, far in western Keewatin, east to Flying Post. And in all this thousand miles of forest and muskeg there was not

a fur post known to Steele with which the Indian was not familiar.

"Tête-Boule," demanded Steele in one of their conversations on the river shore, "why should this Windigo wish to harm this post? The people, here, have never done him an injury."

The mink-like eyes of the Indian widened with fear at the mention of the dread name, taboo among the superstitious.

"Dees ees hees countree. Long tam ago, he come here on dees rivière," the Indian muttered, evidently ill at ease.

"Was it the Windigo who drowned the men with the fur canoe?"

At the use of the forbidden word by Steele, for the second time, Tête-Boule furtively glanced to the rear and up and down the shore. It was apparent that he feared that the name might conjure up the reality.

For a space the Ojibway smoked in silence, then spat far into the water, before he answered.

"De crew of de fur cano' not drown—eat up!" And he opened his wide mouth and snapped his jaws.

"Will he come again by night to the post here?"

The Indian slowly nodded.

Further than repeating to Steele that in August he had seen huge tracks in the muskeg and heard cries at night similar to those which had wakened the post, Tête-Boule could not be led to talk. But what interested the American especially was to hear, later, from Denise St. Onge, that the squat post hunter was bewailing, with the already stampeded Indians, the fate which menaced them.

"This Tête-Boule ought to be suppressed," he suggested to St. Onge. "Your daughter tells me that he keeps the Indians in a ferment with his wild tales of demons and Windigo."

"I've told him to stop it. But he is very superstitious. When he first came here from Albany, he was a most valuable man—very intelligent."

"He's doing a lot of harm now. I wish Michel were here. You need him."

"Yes, he understands the Indians, and can quiet them," agreed the factor wearily. "And he is wasting his time down-river."

"I am not so sure of that. They may find something." Steele smiled into the Frenchman's eyes quizzically, but met only a blank stare.

Chapter Seven

AS the days passed at Wailing River, and the dread voice did not again break upon the crisp September nights with a recurrence of its horror, the people timidly took up the old order of their days. The rabbit-snares in the forest were again visited and reset by the women, who traveled in pairs for mutual encouragement; and one day Tête-Boule was prevailed upon by the factor to go out with another Indian after moose, for the fort needed fresh meat. As he left, the Ojibway gravely shook the hands of the fearful women and children gathered on the shore, bidding them look upon him for the last time, for by night he and his comrade would be mangled flesh in the maw of the Windigo.

To the accompaniment of tears and protestation, the hunters pushed off and paddled upstream.

"Did you hear that fool?" Steele asked St. Onge, standing near him on the beach.

"This thing has ruined him as a hunter," replied the factor; "he will never recover from it."

"I think I'll run upstream to the rifles this morning and catch some doré for supper," said the younger man as they returned to the trade-house.

Later, a second canoe quietly left the post; but when the boat reached the rifles, a mile above, the occupant did not stop to fish but continued upstream following the shore. And when the flash from the paddles of the craft a mile above ceased, and the spot on the river which was the Indians' canoe moved to the shore, the boat following also turned in, and was lifted and hidden in the alders. Then the premonition of Tête-Boule attained a partial fulfillment, for on the shores of the Wailing started a man-hunt; the incentive in the hunter was not a craving for human flesh, however, but a mild curiosity.

Before sunset the safe return to the post of Tête-Boule and his partner was heralded with joy, although they had failed in their hunt. But it was well after dark before the second canoe slid silently in to the stony beach.



On the shores of the Wailing started a man-hunt; the incentive in the hunter was not a craving for human flesh, however, but a mild curiosity.

"You had no luck this afternoon, monsieur?" laughed St. Onge as Steele appeared for supper.

"As a matter of fact, Colonel, I went hunting; but the game was too tame for sport."

St. Onge's black brows lifted.

"You followed Tête-Boule's canoe?"

"Yes! I watched them for a few hours, but as they showed no sign of taking to the bush, I traveled over to those ponds Michel told me about. Tomorrow, if you have a man who will help me pack the meat, I'll get a moose."

"You saw game?"

"A cow and two yearlings. The mud is trampled with tracks."

"And Tête-Boule never left the river?"

"Not while I watched him."

The factor shrugged significantly. "He's bush-shy now and will not hunt. But what is there to do?"

"Have you thought that he might be shamming to avoid work? Is he lazy?"

"No, he always was a good packer and hunter. It's the Windigo."

"I wonder."

"Monsieur Steele," suddenly declared the factor, as Steele rose at the entrance of Denise St. Onge to announce supper, "you had remarkably bad luck fishing in a river that is known

as good fish water, the two days following the night of our trouble. What were you hunting then, monsieur?"

"Same thing!" laconically drawled Steele. "Windigo sign!"

"You mean that you climbed the ridge?" demanded the factor excitedly.

"I covered the whole country."

"And you found?"

"Nothing! Not a trace. But the leaves are thick up there, and it's dry and rocky, so there's small cause for wonder."

St. Onge shook his head as he met the questioning look of his daughter.

"I suggested to Michel that he postpone his trip down-river and search the ridge first, as he is my best trailer, but he seemed set on leaving at once."

"That was my fault, sir. We talked it over together, and David persuaded him to wait until their return."

"Why was David in such haste to go on that wild-geese chase?"

"Because he had, what we call in the States, a hunch, and wished to put it to the proof, before the bush dried out still more."

"A few days, more or less, are of little account now."

"They should be back in a day or two, and then we shall know, sir."



Chapter Eight

ON a morning when the warm September sun, lifting the low-lying river mists, rolled them back on ridges here and there already flecked with the yellow and gold of a frost-painted birch or poplar, Denise St. Onge appeared at breakfast in whipcord and heavy boots. Steele stared in surprise at the change in face and manner of his hostess. The ghost of worry had left her eyes, which shone with high spirits. Her mood of silence had given way to a gayety foreign to his knowledge of her.

"This beautiful morning, monsieur, Charlotte and I go to wave an *au revoir* to the summer which passes."

"Charlotte is to be envied," he replied, charmed with the note of cheerfulness.

Her eyes lighted with amusement. "It is possible that it might be arranged that we take with us a bodyguard," she said. "Of course it is not for ladies to demand the presence of cavaliers—"

"It is charming of you, mademoiselle, to allow me to go," he said, delighted at having the girl to himself in her gay mood. "And you, sir," he asked St. Onge, "are you never so honored?" The Frenchman was unable to meet the cheerful note struck by his daughter. Looking gravely at Steele, he replied: "It is *au revoir* you give the summer today, monsieur. But summer may return to Wailing River to find a deserted post."

"Oh, no, my dear father! Today we are to forget—to have hope!" she said imperatively, and for the remainder of the meal refused to allow the gloom of St. Onge to dominate her.

Later, accompanied by the stolid Charlotte, who carried a birch-bark basket containing the lunch, and whose swart face betrayed misgivings she dared not voice, Denise St. Onge appeared at the trade-house.

"You will not go without your rifle, monsieur?" queried St. Onge as Steele joined them.

"Is the Windigo dangerous in broad daylight?" facetiously asked Steele.

The bronzed face of the factor reddened.

"The Windigo may strike in the day or night, monsieur. Who knows? It is well you go armed." And he handed the rifle to the American.

Led by the girl, hardly recognizable in her sudden metamorphosis from a creature of reticence and aloofness to one quick with life, vibrant to the magic of the sunlit September hills, they took the trail to an isolated ridge a mile back from the river.

The Watch-tower was aptly named, for unlike most of the high land of the country, the hill was capped by a bare brow of rock commanding a little valley studded with a chain of miniature lakes. Beyond, a sweep of rolling forest faded into the haze of the southern horizon.

"Is it not beautiful—my valley, monsieur?" she asked, with a wide sweep of her arm.

"Beautiful!" he repeated. "And you come here often?"

"Yes—that is, we used to come here; but lately—" She caught herself sharply, then continued: "This valley, monsieur, I call my Vale of Tempe. It is enchanting to watch the spring slowly sweep it with its magic—paint in, here and there, the soft green of the young birch-leaves, the silver of poplar and balm-of-gilead, then rim that brook with the red of the willow buds. And the first flowers of the forest—hepatica, purple and pink and white; violets and wood anemone and trillium—"

SHE paused; the dark eyes grew wistful, the voice throaty, as she continued: "Once there was no terror in these green forests; once we searched, unafraid, Charlotte and I, for the flowers. 'Come and find us!' they called, and daily we sought them and brought them home to transplant to our garden; but now—"

"But now," he repeated, wondering if he were at last to know—to be made a sharer in her secret.

But she eluded him. "Charlotte and I often came here to dream and play away the day—that is, I did," she laughed.



The features of Michel twisted with anger. "You lie!" he replied fiercely. And the long arm of the headman shot out in a crushing blow.

"Poor Charlotte at times was bored, oh, so bored! Was it not so, Charlotte?"

"Enh, enh! Yes!" mumbled the Ojibway woman, who sat on a rock apart from the two.

"Charlotte is not bored now; she's scared to death," suggested Steele with a laugh.

"Has she not reason, monsieur?" protested Denise. "But we have not been here, she and I, since midsummer. And I miss it so."

"You fear to come here now?" He welcomed the opportunity to put the question directly.

The dark eyes frankly met his. "Is there not good reason, monsieur, for fear in a woman? After the fur canoe—and that night?"

Natural as had been her reply, Steele intuitively sensed that she was dissembling—to avoid his inevitable questioning, was willing to have him believe that she too was a victim of the general superstition. But she had betrayed herself the morning her father cut short her half-uttered warning. Well, the day was young, and he feared to press her then for an explanation of what she patently desired to avoid. So with a nodded assent to her question, he changed the subject.

"We are to have gay music today, mademoiselle. You remember, you promised we should be merry."

"Yes, today the violin shall sing of joy; it is too beautiful here to be sad. Even though the first gray geese of the year pass south, I shall send them no message."

"And this message—is it a secret?"

"A secret, monsieur? What secrets can a woman cherish in these forests?" Her reply had been spontaneous, innocent of subterfuge; then in his lifted eyebrows and humorous curl of lip, she caught the reflection of the double implication of her question, and her face flushed to the temples.

"Have you ever longed to journey south with the passing geese?" he quickly asked, gallantly covering her embarrassment. "As you play them down the skies, do you not wish to join them?"

Her eyes shone. She leaned toward him, her eager face and parted lips picturing the interest his words had aroused.

"To me," he went on, "the gray geese are the symbol—the very spirit of the free, unshackled country. I never hear that marching chorus of theirs without a bit of a thrill—an urge to swing up into line and wing south with them to the great Gulf, or north to their nesting-places on the Bay."

"Why, Monsieur Steele, you have stolen my dreams," she cried, radiant with surprise. "Always, as they pass, I stand here calling to them to lend me wings to follow—follow into the south."

I try to lure them back with my violin—but no, they pass. So I send them down the wind to a mad quickstep—my *bon voyage*, my farewell—until Spring pipes them north.”

She had risen. And her eyes shining, her face vivid with the color of her thoughts, strangely stirred the man who listened. Watching her, Steele asked himself what this strange girl, tense as the strings of her violin, with her moods of aloofness and silence, followed by swift changes to whimsical gaiety and lightness of spirit, was coming to mean to him. As her eyes again met his, he wondered what memories he should carry down to Nepigon in October.

“And the message you send by the geese?” he asked. “There is homesickness in it for your France—your Touraine?”

“Ah,” she sighed, “is it not natural, monsieur? I do long for the roses and the poppy-fields—the warm sun on the white roads, and the laughter of the people. There is no laughter at Wailing River—now.” She raised her hands in eloquent gesture. “The winter here is so long—so cold. The eternal wind in the spruce—does it not speak to you too? To me there are always the voices—voices of hunger and pain—and death.”

“Yes, summer or winter,” he said, “the voices are everywhere—in the white-waters, the spruce, the hills. And often, in the breeze, the forest becomes one great orchestra.”

“You have heard it too,” she cried, “the sweep of the violins, the moaning of the cellos?”

“I always hear them in the summer, from a river, with the drum-beat of a rapids as accompaniment.”

“Ah, there is much of the poet in you, monsieur.” And for an instant there was a light in the girl’s eyes which set wild thoughts stirring in his brain. “But our winter is beautiful also, in moods,” she went on. “The quiet days with the sun on the snow—I love then to walk in the forest. And the winding snow-shoe trails—do they not call you to follow?”

“Like the white roads of your Touraine?” he replied. “I think I prefer the Northern winter to the summer, but of course it is often grim and lean for the families of the hunters—for the women and children.”

Her eyes clouded. “It is always so, for the women and children; they find life hard—here in the North.” For a long interval she was silent, and he knew that her personal problem again haunted her thoughts.

In a cleft of a rock Steele built a small fire, then went down to a spring for water for their tea, while Denise set out their lunch. When they had eaten, the two sat with eyes on the sweep of lake-studded valley while Steele smoked his pipe, and Charlotte, whose fears had succumbed to the warmth of the sun, drowsed with her back against a rock. Then the music-hungry Steele handed the bag containing the violin to its owner, with: “Please—anything you care to play that is not sad! Today, you know, you were to forget.”

STRETCHED at length, hands behind his head, Steele listened as the violin of the girl played rhapsodies, love-songs of many peoples, fragments of melodies he had never heard, mad dances of the Slavs, of the plains of Hungary, serenades of Spain and Italy; a riot of love and joy, redolent of moonlight and fragrant gardens, of ivied towers and old romance, she conjured for the enchanted ears of the man lying on a Canadian hilltop. For two hours the violin sang on the height above the forest. At times, his half-closed eyes idly measured and approved the grace of the right forearm and wrist, the long, supple fingers of the left hand caressing the strings, the oval of the tilted face with its closed eyes; or again, captive to the moment, his senses drunk with melody, he lazily followed the slow course of a cloud.

At length she ceased playing, and asked:

“Now would you like to hear something of my own?”

“It would be delightful!”

“I call this, ‘When Spring Comes North.’” And she broke into a gay melody filled with the rush of the brooks, the soft wind in the young birch-leaves, the love-songs of the returning birds.

“You have caught it all—the spring!” he applauded. “Please play it again!” But she shook her head.

“Now I am to break my promise by playing ‘Farewell.’ We were to be gay today; if you do not care to hear it—”

“Please play it! You mean farewell to summer.”

Her face darkened as she replied with a characteristic shrug: “Farewell to summer—to everything!”

“Oh, you cannot mean that!”

Without replying she drew her bow across the strings in a low minor, and swiftly lost herself in a revelation of grief and despair.

She ceased as swiftly as she had begun, and stood gazing out on the tranquil valley. He respected her mood by his silence,

his brain active with conjecture, his emotions dangerously out of hand. Then the warning of the low sun called the girl from her brooding. She turned a wistful face as she said:

“I have broken my promise, monsieur.”

“You have been telling me much, in your ‘Farewell,’ mademoiselle. I only wish you could trust me—that I could help you.” There was momentarily in her eyes that which whipped the blood to his face as she said: “It was because you have the heart of a poet that I played my ‘Farewell.’ And I do trust you, Monsieur Steele; sometime you may know—”

“Why sometime, and not now, if I am to aid you?” he demanded impulsively.

But she only shook her head.

CARRYING the violin and rifle, Steele led the way down the trail to the post. They had reached a hollow at the foot of the ridge where the soil was spongy and moist even in September, because of the springs beneath. Here and there in the forest mold flowers vividly blue and fringed bloomed on graceful stems beside the trail.

“Here are my gentians, monsieur!” cried Denise. “I cannot make them grow so lovely at home; it is not damp enough.”

She bent and touched the petals of a flower, and looking up, said: “I think I love them more than the other autumn—” She suddenly checked herself, her eyes widening. The man was staring at the trail beyond them.

“Monsieur!”

He turned to her, his puzzled look shifting to a smile. “Pardon me—your gentians are beautiful,” he said, “but we should hurry or we shall be late at the post, and your father will wonder.” And he started briskly up the trail, followed by the bewildered girl. He had walked but a few yards when a scream stopped him. With the lunch-basket at her feet, fallen from her shaking hands, Charlotte swayed in the path behind them, her face gray with terror.

“Oh, what is it, Charlotte?” cried Denise St. Onge as Steele strode past her and seizing the palsied Ojibway by the arm, half carried her forward to her mistress.

“Please, mademoiselle,” he insisted, “hurry along! I’ll take care of Charlotte. It’s nothing. She thinks she’s seen something, but it’s only imagination.” And he started with the moaning Indian, who seemed numb with fright.

“*Nia—nia!*” wailed the Ojibway, finding her feet. “De trail! I see trail, m’selle! Run! Run!” And with feet spurred by fear, Charlotte led the way back to the post.

“What was it that you tried to hide from me?” demanded Denise as she walked rapidly at his side. “I saw your face. There was something.”

“It was nothing. It looked like a bear-trail—only a bear-trail. Charlotte is full of Tête-Boule’s myths and was stampeded. She’s been uneasy all day.”

The doubting eyes of the girl searched his as they walked.

“It is kind of you, monsieur,” she said, “but you must not deceive me; I have to face this thing.”

“You are not afraid—you do not believe in—”

“Afraid?” she cried passionately. “Yes, I am afraid, of oh, so many things! You do not realize—it is so hopeless!”

He was walking close to her, overconscious of her nearness. Her shoulder touched his, and his pulse leaped at the contact. A loose strand of her hair brushed his cheek, and he felt the blood in his face. He was perilously near rash action, but he coveted her good will—and he feared the mystery in her—and the dignity.

“But is there no way out?” he managed to say.

“Way out?” she repeated in a strained voice. “There is no way out—for the lost.” And as she quickened her pace, the heightened color of her face betrayed her.

He did not follow up her strange words. It would have profited little, and his mind was full of what he had seen beside the trail—unmistakable tracks in the mud, mammoth and strange, beyond his experience.

They were shaped somewhat resembling bear-tracks, with deep indentations of claws, but the weight was not distributed as in the track of a bear, and there were separated pad-marks, like the track of felines. Yet no lynx or cougar ever owned feet so misshapen and huge. Moreover a bear of ordinary size would have sunk deep in the mud, but these were obviously made by a creature of no great weight. He would return at daylight and follow them up. Here at last was something tangible. In the meantime, Charlotte would have the post people maudlin with fear. It would be a bad night for Wailing River.



The drumming ceased. Presently a gray-faced Indian scrambled out and fled like a deer.

AS they entered the clearing, Steele saw a knot of men gathered before the trade-house. With a swift good-by, Denise hurried to her kitchen while Steele joined the factor, who announced:

"Good evening, monsieur; it seems our friends have returned." From the head of the portage moved a canoe, above the familiar legs of David. Following him came Michel, doubled under a heavy load slung from his tump-line.

"What have they got?" queried St. Onge.

"Give it up; maybe some of the fur!" hazarded Steele.

"We shall never see that again," muttered the factor.

Near them the post people discussed the safe return of the search-party in awed whispers. Then, as Michel approached, Steele grinned. "Meat!" he announced dryly.

"Good—we need it!" added St. Onge with a sigh of relief.

Swinging the canoe from his shoulders, David wiped his brow with his sleeve and grinned into Steele's questioning face as the latter gripped his hand.

"Back safe and sound, David?" Steele looked hard into the snapping eyes of his friend.

"Ah-hah! Safe an' soun'! *Bonjou*, Meester St. Onge!" And the Ojibway took the proffered hand of the factor.

"Well, Michel, you found moose, if you didn't strike anything else," Steele said to the inscrutable Iroquois. "Don't see any signs of teeth on you; you must have run too fast for the Windigo," he suggested; but the head-man glanced significantly at the post Indians and made no reply.

Steele drew David from the group, congratulating Michel on his escape from a hideous death down-river and asked: "Any luck, David?"

"We fin' noding of canoe, but we see some sign. Ver' strange sign, Meester Steele."

"What was it?"

"Wal, we fin' de las' camp of fur canoe, but no sign of canoe or men. Den we follow river shore an' noding there. Den we circle back from de camp, an' two smokes into the muskeg, we fin'—"

David stopped short to scowl past Steele into the face of a hovering Indian, who quickly advanced with extended hand.

"*Bonjou*, Daveed," greeted Tête-Boule as David seized his proffered hand.

"*Bonjou*, Tête-Boule!" And the iron grip which was known from Nepigon to Lac Seul closed on the unsuspecting interloper.

"Ough! Augh!" cried Tête-Boule, doubling with pain over his crushed fingers. "Why you shak' de han' so hard?"

The broad face of David wrinkled in amusement as he surveyed the writhing victim of his handshake. "W'at de trouble wid you, Tête-Boule? W'en I ver' glad to see you, I give 'de good shake-hand."

(Continued on page 168)

When the spirit moves him, Gerald Beaumont leaves his breakfast-table in Oakland, Cal., on a Friday, hops into a yellow sportster, spends Saturday in Hollywood, and Sunday at the races in Tia Juana, six hundred miles from home. He is back Tuesday unless a cycle cop around Santa Ana or San José invites him to stop en route.

Illustrated by
W. B. King



"Coom, lassie," he soothed. "Ye can gie me a grand lickin' when we get hame."

The Sporting Venus

By

GERALD BEAUMONT

THE fox fled north across the heather, heading for the bridge of Pitlochrie and the rough country beyond. After him streamed the Highland hounds. Lord Grayle's daughter wheeled her horse to the left, leaped a wimpling burn, and took three fences in rapid succession. Beside her raced young Donald MacAllan, the keeper's son, turning anxious eyes ever and anon to the blue-black clouds rolling down on them from the crags of Connock. It was late, and the chase had led them far from Craigloch Castle.

The boy redoubled his remonstrances. "Yon foxie is safe, Lady Gwen! . . . We maun gang back! . . . Dinna ride o'er the Brig. . . . Mind, noo, I promised me faither to na see harm befall ye! . . . Hey, lassie, what's wrong wi' yer ears?"

But the girl pressed on, gold hair whipping in the wind, and in her virgin veins nine generations of the wildest blood in England. Straight toward the Highland storm she rode, a fifteen-year-old goddess of the chase, heeling her hounds in their last desperate try for the kill.

Darker grew the face of the moor. The sigh of the wind through the glen ascended to the pitch of a siren that heralded the advance of the Storm King. Graceful bluebells bent before

the rude breath of the gale; thistle and foxglove, broom and heather quivered under heavy drops that fell now in a staccato patter. Ahead stretched a region rendered doubly perilous by the fading light.

The boy's firm chin set stubbornly. He leaned low in the saddle and spoke into the ear of his mount. Only a rugged pony that knew every inch of the moor could have carried its rider to the side of the flying roan that bore Lord Grayle's daughter. Young Donald reached out and with arms of steel checked the flight of both horses.

"Pu' up!" he commanded. "Pu' up, for the love o' guidness! Ye maun forgie me, Lady Gwen, but I'll nae hae ye exposed to yer deith in a stoorm. Coom back to the cawstle wi' Donald."

The boy's dark brown eyes, steady and responsible, challenged deep blue orbs that recognized no master. A riding-crop descended violently on a restraining hand, but he only tightened his grip.

"Coom, lassie," he soothed. "Ye can gie me a grand lickin' when we get hame, but there's na time noo. Back, for the life o' ye!"

The answer came from a small fist that shot out and caught the youth full on his nose. Involuntarily he released his hold

on the bridle, and with a thud of hoofs the girl was gone, vanishing into the storm-mist, whence still came the faint clamor of the hounds. Blue lightning crackled among the crags of Connock, and Thor followed with his thunderbolts. Wrathfully the boy disclaimed further responsibility.

"Gang awa' to the de'il!" he shouted. "Gang awa' to Auld Hornie, sin ye maun, ye silly fu'! I dinna care what becomes of a lassie that bluids ma nose! Na, I dinna care!"

Angrily he turned homeward, repeating that he would take "nae mair tribble wi' the Laird's lassie, that has guid manners, but dinna carry them aroond wi' her."

He was seventeen years old, dark and stern, straight as a sapling, and steady as a kirk. There was no more braw a lad in all the Northland than Donald MacAllan; nor could a more direct opposite to Lord Grayle's daughter have been found had the world been searched over. The boy was born in a low hut on the moor, and reared on castor oil and the Bible. He was schooled in self-sacrifice, restraint and religious repression. But there is meat and drink in the scent of the heather, and matchless music in the whir of the partridge and the song of the lark.

Donald o' the Hill had been educated beyond the grades established in the little stone schoolhouse down Allwyn way. Nature had molded his character under the lights and shadows of a Scotch sky. He read her lessons in the crimson and brown of a heather peat moor, in the last sigh of the wind through the forest, and in the hush of the quiet gloaming. He had all a Scot's passion for learning, with little means to gratify it. But as a kite mounts ever against the wind, this lad rose to meet his natural obstacles, clinging fondly to books lent him by the Dominie, and gathering up the wounded wild things of the moor that he might try to heal their hurts. . . .

The storm increased in violence. Southwest for two miles rode Donald MacAllan, and then drew quick rein, his anger gone and his sober Scotch responsibility once more in full control. He scowled back in the direction of the Pitlochrie bridge, and then wheeled his horse into the teeth of the wind. With all his faculties alert, he took up the trail of Lord Grayle's daughter, and crossing the "auld brig" into forbidden ground, urged his sure-footed pony through the darkness toward the treacherous bog of Dunleigh, hallooing shrilly as he went.

That was the night that all the Laird's help, venturing forth as far as they dared, rang bells and blew horns, and burned faggots until the fury of the elements swept them indoors. No man remembered a tempest such as that; nor did any believe it possible that boy or beast could find a way across the moor. But along about midnight young MacAllan came trudging in, leading a pony that bore the half-unconscious daughter of Lord Grayle. The girl, white of lip from the pain of a fractured ankle, was swathed in Donald's cloak and belted to the saddle with reins that had been slashed from her own mount.

None ever knew what had passed between the pair, for neither would say a word; but days afterward, old Malcolm MacAllan, who was very curious, found his way across Pitlochrie and saw where the roan had floundered to his death twenty miles from Craigloch Castle.

"Putting ane thing wi' anither," Malcolm confided to his wife, "oor lad maun hae pulled her frae the bog, an' no doot they had a gran' fecht. Dinna ye see the scratches i' Donald's face? 'Twas na done o' the briar bush. Her Ladyship is very fasht ower soomthin'."

Three days later the disabled young mistress of Craigloch Castle sent for her rescuer, and when the boy stood beside her couch, Gwendolyn motioned her attendants from the room. For a long moment they looked at each other—he dark and stern, she an exquisite type of English beauty with pure features, gold hair and a skin of eiderdown. Between them reared the barrier of birth and breeding, wealth and tradition.

The girl broke the silence, speaking with a gracious dignity far beyond her years.

"Donald MacAllan, I beg your pardon for having been foolish and wicked. I needed a lesson and have learned it. Will you forgive me, lad, and shall we be friends again?" She stretched forth a hand, smiling wistfully.

The shaft went deep—so deep that the lad's brown eyes wavered and his jaw muscles bulged. But all he said, as he grasped her hand was: "Oh, aye! Oh, aye! 'Tis forgot by noo, Lady

Gwen, an' whenever ye need Donald MacAllan, ye hae but to ca' his name!"

When Gwendolyn was able to limp into the sunshine, she would accept no aid but the arm of Donald o' the Hill. With her hair knotted simply on her neck, her slim form attired in the plainest of frocks, a sixpenny straw hat



"The night has been ours, Lady Gwen—but it is over now, and I must go my way."

and low-heeled shoes, the last of the famous Grayles wandered "o'er the muir among the heather" with the sole companion of her choice. Sometimes they sat for hours in a wooded glen, facing a view that was incomparable: rich blue above them, deep purple below, quiet lakes, and in the distance low huts and white sheep grazing on emerald pasturage.

At such times the girl stared wide-eyed at the horizon, chin cupped in one hand, and sensitive nostrils expanding to the wind. Her poise was that of the well-schooled thoroughbred who peers into Valhalla, while listening for the call to post. The glory of the scene was familiar to the boy, who, propped on his elbows, sprawled at her feet and seldom raised his eyes from a treasured volume of Branwell's "Treatise on Surgery."

Sometimes the girl voiced her thoughts. "The sun has made diamonds of the windows in Craig-loch, and there lies my father's domain with nine fair lakes like blue jewels upon a cloth of gold. See, lad, how wonderful!"

"Aye," agreed the boy quietly. "'Tis a grand country for the lairds!"

Their companionship was like that of a collie and its mistress, for he was loyal, sagacious, watchful, yet possessed of an innate proud reserve that she could not penetrate. Sometimes, vexed at her inability to move him, she berated him for being so solemn and silent.

"Oh, aye!" he acknowledged. "But I *think* a lot."

"But don't you ever laugh?" she persisted. "I say, Donny, you make me feel fearfully wicked! Must you always look as though it was Sunday?" She drifted into a mocking Scotch rhyme:

The ministaire was horrifiet,
And unto her did say:
"Oh, naughty cat to catch a moose
Upon the Sawbath day!"

The boy's serious face lighted with a rare smile. "I hae laughed richt oot soomtimes," he acknowledged. "Once I cured a wee fawn that had soomthin' wrang wi' its fut, and its mither wis sair worrit till I fixed her bawby oop. Then the twa roon awa' sae happy, I couldna stop laughin' fer unco lang."

The girl favored him with a side-glance from blue eyes that had grown suddenly lustrous. But she said not a word, merely compressing small lips thoughtfully.

Thus their companionship ripened, and lest the circumstances appear strange, it is well that you know what manner of girl it was that Destiny had dispatched to the Scotch Highlands during her most impressionable years.

Gwendolyn was born on the day that her father's horse, while leading home a field in the Derby, stumbled a sixteenth out and was beaten a head on the post—so that the signs were not auspicious. In fact, Alfred, Lord Grayle, Baron of Swansfield and Whitewater, was more vexed at the nonarrival of a son and heir than at the misfortune that had befallen his colors on Epsom Downs.

"A girl?" said he as his solicitor broke the news to him in the paddock. "What? Oh, I say—dash it! We *are* out of luck, aren't we? I had ten thousand the other way, you know! Well, tell Lady Grayle how charmed I am, and I shall be with her directly."

Emerging from the shadows of motherhood, the fragile Lady Grayle asked for a cigarette, and dismissed her husband's compliments with a tired smile.

"Oh, bosh! You're tremendously vexed, of course, but so far as I'm concerned, you can jolly well stay that way. If you want a perfectly safe plunge, Freddy, you can wager your last farthing that I shall never go through this again. Now run along, dear boy, and I'll see you when I'm up and around."



Thus was born Gwendolyn, last of the Grayles, coupled to a losing wager at her very birth, and bearing in her baby veins the culminating virus of her wild ancestry.

Lady Grayle proved as good as her word. She recognized her marital obligations to the extent of performing as brilliantly in drawing-rooms as her husband's horses and dogs did on the turf and field, but the shadow of a male heir never intruded on the gayety of Swansfield House.

Most people, recalling the hectic history of the family, considered it was just as well that Fate should write *finis* at this time. The things for which the Grayles stood had long shocked the sensibilities of staid and respectable British aristocracy. People recalled that the sixth Lord Grayle, riding hard at the heels of his hounds, had once spurred his horse up the steps of St. Basil's during services and claimed the honors of the chase in the very vestibule. The fifth Lord Grayle had wagered his



He dropped to his knees, crying: "Oh, lassie, what hae ye done to Donald o' the Hill?" Behind them the door opened upon Lord Grayle.

In Gwendolyn there was reborn the seventh Alfred and the fifth Geraldine, one the wildest blue-blood of all the Grayles, the other the loveliest of the sweet and gracious Desmonds. Star-eyed and calm, she emerged from babyhood, and none guessed that the tinder of her soul waited only a spark to set her aflame like a rocket.

Lady Grayle, anxious to preserve her appearance of youth, and occupied eternally with social obligations, kept her growing daughter well out of sight. In consequence the child early developed a dislike for feminine spheres and smart functions. She enjoyed her greatest freedom around her father's stables and kennels, where grooms and exercise-boys adored her. From them she learned love of conquest and respect for the colorful traditions of her family. Compared with the coldness and artificiality of her mother's realm, she found among the quaint characters in her father's retinue nothing but respect, homage and loyalty—a contrast that impressed her deeply.

Lord Grayle, who seemed to have forgotten that he had a daughter, was reminded of the fact by the death of his wife. In a dim sort of way he recognized that Gwendolyn was a rare beauty, and he heard strange tales of her prowess in the saddle and her apparent passion for gaming. But the loss of Lady Grayle was a harder blow than most people had expected. The gray-haired nobleman dispatched his daughter in charge of her governess to his shooting preserves in the Scotch Highlands, closed Swansfield House, and set out to travel alone on the Continent.

For three years the historic colors of the Grayles were missed from Newmarket, Ascot, Sandown and Epsom. Horses and hounds mourned an absent master, and the sporting world a liberal patron. Then Lord Grayle, overpowered by loneliness and with the weight of his years heavy upon him, returned to England, wistfully eager now to lavish affection and wealth on the daughter he had so long neglected.

The Grayles never did things by halves, and in this case Lord Alfred plunged. He appeared suddenly in Scotland, accompanied by a complete entourage, and overnight Craigloch Castle came into its own as magically as though a genie had clapped his hands at Alladin's bidding. Gowns and jewels came from Edinburgh, preceding the guests that streamed in from Selkirk, Aberdeen, Dunrobin and Inverness. Had Lord Grayle hoped to captivate his daughter by thus appearing in his favorite rôle, he achieved his purpose. It was for Gwendolyn so spectacular a summons that every drop of sporting blood in her veins boiled to the surface. After the first flurry of surprise, she (Continued on page 158)

castle on the result of a cock-fight; and the venerable oak tree still stood on which the original founder of the family was said to have hanged the creditor's clerk who persisted in annoying him with bills.

From first to last, there had always been a Grayle, eager to risk everything on the turn of a card, the roll of dice, or the crunching power of a pit-bull's jaw. Likewise there had ever been younger sons of steadier habits who ventured out into the Colonies and there rebuilt the fortunes that elder brothers had lost in a night. In turn, these calm-eyed stalwarts, succeeding to the title, produced sons who were wilder than all the others, so that the line of succession alternately climbed the heights and plumbed the depths with all the breath-taking swiftness of a scenic railway.

But now the family tree had put forth its final bud, and so fair a flower that it seemed as though Nature, like a skillful showman, had reserved its supreme effort for the last.

When Mr. Toohey told this story to the editor over the luncheon table, he evinced such a depth of feeling that the unexpressed assumption was that the experience had come close to the author himself. Still, it may not have been that, but merely Mr. Toohey's naturally earnest manner of recital.



Illustrated by
Ernest Fuhr

Speech is Silver

By

JOHN PETER TOOHEY

"If I can't correct you, Daddy," he remarked,
"I can correct servants and other people."

"Oh, she did, did she?" he inquired mincingly. "It's very nice of her, I'm sure, to be so thoughtful about all the poor dubs like myself—very, very nice, and very, very sweet. When you go down for your next lesson, Georgie, I want you to thank her personally for me, will you?"

Georgie's large eyes opened wonderingly. He looked warily at his father.

"Sure I will," he replied hesitatingly, "—that is, if you're not kidding me. He is kidding, isn't he, Mother?"

Mrs. Watkins eyed her husband scornfully.

"I'm afraid he is, my dear," she replied. "Daddies usually don't know what's best for little boys, as mothers do. Your daddy thinks that because he never had the advantages which you have, you shouldn't embrace them when opportunity offers. He wants you to grow up into just the same sort of man he is."

Mr. Watkins was determined to hold his temper. He permitted the ironical smile to remain on his face, however, and his tone was politely sarcastic when he replied.

"Your mother, Georgie," he said, "used to think that your daddy was a pretty nice sort of man despite his lack of early opportunities and his terribly crude pronunciation. She thought he was such a nice man that she married him many years ago, but that was before dear Miss Brown came to town to spread sweetness and light on us all."

MR. WATKINS rubbed the ash of his cigar on the edge of his coffee-cup and hitched his chair away from the table.

"I'm sure you'll agree, dear," he remarked with a touch of finality, "that she's a most impossible person, even if she is your aunt."

"You said that exactly as if it was the insect, Daddy," broke in Georgie from across the table, dropping his spoon in his dish of pudding. "It isn't pronounced 'ant.' Your 'a' sound was too nasal, and you didn't sound the final 't' correctly. Listen: this is how—"

"Georgie," cut in his mother in a kindly voice, "you mustn't annoy Daddy about his pronunciation any more. He doesn't like it. I told you that this morning at breakfast, and—"

"But Mother, Miss Brown told us to correct people whenever we got the chance; she said it was for their own good."

Mr. Watkins twisted his features into a smile which was intended to register ironic resignation.

Mrs. Watkins stood up abruptly.

"That'll be about all of any conversation along *that* line in front of a child," she said decisively. "I'm astonished at you, Henry. Georgie, go upstairs and finish your home work and go to bed the minute you're through, and don't get into your clothes in the morning before I remember to tell you to take a bath, or I'll make you take them right off again."

Georgie slid out of his chair and presented a right ear to each parent. As he turned into the hall, his father called back from the threshold of the door to the living-room.

"Remember dear Miss Brown in your prayers, dear," he said sweetly. "Pray that she may be a good teacher to you always, and that all the poor daddies in town may be made to see the true light very, very soon."

Mrs. Watkins darted to her offspring and gave him a quick shove out of earshot of such profanations. She followed him down the hallway and watched him upstairs. When she returned to the front room, she found her husband placidly reading the evening paper. He looked up with a bland smile. She faced him menacingly.

"That's the ultimate limit, Henry," she said tensely, "—making a mockery of one of the most sacred things in life—a little boy's religion. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You ought to go down on your knees tonight and ask the forgiveness of the God you've forgotten, for daring to do such a thing. It's—it's—why, it's just literally and positively outrageous!"

Mr. Watkins gave utterance to a most annoying chuckle. His wife, having reached a tragic climax a little too early in the "scene," found herself frustrated at this reaction, and hurriedly began a systematic rearrangement of the books on the center-table.

"When you've settled down a little, Alice," said Mr. Watkins evenly, after a distressingly long silence, "we'd better have a final talk about all this nonsense."

Mrs. Watkins sniffed.

"I'm quite as settled as I'll ever be," she said. "You're quite right when you call it nonsense. It *is* nonsense, making such a fuss, such a *series* of fusses, about such a little thing as a little

boy taking lessons in better speech. You should have a better sense of proportion."

She dropped into an easy-chair on the other side of the table and began a tattoo on the rug with her foot. Her husband let the newspaper slide out of his hand and turned to face her. The ironic smile was replaced by a frown.

"*'Little thing!'*" he said bitterly. "Why, it's just about the biggest thing and the most exasperating thing and the most utterly unbearable thing that's happened in this household in the last five years. *Little?* Huh—I guess you're the one whose sense of proportion is all out of joint. Why—"

"You're perfectly crazy, Henry, perfectly idiotic to talk like this. You know yourself that—"

"I know myself that I'm going to get this all off my chest for good and all, and I don't want you to say anything until I get all through. *Little thing, huh?* That's good—that is. My nine-year-old son gets all messed up with a lot of Lizzie boys and female nuts, and begins to talk like one of those tame cats you hear in the lobbies of the New York theaters telling each other what a 'chawming show' it is, and how much the 'deah mater' is enjoying it—and you think I ought to stand by and applaud. I wonder who you think we're raising in this family, anyway—a youngster who's going to go out and hustle, and get down and fight it out with the common run of folks, or a Willie-boy who's going to develop into a teacup-juggler and a pet lap-dog for a bunch of frosty-faced old hens?"

Mrs. Watkins, who had been wriggling nervously, straightened up. "You're ridiculous, Henry," she remarked, "perfectly ridiculous. The boy is simply learning how to pronounce the English language properly."

"He's simply learning how to become a first-class prig and a stuck-up nuisance! And then there's this thing of correcting you and me. It was rather funny the first time he sprung it, but the charm's worn off the thing these past two or three days. Why, if I'd have ever dared correct my father for mispronunciation the way Georgie corrected me tonight, the resulting fireworks would have lit up the whole countryside."

"Well, I will admit that Georgie *has* been a bit forward in



"Get a move on, Sam," said one of the masked cow-boys. "One of those sheriff's gangs may be comin'."

that respect. I'm afraid he takes Miss Brown a little too literally, though as far as I am concerned, I don't mind it in the least."

"You don't, eh? Well, I do. I've gone this distance through life without knowing anything about 'percussion sounds' or 'aspirates' or 'breathy consonants' or any of those other things that Georgie has been cluttering up the house with since you first took him around to join this Brown woman's fool class; and as for 'plastique,' or whatever you call it—well, my folks wouldn't have recognized the darned thing if it came up and shook hands with them. Plastique—I'd forgotten all about *that* angle of it. That's a fine manly pastime for a healthy youngster—getting all dolled up in a Russian blouse and doing Isadora Duncan stuff in his bare feet under the falling autumn leaves! Why don't you put him in skirts and get him a nice little blue-eyed doll named Pansy to play with?"

Mrs. Watkins tapped nervously on the table in an effort to restrain herself.

"You're insufferable," she remarked through clenched teeth, "absolutely insufferable! If you think that all this cheap five-and-ten-cent wit and humor of yours is going to have one little bit of influence with me, you're sadly mistaken. One low-brow is quite enough for this family. Georgie is going to have the opportunity to make something worth while out of himself, or I'll know the reason why."

She stood up and paused to straighten a pile of magazines at her husband's elbow, watching that gentleman cautiously from under lowered eyelids. He was plainly a trifle abashed, and he drew himself together with a curious hunching movement before he replied.

"Then you're going to keep Georgie in that fool class?" he inquired.

"I certainly am."

"And you're going to let him grow up into a nice little molly-coddle who sounds all his final consonants and who's too good

"Have a good time today down on the lot, Georgie?" he inquired innocently.

When he came into the dining-room for breakfast the next morning, he heard echoes from the kitchen which indicated that Georgie was carrying Miss Brown's gospel to Lulu, the colored maid.

"You must try to sound your 'r's,' Lulu," an earnest childish voice was saying. "Listen—you always say 'Mistah.' That isn't right. Try it this way—'Miste-r-r.'"

The final consonant was rolled out beautifully. Ribald adult laughter followed fast upon its dying echoes.

"Mah goodness, chil'," Lulu could be heard to expostulate between gurgles, "you-all is certainly the mos' educated young-un I ever met up with. I gets mahself this far withou' no such fancyfied talk, and I guess I's goin' to wind up the same way—yes sir."

Henry Watkins turned a withering look on his wife, who was immersed in silence and a grapefruit on the other side of the table, but failed to observe any indication that she was even conscious of his presence. Lulu entered a moment later with the coffee, followed by Georgie, who turned a frank, disarming smile on his father.

"I guess if I can't correct you, Daddy," he remarked, "I can correct servants and other people if I want to, can't I?"

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Watkins. "Go right ahead. When you get through with Lulu, you might drop in next door and get Mrs. Willoughby started. She slurs her final 'g's' something terrible. Haven't you noticed it, Lulu?"

The lady addressed backed away in alarm, and held up the breakfast-tray in front of her ample person as if to ward off some impending danger.

"Me, sir? Me? I aint noticed nothin' 'bout nothin'." I aint havin' no truck with next-door folks. I don't understand all this talk—all this foolishness Georgie's been talkin' about—no sir—not me." She slipped, bewildered, back into the kitchen.

Georgie sidled over to his mother. "Why is Daddy making fun of us this way all the time?" he asked querulously.

"Because he hasn't any understanding of the finer



and kind and true to be allowed to live?"

"I'm going to let him grow up to be a cultured gentleman with some idea of the ways of nice people, and if I can help it, I'm going to keep him from becoming a bad-mannered, common-minded person like his father."

She gave a final shove to the magazines, gathered up some embroidery from the sofa, paused with some deliberation before the mirror to adjust a stray lock of hair, and moved out into the hallway. Henry Watkins heard her humming disdainfully in the back of the house a minute later. He knew from trial and experience that a resumption of friendly relations would be impossible for at least twenty-four hours.

values of life, my dear," replied Mrs. Watkins, putting her arm around the boy's shoulders and gazing impersonally into a far corner of the room.

"A little nasal, Alice, a little nasal; you must be careful, especially in the presence of

Georgie," commented her husband in what he hoped was the proper critical manner.

Mrs. Watkins flung her napkin on the table with a little snort, stood up majestically and swept Georgie out of the room. The head of the house chuckled softly, but the smile left his face as he finished his coffee. The thing was becoming distinctly serious, he reflected. Something drastic would have to be done.



"I'll try you on just one more word today," Georgie was saying. "It's one of the test words—A-mer-i-can."

This opinion was strengthened in Mr. Watkins' mind during luncheon at the Calumet Club. A group of business and professional associates were discussing in the grill-room the steadily mounting demands made upon them for charity and welfare-work.

"Anybody here know anything about one of these new uplift stunts," inquired Bayfield, the banker, feeling in his pocket for a memorandum. "I got an appeal about it this morning, signed by a lot of prominent women. Oh, yes, here it is—the International Society for the Cultivation of Better Speech Production. There's a mouthful for you! They've started a local branch—a Miss Brown, I believe, is in charge, and—"

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," interrupted Dr. Harkins, the father of an extensive family. "I'm one of the victims. I've got three of my hopefuls taking better pronunciation and Delsarte didos, and life around my house is becoming unbearable."

"Me too," chimed in another man. "My family has got me so thoroughly buffaloed about this thing that I'm afraid to open my mouth. My youngest heard me say 'Damn it' down cellar the other morning and carefully explained to me that the 'a' sound ought to be broader. As a matter of fact, he gave me a little drilling in the proper way to work off steam. It was most enlightening."

Mr. Watkins suggested a detailed plan for the kidnaping and forcible deportation of Miss Brown, but it was the general sense of the meeting that it was a little crude in its outlines. There seemed to be a unanimous conviction that the problem was one for the individual to settle rather than the community as a whole.

"There should be some simple way out of this mess for every man of us, if we only set our imaginations working," remarked Dr. Harkins as the group broke up. "If we could only cook up some scheme to get the children to lie down on the whole proposition, it'd be easy."

Henry Watkins devoted the best part of the afternoon to silent rumination on this notion, and when he started for home that evening a certain idea which had intruded on his train of thought held him fast in its grip. It was a delightful, an altogether fascinating idea, pregnant with possibilities of quiet, detached amusement. He was positively jovial when he entered the house, and greeted the somewhat apprehensive sharer of his sorrows and joys.

PEACE and tranquillity brooded over the Watkins' household for the next three days. The Better Speech movement was not mentioned by the head of the family; and when Georgie, growing bolder again, ventured to correct his pronunciation once or twice, he did not object, and even thanked the boy with a complete absence of the ironic implications which had always hitherto accompanied his comments on such occasions. Mrs. Watkins, noting these manifestations, was mystified, but tactfully refrained from bringing up the subject again.

On Saturday morning Mr. Watkins did not arise at his customary hour, pleading a headache, and announced that he would go down to the office later. He permitted his wife to bring him his breakfast in bed, and when she intimated that perhaps it would be better if she remained home with him and permitted Georgie to "cut" his weekly visit to Miss Brown's studio in town, he protested volubly against such a course.

"Don't be foolish, Alice," he said. "Go right along. I'll be up in an hour or two. It isn't anything serious. As long as Georgie started on this thing, he'd better go through with it. Wont do to permit him to get careless." (Continued on page 150)

The Golden Ladder

By

RUPERT HUGHES

Recently Rupert Hughes has been in New York. His daily schedule has been: playing the piano for two hours in the morning, coffee; musical composition for two hours, coffee; luncheon, with a different person each day, coffee; visit to art exhibition till four, coffee; tea with some distinguished visitor, coffee; a dinner party, coffee; a theater party, coffee; composition on his new novel till four a. m., coffee. Then he begins at the piano again. "I'm having a much-needed rest," he writes, "preparatory to my return to Hollywood."

The Story So Far:

ALL too well known in Providence, the town of her doubtful nativity, Betty Bowen left it for New York—and left her child behind her. And there, when her funds ran low, she accepted an offer which had been made by a French sea captain, Delacroix, to accompany him to France.

Betty returned from Europe with Delacroix—and a wardrobe of Parisian clothes, a headful of lawless Revolutionary ideas and a useful capital, of Gallic elegances. The French mariner continued to provide for her for some years in New York; but she became reckless in her affairs during his absences; and finally, returning unexpectedly, he threw Betty and a certain Mr. Evertsen bodily into the street.

Betty took refuge with a friend named Laloi, who conducted a bookshop. Shortly thereafter, walking with him, she met his friend Stephen Jumel, a French refugee from San Domingo whom Laloi had rescued from the debtors' prison and who had since prospered as a wine-merchant. As they stood talking, the carriage of Mrs. Vansinderen passed; the lady cut Betty—worse, her carriage-wheels spattered Betty's dress with mud. Said Jumel:

"Mam'selle should have a carriage and make mud upon that leddy. W'at you geeve to somebody who buys you carriage?"

"I'd give my soul."

"I take!" responded the Frenchman. Thus Betty soon found herself possessed of the finest carriage in town, and a liveried coachman to drive it; and she likewise found herself installed, without bell, book or candle, as the lady of Jumel's house.

This was progress—another step on the golden ladder; but Betty was by no means content: she longed intensely for—

respectability, the looked-up-to estate of a married woman! And at length she hit upon a plan; she pretended a mortal illness, and so convincingly assumed a deathbed terror of eternal flames because of her unwed life with Jumel, that the Frenchman sent for a priest at once. Betty recovered marvelous quickly then; and Jumel realized he had been tricked; but he was a game sport and had the ceremony repeated in church. But the town took little note of the affair; it was absorbed in reports of the duel wherein Aaron Burr had killed Alexander Hamilton. And Betty's triumph was short; for Lavinia Ballou, an acquaintance of Providence days, in company with Jumel's valet Albin, met and recognized Betty; and tales of her early life promptly reached Jumel.

The Frenchman was horrified at her desertion of her own child back there in Providence, and strove to persuade her to find the boy and bring him to live with them. No amount of pressure could force Betty to this acknowledgment of her past. A little later, however, she did adopt the child of her half-sister; and little Mary Bownes pleased Jumel vastly.

But in spite of her recently acquired "respectability," New



Illustrated by
Arthur I. Keller

He opened his Blackstone and read to her: "'The husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband.'"

And now even the good Jumel rebelled; he refused longer to live with Betty and sent her back to America. He intrusted her, however, with the management of his affairs in the United States. And Betty conducted Jumel's American business very well indeed—for Betty. The upshot of the matter was that she soon had all his American property in her own possession; and when Jumel, unsuccessful in France, sought to use his American resources, he could not, for Betty refused him. That broke Jumel in purse and spirit. He returned to the United States and lived the remaining four years of his life on Betty's "charity." Mary Bownes and her young husband Nelson Chase completed the household.

But after Jumel's death Betty felt the need of the masculine support and attention to which she had been so long accustomed. Aaron Burr had resumed the practice of law; and Betty took her business affairs to him. Burr at this time was seventy-eight; but he was still Aaron Burr; he proposed marriage to Betty; and the withered charmer accepted him. (*The story continues in detail:*)

Chapter Forty-one

BURR'S head was swimming a bit when he left Betty. He tried the case before himself, then rose, swung his high hat on his head and visited the last person he could have been expected to call upon—a clergyman. He selected one who had known him long enough and well enough to have lost the ability to be shocked by anything Aaron Burr did.

He had called upon this same pastor for this same purpose over fifty years before. The Reverend David Schuyler Bogart, of the Dutch Reformed Church, had married Burr to Theodosia Prevost in 1782. He had lived to be asked to marry him to Betty Jumel in 1833.

Dr. Bogart had been called to the pastorate of Betty's church at Harsenville, but had declined the call. He did not decline Burr's call. On the first day of July he lifted his aged frame into a gig with old Colonel Burr and set out on the hot and dusty drive to the Jumel house at Harlem Heights.

What followed has been told and disputed and told again. Almost everything imaginable about Betty has been asserted and denied. But the legend or the fact is that Betty was so startled by Burr's appearance with the parson that she fled upstairs, because neither her body nor her heart was dressed for the occasion.

Burr vowed that he would keep the siege till she surrendered. Mary and her husband, perhaps repentant of their first response to Betty's romance, went up and implored her to yield—knelt and begged her to accept the aid of her brilliant suitor. It was an hour and a half before at last she weakened, embraced Mary and cried: "Then I will sacrifice myself for your sakes!"

Mary ran to the wardrobe and hauled down a lavender silk richly trimmed with lace of famous lineage. When Betty was dight, she swept down the stairway, where Burr met her and escorted her to the tea-room. Then she put her hand in his, accepted the ring he slid along her finger and bowed to the uplifted palm of Dr. Bogart.

Eight servants, peering over railings and through windows and doors, made all the guests; and the young Chases were the witnesses.

York refused to receive Betty; in despair of recognition she sailed with Jumel for France. There she was received at the court of Louis XVIII, and Jumel bought for her the jewels of the dead Josephine and the furniture of the banished Napoleon. Still Betty was not content: she longed for a title. And when a certain Comte de la Force wooed her, and promised to obtain for Jumel a title, she yielded to his advances—and was so indiscreet as to write in protest to the King when the title was not forthcoming. His Majesty was properly displeased, and he humiliated De la Force with derision before the court. The Comte called upon Betty in a vicious rage, and concluded a furious tirade: "You have betrayed your husband in order to advance him." And—as the Comte departed, Betty saw Jumel standing in the adjoining room.

When checked by a body of marching soldiers the old bluffer cried: "Place à la veuve du Vice-Président des Etats-Unis!"

How shall we ever know the true truth of this alliance? The *Evening Post* published only two lines about it: "On Monday evening last, at Harlem Heights, by the Rev. Dr. Bogart, Col. Aaron Burr to Mrs. Eliza Jumel."

However well the town laughed at the Harlem romance, it is averred that one woman younger and fairer far than Betty learned with horror that another had captured the Aaron Burr whom she had expected to wed, and wept bitterly in her fierce anger.

Whether Betty wept or not is not recorded; but there are evidences enough of her prompt wrath.

FOR a few days the gray doves kept to the cote, and let the town simmer and subside.

Then they set out on a honeymoon tour to Connecticut, where a nephew of Burr's was governor. They were received with distinction.

Burr, learning that Betty owned some stock in the Hartford Bridge, advised her to sell it and invest the proceeds in real estate. A purchaser was speedily found, and he proffered Betty six thousand dollars. With a wifely meekness she was proud of, Betty said: "Pay it to my husband. After this he will manage my affairs."

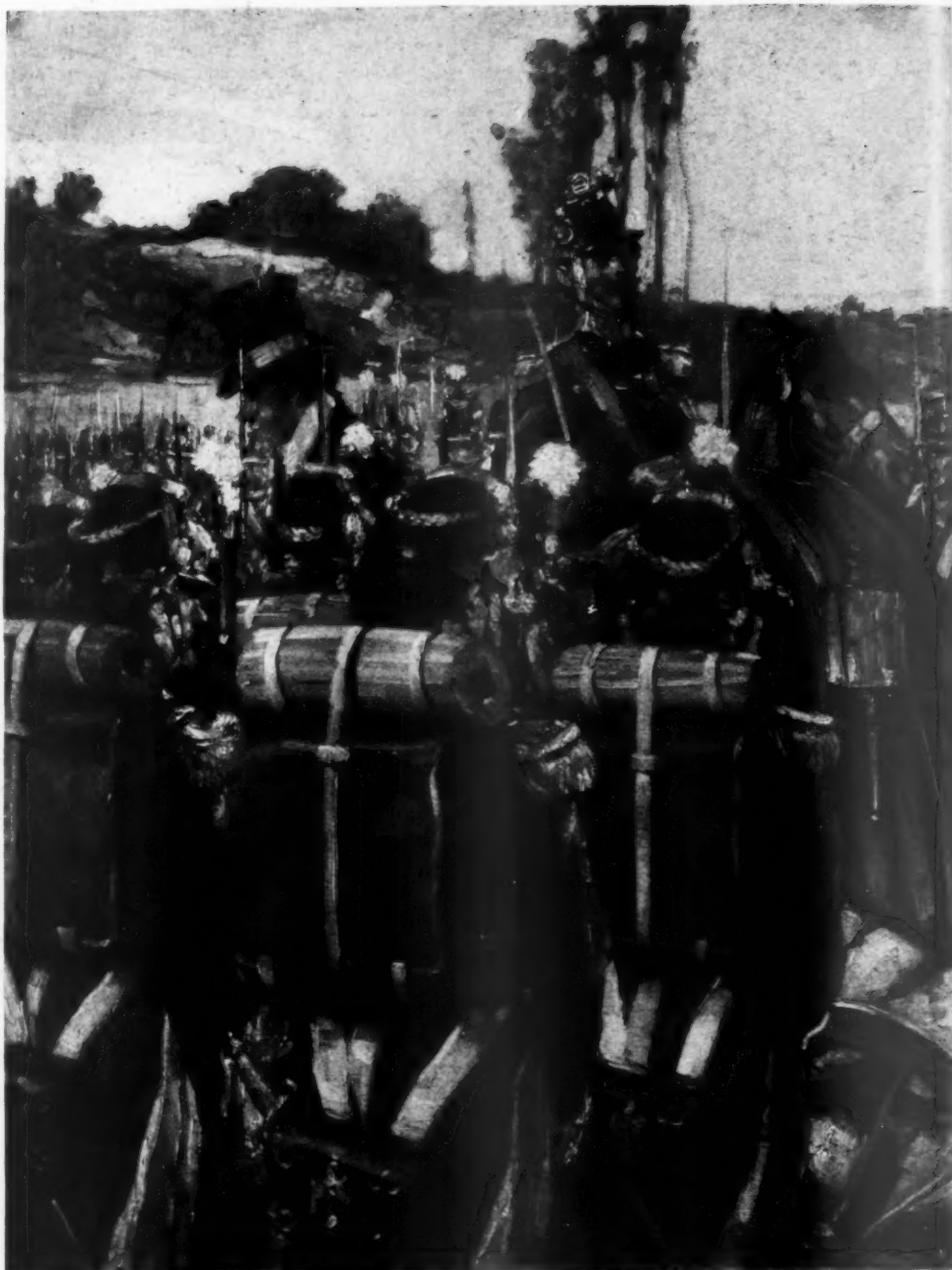
Burr accepted the large package and had it sewed inside the lining of his coat in various spots. The padding was said to have improved his gaunt figure so considerably that when he reached New York his enhanced condition was remarked upon.

When he felt it safe to extract the funds, he deposited them in his own bank in his own name.

Burr's heart had ever been turned to the great Southwest, and the failure of his vast emprise in that quarter had never ceased to distress him. He heard of a plan to settle a colony of German immigrants in the Mexican state of Texas. It was as iridescent as the Mississippi Bubble. Burr piled into it all the money he had, overlooking the detail that it belonged to his wife—or at least, it had belonged to Madam Jumel.

He was so thrilled by his rekindled hopes of Southwestern power and so absorbed in the Texan excitement that he neglected to take the long ride to the mansion. His bride missed him. Then she missed her money. It might have been hard for her to say at that moment in her change of soul which she resented the more, the deprivation of her bridegroom or of her cash.

She sent young Mr. Chase to inquire about her six thousand



dollars. Burr was angered by this communication and sent her word that she had a husband now and her affairs were his, although his were none of hers.

At length her famous carriage came again to Burr's office. The very horses trotted with a menacing tread. She swept into his room, and found his courteous bow less fascinating than hitherto.

"My money!" she said. "Where is my money?"

"In Texas," said Burr.

When she grew threatening, he reminded her of the law. He believed in educating women, but he did not believe that they were yet ready to overturn the law he practiced. He opened his Blackstone and read to her:

"The husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband."

When she cried out in protest at this, he opened Kent's "Commentaries" and read:

"The husband and wife are regarded as one person; and her legal existence and authority lost or suspended during the continuance of the matrimonial union."



Having tasted the new wine of independence and of financial success, Betty was fairly infuriated at such injustice. She felt herself trapped, robbed of her soul.

Burr smiled: "Be calm, my dear. You are *sub potestate viri, feme covert* and various other terrible things. You are 'under the power and protection,' 'the dominion and control' of your husband. It is fortunate that you have so devoted a master."

"Where is my money? Give it back to me, or I'll sue you for it."

"You have, my dear, no legal existence until my death releases you. You then become a soul again."

She glared at him so balefully that he laughed:

"You are hoping that I shall die soon. But your companionship gives me a new lease on existence."

"I'll divorce you—you'll see!"

"In case of divorce, if I am not guilty,—and I shall not be,—you would be left penniless, because all your money is now mine, my dear life, my new life."

Lashed to a frenzy by his sarcasm and the feel of the chains

he had thrown about her, she paced the floor in a fury, her brief love blazing into a white hate.

He tried to appease her by telling her of the vast profits to be made by the Texas land scheme as soon as the German immigrants could be turned thither. He doubtless expected to prove his devotion by his success. New riches would atone for his speculation. But the Fates still taunted him. The forlorn gambler was dismayed by the prompt collapse of his second empire. The Germans declined to go to Texas, and the courts decided that the company had no title to the land. Betty's money was gone, and Burr's own money with it; the bubble was air again.

Burr had not the courage to take the news to Betty. She read it in the papers, and almost suffocated with the aftermath of her marriage. For a long time the twain did not meet. But it was not in Burr's nature to live without the companionship of woman.

Many gentle souls who had hated Betty for stealing their Aaron Burr took him back into their hearts. Betty heard of his communions and sulked at a distance. She went to him to berate

him—and fell into his arms. They returned to the mansion for four weeks.

He wheedled more money out of her to recoup his losses. The devil was after him; he lost everything she intrusted to him. She would trust him no more either with cash or caresses. He went back to his wonted consolers. Then his sins or his misfortunes fell upon him in an avalanche.

Late in the winter of '33, while passing the City Hotel with another man, he hobbled a moment, then caught his friend by the arm in sudden pain and helplessness. He leaned against the hotel wall until a hackney coach could be found. He got into it with difficulty and got out of it with more difficulty at his office. A doctor fetched in haste made no delay in his verdict:

"Paralysis!"

The defiant Burr denied this charge with all his soul, but he could not walk.

When the news of the blow reached Betty, she sent her horses galloping to Nassau Street and ran to the side of her stricken husband, wept upon him, and sobbed:

"Come home!"

She took him out to the mansion and had him stretched on a red velvet sofa that had belonged to Napoleon. She kept the fire warm in the drawing-room where Burr lay, and nursed him tenderly. A month of care made him well enough to return to his office, to his speculations with her money and what fees he could collect—and to his flirtations.

Then Betty grew frenzied. She went back to the office of Alexander Hamilton Junior and ordered him to sue Burr for divorce. She insisted on paying the old gentleman of seventy-nine the superb compliment of charging him with infidelity. With splendid generosity, moreover, she named half a dozen correspondents!

The case gave the town a glorious laughter. Then the law's delay intervened.

A few months more, and the lightning smote Burr anew. Even he must confess that this was indeed paralysis. But the lightning of forgiveness did not strike Betty's heart again. It was left for another woman to take the Colonel to her boarding-house, the old home of Governor Jay, where the old butler of Governor Clinton waited on him. Here he lay for two years as an unpaying guest. When certain prospective boarders refused to dwell under the same roof with Burr, his devotee showed them the door.

The face of Betty never brightened the room, but the portrait of Theodosia hung where he could gaze upon it with recurrent tears. While he lay there, the newspapers told of the war for freedom from Mexico waged by the settlers in Texas. He cried:

"You see! I was right, but thirty years too soon! What was treason in me then, is patriotism now!"

In a little greater calm even than that with which he had met all of life's harsh dealings with him, Burr accepted helplessness. About his bed a few faithful cronies gathered to receive more courage and cheer than they brought.

Once when the warm heart that gave him a home bewailed a great loss and cried, "How shall I get through this?" he answered: "Live through it, my dear." And when she moaned, "But it will kill me," he pleaded: "Well, die then, madam. We must all die; but bless me, let us die game."

ANON the relentless progress of the growing city brought about the demolition of the Jay House, and Burr was removed to Staten Island. A few weeks before his death he appeared by attorney, Charles O'Connor, in the Court of Chancery, to answer Betty's plea for divorce. A few days before his death the decree was granted against him. He made only the formal opposition necessary to enable her to secure the decree. Since in the infinite wisdom of the lawmakers, divorce is forbidden to any couple if both want it, he pretended to oppose it. And since in New York, adultery is the only permissible excuse for divorce, he let that charge go by default. It was his final gallantry. Chancellor Kent signed a decree that gave Betty all her property.

It made little difference. Burr was about to be divorced from all humanity. His one concern seemed to be that his patriotism should be remembered:

"If they persist in saying that I was a bad man, they shall admit that I was a good soldier. Death has no terrors for me."

They have persisted in saying that he was a bad man. They have neglected to recall his military valor.

On the fourteenth of September, 1836, he was prayed for by the faithful clergyman Dr. Vanpelt. He lifted a feeble hand to the spectacles that seemed to irk him. His friend asked if he

wanted them removed. He nodded. She lifted them away, and his eyes gleamed with their ultimate flare as he sighed:

"Madam—" But he did not refer to Madam Jumel Burr.

"The last audible word whispered by the dying man," says Parton, "was the one, of all others in the language, the most familiar to his lips."

Chapter Forty-two

BETTY wept, they say, at the news of Burr's death. She would say no slander against him—nor permit it said. She sighed:

"Think how old he was, and how many troubles he had!"

She closed the mansion and did not return to it for five years. She lived in town with Mary and her husband, and when they moved to Hoboken, she took lodgings at the Astor House.

She became more grimly the business man than ever. Stephen Jumel had left a sister, Madeleine Lazardaire, and a brother François, in France. When they received news of his death, they controlled their grief long enough to write to Betty inquiring if he had perhaps left them any legacy. Betty controlled her grief for nearly a year before she wrote that her great grief had prevented her sending the sad news that Monsieur their brother had left no estate at all.

She went back to the sonorous name of Madam Jumel; but on occasion she was Mrs. Burr, if it brought her a greater prestige.

Prestige was still her chief desire. She found that a hotel is a better place to hunt it than a home, especially a home at whose door no one knocks. Prestige is not a game of solitaire.

But in a hotel there are crowds to stare, crowds to be impressed by a haughty demeanor or a display of riches. Snubs can be overlooked and snobs cannot slam their street doors in one's face, or deny to their dislikes the privilege of lobby, piazza or dining saloon. The very promiscuity makes for a certain tolerance, and people are not so particular whom they speak or sit next to.

For its hotels especially, Betty loved Saratoga. The waters at Ballston Spa had seemed to help her body and her mind, and when the fashion shifted a few miles away to Saratoga Springs, she went with the styles. She could be seen daily at the "elegant Grecian colonnade" erected over the Congress Spring. Though steamboats were plowing the Hudson, and the second railroad in the United States ran from Schenectady to Saratoga, Betty preferred to drive up behind her own horses, until her final years.

The most fashionable ladies from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston even, brought to the Springs their fashionable diseases and their belief that "the tonic qualities of the iron, and the sparkling and enlivening influences of the fixed air that they possess in an extraordinary degree, have a wonderful effect upon enervated, bilious and debilitated constitutions." Scores of Southern families came all the way from Virginia with trains of slaves who made camp and filled the roadsides at night with dancing fires and the mellow beauty of African song.

Betty stopped at the United States Hotel, of course, a vast brick edifice with enormous piazzas. In the stables she kept her horses, and no one else had better. No one else had carriages or coaches to compare with hers.

Though the New York tyrants paid Betty little heed except to spread her history abroad, the social despot of Philadelphia, Dr. Rush's wife, and the kindly Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis of Boston, forgot the strictness of the lines they drew at home, and met Betty upon the piazzas with a smiling tolerance.

Happening to be in America at the time when the returning Lafayette paused at Saratoga on his grand tour, Betty was permitted to be of the company that greeted him. Thurlow Weed asked the old man (who is always remembered as a young man) for a lock of his hair. Lafayette had vowed that no man should cut his hair, but he consented to be shorn if Mrs. Rush would wield the shears. When they were brought, he lifted away his periwig and let her snip enough of his white hair for souvenirs.

Joseph Bonaparte was there as a private citizen and ate in the public dining-room, where Betty cultivated him as best she could.

Madam Jumel was one of the institutions, and she sparkled as lively as the water from the Congress Spring. She became eventually a pitiable laughingstock and was as much inquired about by visitors as the Lake, the Battlefield or the ancient witch Angelina Tubbs, who lived on the bald peak called Mount Vista and earned an uncouth existence by fortune-telling and trapping. It was said that the hag had once been a beautiful girl seduced under a promise of marriage and then cast aside. The tattered Angelina lived in a hut with a flock of cats, and could be seen roving the wildest crags in thunder, lightning, wind and rain.



Miss Parker called upon her. "She stood on the front doorsteps—a more fearful-looking old woman one seldom sees."

But Betty hated solitude, sought the crowds and tried to dazzle them with her splendor. Even Mrs. Rush was content to take but one trunk to Saratoga with her, and a wardrobe limited to a black silk, and one of grenadine, a poplin for morning wear and one for occasions of especial stateliness. But Betty carried the trappings of a new-wed princess and a retinue of servants. She bought herself a house in Circular Street, but still frequented the hotels.

Whatever benefit she had from the springs for her aging sinews, the aëration of the waters seemed to have an influence upon her brain. Her mind was curiously inflated with "fixed air." She

grew boastful, defiant, ostentatious to such a degree that she failed to notice the ridicule that became a low murmurous chorus about her path.

She actually had a great yellow coach built for her, and rode about the streets behind eight horses with outriders bouncing and horns fanfaring. This was too much even for the pleasure-hunters at Saratoga. A party of humorists was pleased to invent a diversion for the throng in which Betty played the chief comic rôle and never knew it. And she had as one of her unobserved spectators a strange and strangely silent witness—her son.

Since Betty, painted and powdered to a clownlike pallor, sat behind black horses and a black coachman, the humorists simply reversed her color scheme. Mr. Tom Brill put on livery and rode on the front seat of an open carriage, to the rear of which was affixed a great clothes-basket in which Mr. Caleb Adams sat in footman's garb. In the carriage seat lolled the negro Tom Camel dressed in woman's clothes and imitating Betty's haughty mannerisms, fanning himself and bowing to the crowds with all the ecstatic mimicry of his race.

All about the town and its many drives and clear out to the Lake the satirists shadowed Betty. When the parade drove up to the United States Hotel, the tall columns of the thronged piazzas were almost shaken down by the noisy laughter. It was not until the comedy was half finished that Betty noted the true cause of the sensation she was creating, and tried in vain to bribe or beg for mercy.

WHATEVER Betty's curious aversion from her own flesh and blood, she must always have children about her. When the Mary Bownes that she had adopted and married off to Nelson Chase died and left a daughter named Eliza Jumel, and a son called William Inglis, Betty took them under her wing as her own and carried them off to Europe.

Though she had reached by now the age of Burr when he married her, she carried her old head high and made herself once more at home in the presence of royalty. France, still groping for a form of government that should give liberty, glory and prosperity all at once, had picked up Napoleon, dropped him, picked him up again and dropped him finally with burnt fingers.

The Bourbon family came back. Louis XVI's fat brother Louis XVIII died and left the throne to his lean brother Charles X. Then France decided to drop the Bourbons with the clerical tyrants that accompanied them, and try the Orleans family. The crown was transferred to that very Louis-Philippe who had been a school-teacher in Bloomingdale and carried an umbrella instead of a scepter.

In due time queasy France sickened even of the bourgeois king and decided to give the Bonapartes another try. Five million voters elected Prince Louis Napoleon president of the second republic, and three years later he elected himself emperor of the second empire. His *coup d'état* was confirmed by nearly eight million votes against two hundred thousand in opposition.

Louis, who had wandered nearly everywhere else, had spent a few months of wretchedness in New York, and the story is told that Jumel lent him much money—which is odd, seeing that Jumel had died some time before.

Betty may have met the prince in New York. At any rate, when she reached Paris she somehow secured an invitation to a court ball at the Tuileries and wore a gold brocade trimmed with black lace from Malta. She went in on the arm of Jerome Bonaparte, who had married Betsy Patterson of Baltimore and forsaken her for the Princess of Württemberg. And Betty's ward, little seventeen-year-old Eliza Chase, danced three times with their son Jerome, commonly known as Plon-Plon. Later, Betty and Eliza went among the countless guests of the Emperor to see him present the eagle to the army in the Champ de Mars.

THOUGH Betty had dropped Aaron Burr and his name, she found so little prestige in being known in France as the widow of a French merchant that she assumed the almost royal title of "Madame Veuve d'Aaron Burr, feu Vice-Président des États-Unis." She had her carriage everywhere, of course, and it was not the least resplendent in France.

And once when she was driving along a country road, and her way was checked by a body of marching soldiers, the indomitable bluffer stood up in her carriage and cried:

"Place à la veuve du Vice-Président des États-Unis!"

She neglected to add that it had been nearly fifty years since he was Vice-President, and nearly sixteen years since she had divorced him, a few weeks before his death. But the soldiers could not be expected to know all that American history, and their officers were so impressed by Betty's imperial manner that they made their troops fall back and come to the salute, and Betty passed them in review like Catherine of Russia riding round the line.

With royal grace she picked out a husband for Eliza, a Frenchman, Paul Guillaume Raymond Péry of Bordeaux, and guaranteed him and his bride a thousand dollars a year provided they would live with her at the mansion in New York.

Then she rode down the long roads to Rome, taking the bride with her as well as her thirteen-year-old nephew William.

In Rome she decided to have a portrait made of herself with

her niece and her nephew on either side, and herself erect and royal in a high-backed chair furnished by her banker, Prince Torlonia, who said the chair had belonged to a Pope. On her smooth face between the waves of her still auburn curls she still wears the very smile that Monna Lisa wears. She has much wonderful lace about her, and her gown is still the pigeon-throated blue she loved. The painter, Alcide Ercole, found or pretended to find her hands still slim and long and graceful, and her eyes are full of innocence. She was just rising eighty years, and she looks a wholesome fifty.

Returning to Paris, she had a lithograph made and struck off with the legend engraved beneath declaring her the widow of the Vice-President. Also she had the tailors make her a set of green liveries for the postillions she decided to employ thereafter.

But when she reached America, her pride was brought down again; for when she sent word ahead of her that on leaving the train at the New York Station at Carmansville she would give the village a view of her liveried postillions, she had to ride a gantlet of stones and clods and worse thrown at her by the irreverent American youth.

She still carried herself, however, as a queen despite the rabble. She gave a thousand dollars to famine-wrung Ireland, a stand of colors to a regiment, and gifts of money to people in need. But she began to pinch the pennies and to gloat above her wealth like a miser of the theater.

Chapter Forty-three

BETTY'S years and the penalties of her years, if not of her sins, overtook her at last, as they overtake the most virtuous. Her ambitions, thwarted throughout a life of three score and twenty years, were achieved in her profound delusions of grandeur.

Amazing as her progress had been, from the ooze of Providence to Washington Heights, the courts of France and immense wealth, she began to make the marvels fabulous. She began to imagine impossible and incredible triumphs, and to retail them to any gullible auditor she encountered. And those maunderings were recounted and enlarged in the telling till she became a great myth, and the mother of myths still current as history.

She detained all visitors with the skinny hand of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. While the mansion and the gardens fell into decay and the headquarters of Washington became the dirty habitation of a witch, she moved about in a gloaming of harmless fantasy. Ghosts of all the great folk she had seen or heard of became familiar, and she a mad novelist incorporating them all into a crowded masterpiece of fiction.

Even her horses grew shaggy and her carriage shabby. When she rode to the Church of the Intercession, she still adorned herself in noisy satins; but of weekdays she went about slipshod and slovenly. Yet now and then she would deck herself in tattered finery and climb to the great chair on the dais in the drawing-room to chat with some musty revenant or fill with pretty lies the ears of a gaping visitor.

During the early years of the Civil War a Miss Parker, afterward Mrs. John V. I. Pruyn of Albany, called upon her and wrote down as much as she could remember of these curious taradiddles, whose very foibles make a vivid picture of the workings of Betty's forlorn mind.

"She stood on the front doorsteps, which were painted with blue moons on a lavender floor—a more fearful-looking old woman one seldom sees. Her hair and teeth were false, her skin thick, her feet enormous; and stockings soiled and coarse were in wrinkles over her shoes—on one foot a gaiter and on the other a carpet slipper. She wore a small hoop which in sitting down she could not manage, so that it stood up, displaying her terrible feet. . . .

"She says Joseph Bonaparte came to this country to marry her. He drove up to see her every day and bored her so much that she had the gate locked, and to her surprise he climbed over one day and went into her kitchen, and she thought it was a great shame for the ex-King of Spain to be in her kitchen, and that she would give him a grand dinner to wipe out her bad treatment. Joseph Bonaparte praised the table so much that she has kept it standing to this day."

Long as Miss Parker's list of manias is, there were numberless others, many of them to be found solemnly repeated by persons who neglect to look up the contradictory dates. There is hardly a famous man or monarch who was not mentioned as one of her friends or lovers. But it was true that (Continued on page 146)

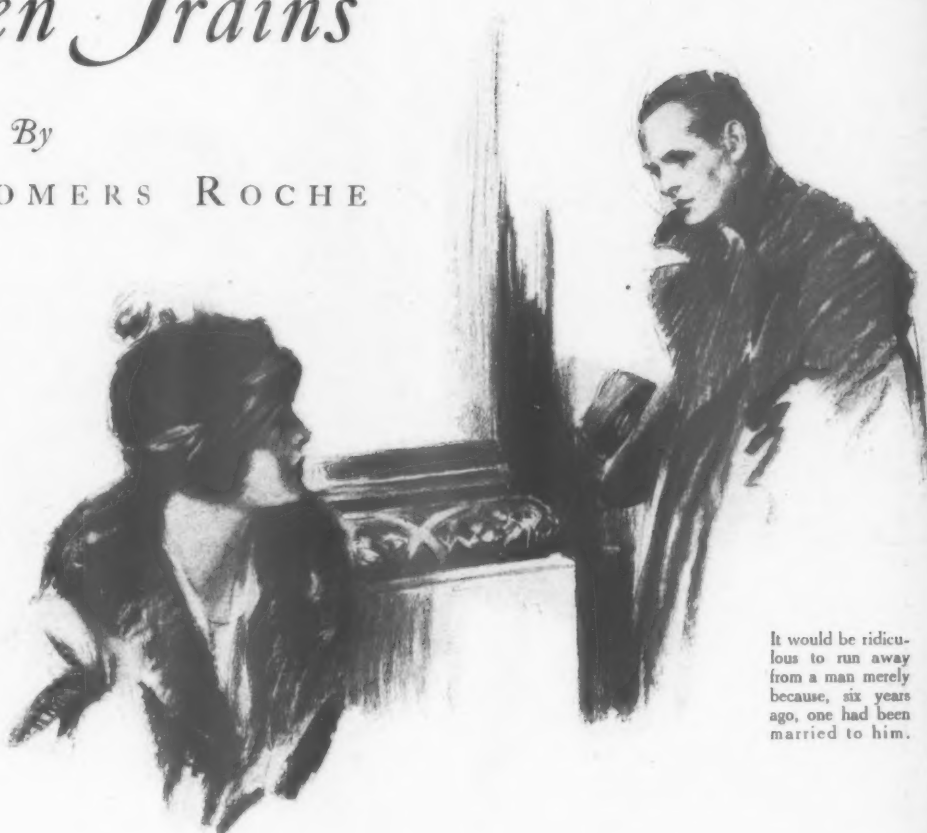
Illustrated by
W. B. King

Between Trains

By

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Arthur Roche kills time on a journey by weaving stories about his fellow-passengers. "A railroad station or a hotel lobby is a fallow field for a fictionist," he declared one day, as he and the writer of this paragraph sat in the lobby of a New York hotel. "Take that man, for instance—" And thereupon he proceeded to concoct a story about the man himself, who had no idea he was being made a hero. Anyway, this is the story.



It would be ridiculous to run away from a man merely because, six years ago, one had been married to him.

MUNSTER, surrendering his hat and coat to the maid, thought that the young woman's expression was a bit odd. Something human had crept through the trained impassivity of her features, and it rather startled him. He was not a snob, but he simply never had concerned himself with speculations about his household.

To him his home was a smoothly running mechanism, presided over by a most capable engineer, his wife. Not that Dorothy wasn't human, not that the home lacked the warmth without which one might as well be living in a hotel; but he had never been conscious of details of domesticity. But now that the maid wore so strange an expression, he felt jolted, so to speak, out of what might be termed a certain complacency. It seemed to him that the girl looked at him as though he were something queer and unusual. He cast a glance into a mirror on the wall. His tie was all right. He looked sharply at the maid.

"Mrs. Munster home?" he asked.

The maid seemed frightened. "I don't know—that is, I don't think—no sir, she isn't."

Not merely was her expression queer, but there was an embarrassed incoherence in her speech. For a moment he thought of questioning her; a kindly impulse toward sympathy prompted him. But if the parlor-maid was worried or harassed, it was not his place to cross-examine her. Dorothy was the person to be concerned with such matters. But he would mention to his wife the strangeness of the girl's behavior. Then, as he went upstairs, he smiled at himself. Catch him suggesting to Dorothy that she should inquire into the personal affairs of one of the servants!

Well, for that matter, no one enjoyed criticism. If Dorothy

should call at his office and tell him that one of the clerks looked troubled and that he ought to investigate, he'd be annoyed at this intrusion into matters outside her sphere. He ran his business without aid or interference from Dorothy; she could run the house without aid or interference from him.

That was the trouble: neither of them knew the other's problems. Their marriage had brought about a bodily intimacy, but a blending of the spirit had never been achieved. This was not the first time Munster had come to this conclusion, but it was the first occasion on which so trivial a thing as the expression in a servant's eyes had brought it home to him.

He sat heavily down in the library upstairs. He began suddenly to check up and balance his marital accounts. Dorothy was out; the room seemed, he noted, strangely deserted without her.

It came to him that he had been taking Dorothy for granted; probably she had been taking him in the same fashion. How had this thing come to pass? Was their marriage a failure? The mere fact that he could ask this proved that certainly, if not a failure, it was not a success. But why? What had happened in the five years of their married life to make them drift apart instead of together?

And this led inevitably to another question: had they ever really been together? A year ago he would have stated that no couple had ever been so close to each other as he and Dorothy. But now he knew better. Even on their honeymoon they had not been close to each other. Two fiery souls had accepted sex attraction as spiritual attraction. That sex attraction had endured, but slowly it had come to the comprehension of Munster that the only tie between them was the tie of physical liking.

He wondered if Dorothy had ever analyzed their relationship.

Unquestionably she had done so; women were more apt to scrutinize with cold impartiality their marriage relations than were men. Well—they were both people of common sense. Why hadn't they builded from the foundation of sex attraction a more enduring edifice? Why hadn't they managed to achieve a spirituality of relationship without which marriage became something akin to the mating of birds or beasts?

It couldn't endure; it *mustn't* endure. It suddenly flashed across his consciousness that his instinct was to love Dorothy, but that this instinct had become dormant through disuse. The habit of taking things for granted had become supreme; he had taken Dorothy in a certain way, and it had not occurred to him to investigate the thousand other ways in which she might be also taken.

He blushed as he thought what might be Dorothy's subconscious feelings. He would not degrade her by dwelling on her attitude. But he could not help realizing that if Dorothy was a mistress to him, what could he be to her but a lover? And the terms *mistress* and *lover* were used by him in their least exalted connotations.

Well, he knew himself capable of loving; he knew that Dorothy was worthy of the highest devotion. A certain feeling of reverence, the sort of feeling that, when he was a boy, had entered into his regard upon women, crept hesitantly into his soul. He breathed no prayer, but within him was a hope that was prayerful. If only Dorothy could be led to the same discovery about himself!

He blushed. How would he tell Dorothy of this new birth within him? One could hardly go to one's wife, after five years of marriage, and announce to her one's discovery of love for her. But why not? There was too damned much hypocrisy in this world. Why, their marriage was hypocritical. It was no marriage; it was nothing more than a legalized liaison. Please God, it would be something finer from now on.

Restlessly he rose and walked into her bedroom. On the very threshold he was struck by the air of desertion that hung over the room. At first he thought it was due to her mere absence; this new discovery of love for her made any place, where she was not, seem drear and desolate.

But into his mood of exaltation came unwelcome realities. Not merely her physical and spiritual self were absent, but other things were gone. Upon the dressing-table was only a scarf. There should have been a delightful confusion of toilet accessories. Certain photographs should be hanging upon the walls. Through the half-opened closet doors billowy, lacy things should peep. He strode hastily across the room. An actual physical pain seemed to penetrate his heart. A premonition of great evil gripped him. He opened a dresser drawer. It was empty.

He needed no further evidence; he understood the expression in the maid's eyes. Figuratively whistling to keep his courage up, he went into the adjoining room that was his own chamber. There, propped against a tobacco-jar on a table by his bed, was an envelope addressed to him. He sat down and filled and lighted a pipe. If Dorothy had chosen to be as melodramatic as



"Did it never occur to you that I was at there been another man?" she asked. "But

Broadway's latest triangle play, he would be calm. Slowly he opened and read the letter.

"Dear Warren: I see no use in continuing as we are. We were young when we married. We are still young enough to repair the error of youth. I do not imagine that you will suffer at my leaving. I will not be untruthful enough to state, even to save your feelings, that I will suffer. Neither of us has any love for the other. We were not in love when we married. We were a couple of natural young animals, and that is all, unpleasant and vulgar as the statement sounds. We have not outgrown animalism, but we have achieved along with it nothing else.

"Do not pretend to be otherwise than you feel—relieved. I would pay our years together the tribute of a less formal leave-taking, if I did not feel the conversation between us would inevitably end in mutual recrimination. We have never quarreled; we have simply been bored. I end the boredom now.

"You will, of course, see your lawyers and take what action seems best.

"I wish you all happiness, and hope that you will be generous enough to wish me the same.

"Dorothy."

And that was all. For a moment his heart seethed with hatred for some man unknown who had stolen his newly discovered love from him. Then he shrugged his shoulders. If



least honest, and would have told you had my puzzle is: who was the other woman?"

some one else had won Dorothy, then he, Warren Munster, was too late in the lists of love, even with the other man handicapped by the five years in which the Munsters had been married. He would take defeat, though it had arrived in the moment when he had been greeting victory, like a gentleman.

He closed the house, and when the parlor-maid tried brokenly to express sympathy, he froze her with a look. To the rest of her days she would maintain that Warren Munster was a brutal man, and that his wife had treated him exactly as he deserved.

He permitted a colleague at the bar to make the necessary arrangements with Dorothy's attorneys. She asked no alimony; she was comparatively wealthy in her own right. Nevertheless he scrupulously inventoried his assets and refused to be complainant in the matter of the divorce unless she accepted half of them. Six months later the decree was granted. A Western State, known for its great sympathy toward mismatched couples, had welcomed Dorothy as a citizen and permitted her to cast off her husband.

SIX years later Warren Munster entered the lobby of the Blake Hotel in Chicago. He had just alighted from a Santa Fe train from California. Having been cooped up in a compartment for three days, he attended to the transfer of his baggage, but refused proffered services of the taxi men. Although it was March, and biting winds from the Lake chilled blood thinned by two

months in the balmy climate of the Coast, he wanted to stretch his legs. So, red from the air and exercise, clapping his ungloved hands together to remove the chill, he was a healthy, personable figure as he stood just within the entrance. More than one woman appraised him kindly.

And among the women who, seated on the sofas of the lobby, saw him standing there, was Dorothy Munster. She too looked as though she had been strolling in the open air—which, as a matter of fact, she had been doing. Her cheeks wore a color that had come out of no druggist's shop. The golden brown hair visible beneath the edges of her blue and gold toque was slightly disarranged—not enough so to seem untidy, but rather to make an impressionable man desire to touch it. The blue traveling suit, its severity relieved by narrow bands of pink at collar and cuffs and hem of skirt, set off a gracious figure. Altogether, Dorothy Munster was as charming a woman as one would find in a day's journey. And her air of confusion as she recognized her husband did not subtract from her charm.

A color higher than nature's gift to her flooded her throat and cheeks. Munster, recognizing her in the same moment, also blushed. He would have turned abruptly, were it not for the fact that she also made a tentative motion to arise. He interpreted this movement of hers as one of incipient flight. A certain stubborn streak in him was aroused by her action.

Why should she flee from him? He would not force himself upon her, even though the sight of her rekindled fires that he thought he had brought under control. But there was no reason why they should avoid each other as though each carried plague-germs. So he walked across the lobby toward her.

Her lips parted, and a gasp that might have been of astonishment, or fear, or welcome, or anything at all, came from her throat. But natural dignity, combined with a great sophistication, prevented her from doing anything ridiculous. For, after all, it would be ridiculous to run away from a man merely because, six years ago, one had been married to him. They might have been, for all the onlookers could tell, two friends of long acquaintance who had seen each other as recently as yesterday. There was a perfect casualness

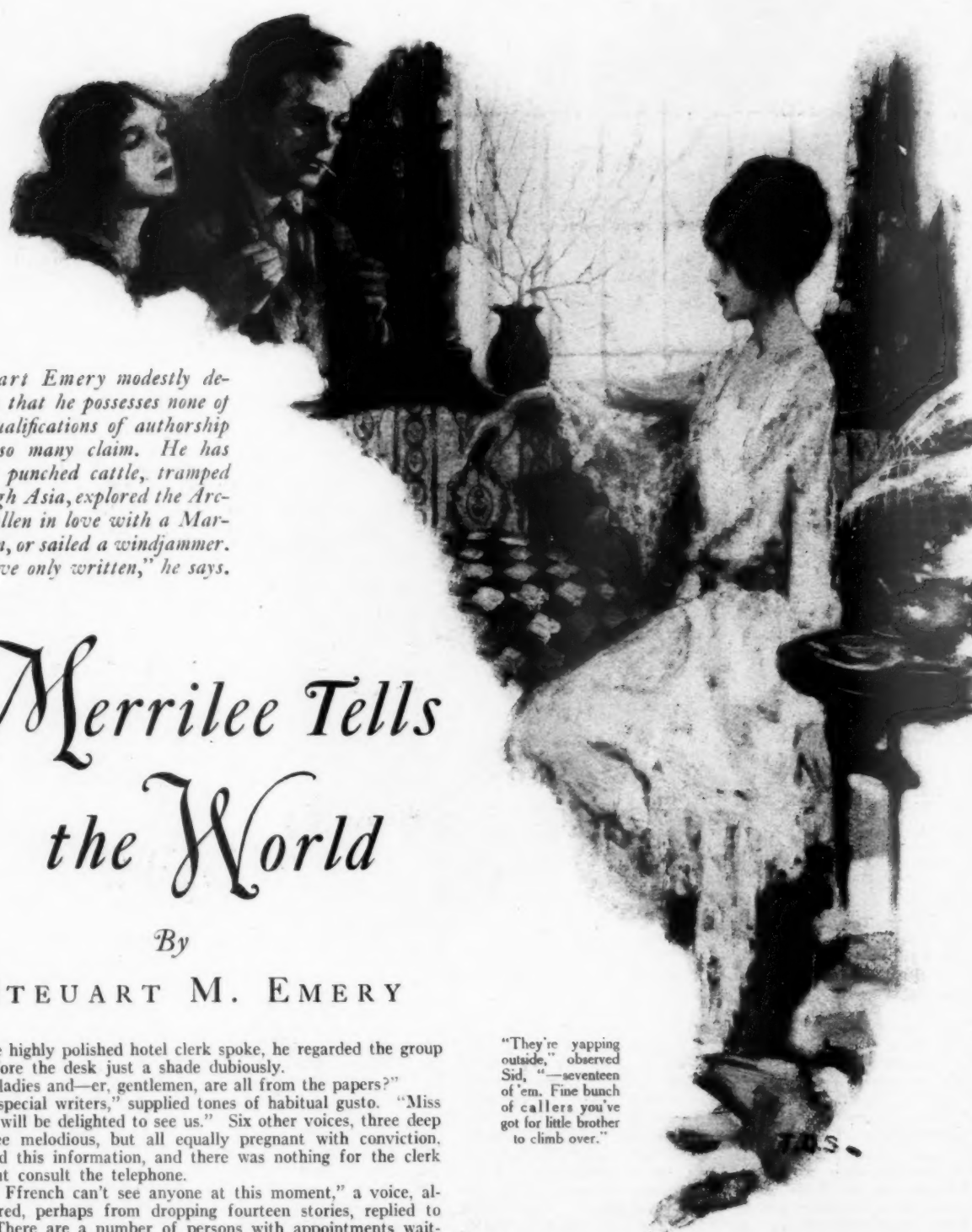
in the manner of each. For Munster's face had resumed its normal color by the time he reached her, and she had conquered her blush.

She held out a hand; the gesture was coolly friendly. He touched her fingers for a moment. She moved slightly, and he sat down beside her. Thus far they had carried off the situation remarkably well. But the banal chatter of the casual meeting of two friends was not possible to them for a moment. Indeed, both seemed tongue-tied. Then Dorothy broke the silence with a nervous laugh.

"Should I say 'How do you do?' or what?" she asked.

He smiled at her; the expression lighted up his whole face, and all hints of grimace left it.

"I am a hard-working attorney; my social life amounts to practically nothing. I have never yielded to the invitations of the advertisements and bought a book on etiquette. I really don't know what should properly be said by a divorced wife to her ex-husband. But you—you've been everywhere and met everyone. According to the Sunday newspapers, the Court of St. James broke a rule and admitted a (Continued on page 102)



Steuart Emery modestly declares that he possesses none of the qualifications of authorship that so many claim. He has never punched cattle, tramped through Asia, explored the Arctic, fallen in love with a Marquesan, or sailed a windjammer. "I have only written," he says.

Merrilee Tells the World

By

STEUART M. EMERY

AS the highly polished hotel clerk spoke, he regarded the group before the desk just a shade dubiously.

"You ladies and—er, gentlemen, are all from the papers?"

"The special writers," supplied tones of habitual gusto. "Miss Ffrench will be delighted to see us." Six other voices, three deep and three melodious, but all equally pregnant with conviction, confirmed this information, and there was nothing for the clerk to do but consult the telephone.

"Miss Ffrench can't see anyone at this moment," a voice, already tired, perhaps from dropping fourteen stories, replied to him. "There are a number of persons with appointments waiting for her in the apartment now. She isn't yet through her breakfast."

"Just tell her it's Angela Audrey of the *Blade*," one of the group urged the clerk when he had reported the answer of the great lady's secretary.

"The *Courier's* dramatic critic."

"It's Miss Blake, whose last article pleased her so much."

"I'm the editor of *Film Shots*."

All this, translated into sound-waves, brought answer. "If

"They're yapping outside," observed Sid, "—seventeen of 'em. Fine bunch of callers you've got for little brother to climb over."

they care to wait, they can come up. But tell them Miss Ffrench can only give them a few minutes this morning. She has a conference on her next picture very shortly."

On the fourteenth floor Miss Jones, secretary to the famous Merrilee Ffrench, hung up the receiver and from the pocket of her businesslike skirt drew a notebook in which she made a jotting. Ten pairs of eyes saw her do this with the interest of owners who have waited a long while without anything to amuse

them, and who expect to wait a long while longer. Although it was only half-past nine, the sunshine flooding the cozy reception-room mellowed itself upon an aggressive crowd, sitting on the edges of all the available chairs and even overflowing, in the case of a youth with a black string tie and stick-out ears, onto the window-sill.

"I gotta appointment for nine, Miss Jones," insisted this youth. "We've worked out a whiz to spring for publicity. Just time to catch every Sunday paper in the East, we have, Miss Jones, if we get the photos of Miss Merrilee today."

"Fall out the window, Jacobs," suggested the individual with the chronic chewed cigar. "I'm packing a story here for Miss Merrilee by a cousin o' mine that'll knock her eye out."

"Please, please." Harassed, Miss Jones after placing both hands to her ears to shut out pleading voices, closed both eyes to get away from the glares that ringed her round. Br-r-r! The telephone again for the twentieth time in an hour. "Miss Ffrench can't see anyone at this mo—"

"Jonesy," called a clear voice from an inner room.

"No!"—into the instrument. "Miss Ffrench hasn't had her breakfast yet."

"Jonesee!" More and more imperious from the hidden distance.

"No," continued Miss Jones into the phone, "and there's—"

"Jones-e-e-e-e!"

Click! Back onto the hook, and Miss Jones went with a smart flapping of skirts out of the room, pursued by voices.

"Tell her that—"

"Ask her if—"

There was much more, and it sounded like a mob scene from the latest special.

It was a big blue and silver living-room that Miss Jones came into at the end of the hall, but perhaps it seemed so big because the only other person in it was so small—not small in the sense of not amounting to much, but small the way fragile and precious things are small. The tiny figure in the mutinously gay negligée was almost lost amid the soft velvets of a lounge in front of which stood a breakfast table, enticing with silver covers—almost lost but not quite. Big, solemn brown eyes looked up a little mournfully out of an oval, peach-down face, and a pink coral underlip was being bitten by small, firm teeth.

"Jonesy, why didn't you come when I called? Right away I wanted you, Jonesy. It's all so sunshiny outside, and I feel so blue I could die."

To feel so blue that one wants to die when one is Merrilee Ffrench, "the Girl America Adores," would not seem to be the right thing on an azure May morning. No, certainly not, when one is worshiped twenty-four hours around by everybody from the president of Ajax Pictures down to the latest studio-struck extra, and treads a pathway forever arched over by smiling skies. A little foot kicked out of its woven grass sandal, and Merrilee Ffrench wiggled her toes.

"Jonesy, what awful things do I have to do today? Read it to me quick, and then I shall die dead."

Miss Jones began at the top of a filled page. "Waiting outside now, seven reporters for an interview."

"Jonesy, if I have to give out any more advice on how to break into the movies, I'll jump right out of them."

"Mr. Jacobs, with a new publicity idea."

"No, I wont have my picture taken holding an orphan. I don't like it, and neither does the orphan. And that Mr. Jacobs is so enterprising he gives me the creeps."

"A perfumery agent for a testimonial to—"

"Last time it was tooth-paste, Jonesy."

Miss Jones, coughing tactfully but remorselessly, put a finger on the second page of the notebook.

"At eleven, conference with Mr. Gold, the president, and Mr. Williamson, your director. Subject: A picture with a big punch."

"I wont hear another word," said Merrilee, drawing both her feet up under her and kicking off the other sandal in so doing. "It's always what I'm to do this morning, what I'm to do this afternoon, what I'm to do tonight. Why did I ever hire you, Jonesy? You ordered Southern omelette this morning, and you know I wanted fish cakes. And I'm sick of pictures with a punch. Why, why, why can't they find one without bothering me? I wont see any of them—I wont, I wont."

There came a sudden splurging of voices as though a door had opened, and then the *plunk-plunk* of footsteps coming down the hall.

"They've broken in, Jonesy! Save me!"

The young man who entered with his hat cheerfully on the back of his head and a cigarette between his lips, found himself confronted by a worried but faithful young woman with a notebook. Back of this line of defense Merrilee's brown eyes peeped over a pillow, wide with disturbed inquiry.

"Lo, young lady," vouchsafed the young man. "How's the little sister, 'smornin'?"

"Oh, it's only Sid. I thought it was the wolves."



Merrilee waved the flapjack-turner. "Look at me!" she triumphed. "I want to," he answered.

"They're yapping outside," observed Sid, "—seventeen of 'em in one room. Fine bunch of callers you've got for little brother to climb over. Going to get up today?"

"I don't know."

"Smile, kid, smile. I've been up half the night trying to mix together a story for you, and here I am with a bright morning face. I've got a wallop for you, kid, they'll get up and break orchestra chairs over. About three hundred feet along in the last reel—"

"Sidney French, you stop right there."

Merrilee flashed up from the lounge and pattered over to her brother. If that famous five-foot shelf of books were placed on end, the tallest hair of her dainty brown head would just about reach its top. Consequently there was a gap of coat between it and Sid's shoulder, and he had to look down to see mournful solemnity turned up to him.

"I'm not interested in anybody's pictures. Cross your heart, Sid! I'm blue." That made twice in fifteen minutes and to two different persons that Merrilee French had said it.

"What you got to be blue about, young lady? Everybody that hasn't a glass eye crazy about you, and making money so fast they've put on a night shift at the mint."

"Money can't make you happy," said a small voice, mostly into a shoulder.

"It can't, eh? You ought to have heard the wife yell for joy when I brought her the red roadster. What's the matter, Mary old kid, something frizzled?"

"I—don't know," said Merrilee perfectly frankly, and tripped over and stood in the embrasure of the window with the long curtains billowing about her and the dark flow of a city's traffic stories below. She watched for a while the stream of bobbing heads, bits of color from women's hats, sparkling glints of motors—beyond them all the faint, far green of the park, above the blue of cloudless May beckoning to sweet, rare things.

"Now, the dope on this picture we're all hunting after for you—"

"I wish," said Merrilee, "a big airplane would sail up and take me away. . . . I wish," she added defiantly, after a moment, "I was back in White's."

ACROSS the continent is stretched the chain of White's restaurants. The walls are the cleanest of white tile; the tables are topped with the smoothest of white enamel; the cups and plates are of spotless white; the waitresses wear the starchiest of white uniforms and smile when they take an order, even if it is only for coffee and rolls. Every city has its White's, sometimes glistening on a great and famous square, sometimes shining in a modest side-street. Yes, the secret of Merrilee French's past was out. She had been a White's waitress.

California, three years ago. No vast living-room done in blue and silver for Mary French, the White's waitress; no red roadster and delighted mate for Sidney French, reporter on the evening paper—only two rooms in a shabby boarding-house where contentment was also a lodger. They had been hard and workful days, but they had also been days of great ambition.

"This scenario isn't so bad," Sid would say, slaving at the lamp-light table. "I'll put over the big knockout yet, and we'll ride on rubber tires."

"Maybe if I work hard and make good, they'll put me in the window with the flapjacks," said Mary, shining-eyed. "There's nothing in the world I'd rather do than flapjacks in a window."

"Hey, silly sister!" howled Sid. "What you doing with my scenario?" For under three pages Mary had slipped the fly-swatter—and flip, flap, flop—over they turned, neatly as could be.

"Like that," said Mary French, the White's waitress.

And then one day Sid had burst into White's, waving a newspaper over his head and knocking into chairs and customers with fine impartiality.

"Oh, my Lord! Oh, my Lord! Oh, my—"

"Sid, you've sold a scenario!"

"Scenario, my eye! You, you, you! You've won the Fame and Fortune Contest! A thousand iron bucks, and starred in the movies! Come on out of this cheap dive!" At that moment, amid the clattering crockery tumult of White's, and between two steaming coffee-boilers, Merrilee French was born.

"**S**AY it again," remarked Sid, now, coming over to the window where his sister stood tapping a little foot on the floor. "My ears aren't so good as they once were."

"I wish," said Merrilee, still more defiantly, "I was back in White's, with a check-punch hanging onto me instead of these silly bingle-bangles they make me wear. I wish you were back on the paper instead of writing molasses scenarios for me to act in. I wish we were both back where we had something to work for again. I'm tired of being Merrilee French with two F's. There!"

"Go ahead!" This was supplemented by a brotherly grin.

"Tell us you're tired of limousines and orchids and Hollywood palaces. Tell us you're tired of a procession of handsome young men all worth millions and all wanting to give 'em to you. Tell us you're tired of being more famous than the President of these large United States. Tell us all that, and I'll tell you you're crazy."

"You can get out of this room!" blazed a defiant little voice at Sid.

"I was going, I was going. Little sister, I'm working these days, even if you are just sitting around waiting for your next super-gigantic film. And let me announce there's a lot of brainstorms going on over that slice of celluloid. We're going to spread it in one big splash. Merrilee French in her biggest, bang-up success. The picture with—"

He knocked his hat still farther back on his head, making it a miracle how it stayed on at all, and strolled out the door, just avoiding a collision with Miss Jones, who, being a diplomatic secretary with a mother to support, had left the room some time previously. Back on the lounge, Merrilee looked up at her rebelliously.

"Put it away," she said, thrusting a pinkly manicured finger at the notebook. But Miss Jones valiantly stood her ground.

"There are six more persons in the reception-room."

"I don't care if there



She bent to whisper. "Advise, dearie. 'Return at once. All is forgiven.' I got one back that way once."



"Then," said Merrilee, "I choose this. And I'm going to play in my own way, or I'll never act in a picture again."

are sixty. I want one of your old dresses and a hat, Jonesy. And put some money in some kind of a bag, please, and give it to me."

"The car will be here at eleven for your visit to—"

"The great big picture with a punch can wait, Jonesy. You can tell them I said so. And tell the wolves outside to wait until they all get hungry and eat each other. Merrilee Ffrench has had her best idea just by looking out a window."

"But you can't—"

A dimple suddenly appeared in Merrilee's cheek. Brown eyes danced.

"Yes, I can. Oh, yes, I can, Jonesy. Now go get me those clothes and things. You all need to be shown."

"Well," he remarked, "run along, sonny. I'll catch me another one."

THE little waitress in the whitest uniform of them all put a particularly large pat of butter in the dish and added an extra roll. A restaurant corporation that had a hundred and forty-two branches never would miss one roll.

"Dearie," said Luella, the stout one who chewed gum, "I see he's in again today."

"Yes, he is," said a voice that lilted; and down through the aisles between the white-topped tables went a trim figure which stopped finally in a far corner, where a young man sat with his eyes fastened on a book while his free hand tampered with coffee. He had a quiet, rather determined air but his clothes were not too new.

"Here are your rolls," said the small waitress. It was the same old book, she saw, full of fascinating drawings of bridges and girders. Ajax Pictures seemed very far away from this bustling, high-walled, crowded restaurant where young men on the way up ate their twenty-cent meals. Something

thrilled in Merrilee Ffrench as it had thrilled day after day for a whole long week. Let them rave and bang the mahogany tables back in the offices of Ajax Pictures, combing the city for a star that had shot out of their ken. Merrilee Ffrench was back in White's, unknown and lowly, making holiday.

The pat of butter and the rolls went down beside the coffee.

"Are you—are you studying bridges again?" she asked.

A quick, steady smile, that showed a firm mouth, met hers.

"You bet I am!" he exclaimed. "I'd give ten years of my life to have a chance on a span like one of these."

Ambition, young and undismayed, looked up at eager interest. Sidney had talked like that in the old times.

"You'll tell me all about it?" asked Merrilee Ffrench humbly.

"In the park tonight. And I won't be late at the corner like last night. It's fine to have some one to tell things to, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Merrilee, and punched the check for fifteen cents instead of twenty-five. Inside the hour she was in a stuffy telephone booth, smiling still as a wild voice carried to her.

"Mary, old kid," Sidney was shouting, "for the love of Kingdom Come, tell us where you are! Don't you know we've got to get going on that picture of yours?"

"Where I am doesn't



matter," she trilled. "I'm happy. And I've called up every day, haven't I, to tell you so?"

"Yes, but what in the—wait a minute. Here's Mr. Gold himself to talk to you."

"Merrilee," said a gruff though kindly voice, "you're coming back, aren't you? You're not going to wreck all our plans for you?"

"I'm not wrecking anything," asserted Merrilee firmly. "I'm just living again."

"If you stay away much longer,"—Mr. Gold's tones became those of the president of a great concern,—“we'll have to take it out of your salary."

"Take it out." A small hand jingled forty cents in well-earned silver. "I am not in need of any money, thank you. I have a nice room around the corner that doesn't cost much."

"She's hung up," rumbled Belding Gold wrathfully. Far uptown in a spacious private office, he ran his hand through his hair until it stood erect on his massive head. "French, you find that sister of yours and find her quick."

"Boss, I'm doing my best. But I can't help it if she just plain walks out of the hotel and disappears, can I?"

"You can," said Mr. Gold with great heat. "And take this bunch of scenarios and throw 'em in the furnace. They're all rotten."

IN the clangor of White's, Merrilee Ffrench came dancing up to Luella. In a White's restaurant all the waitresses are on terms of the extremest cordiality.

"You don't need to tell me," beamed Luella. "You've got a date. It's all over your face. Want me to lend you a hat or anything, dearie?"

"Not a shoelace," said Merrilee. "I like old things." And that night old things such as Jonesy's much-rubbed dress and shiny turban seemed better and better. They sat on a bench cloaked gratefully in shadows, with the breeze-stirred sheen of a little lake before them. Now and again other couples passed, sometimes arm-in-arm, but all thoughtfully oblivious to them.

"Peter Haven," said Merrilee softly, "I'm sure some day that name will be famous."

"I'm working for it to be." There fell a tiny silence. Then he turned to her. "I'm glad you're only a waitress in White's."

Merrilee patted Jonesy's skirt. "So am I."

"We're both of us fighters on the way up. I can talk to you. Haven't I been telling you everything? Isn't it funny that the very first time you came to my table we were friends that minute?"

Off the lake a gossamer wind came caressing, stirring vagrantly about them.

"There's nothing so funny about that. It—just happened."

"Yes, and—Mary?"

"Peter?"

"You don't mind being a waitress in White's for a while? They aren't so easy these days—things, you know. But some day I'll—"

"I like White's," said Merrilee defiantly. "And next week I'm going in the window with the flapjacks. The manager told me so today. It's something I've always wanted to do, and now I'm going to do it. Nobody can stop me. It's all what I'd call glorious. It's like a beautiful dream."

"And nobody can stop me, either. Did I tell you there's a chance—just a chance—I'll get a try on a big bridge thing with a new company out in the West?"

"That," said Merrilee Ffrench very softly, "is the best news I've heard in a year."

"And after that," said Peter, "well, after that, we'll see."

SOME three days later, coming through the swinging door, Peter found a demure, white-capped young lady poised behind a regal griddle in the front window. Merrilee Ffrench's eyes were alight. She waved the flapjack-turner conqueringly at him.

"Look at me!" she triumphed.

"I want to," he answered, his glance lingering on sparkling loveliness of the kind that would make anyone feel he could win the world. With a girl like that—

Merrilee Ffrench had lowered her eyes. Ajax Pictures had slid away now into the dim, far-off distance as though they had never been. Neither of them saw a youth with a string tie and stick-out ears stop and stand and stare outside the window, while inspiration succeeded incredulity on his face. He disappeared presently, shoving people out of his way with impolite precipitancy.

"Mary," said Peter, "you just wait. It's my turn now to show what I can do."

She waited. She waited all the next day for him, but somehow he did not come. More and more slowly the rich brown flapjacks bubbled and turned over on the griddle as the afternoon hours wore along until finally sunset flamed down the narrow trenches of the streets. The old hat and dress of Jonesy's embraced a hurrying, eager little figure that night pattering down the graveled path leading to the lake.

"Why!" she said when she caught sight of his face. "What's happened?"

"I've got my chance," he said in a voice she hardly knew. "I'm going West on that bridge job."

"Peter! It's wonderful!"

A flaring sheet of newspaper was spread suddenly before her.

"This isn't," he said brokenly.

The photograph, limned by a near-by arc-light, almost leaped at her out of the page. It was Merrilee in cap and apron, chin adorably tilted, slim hands busy among the flapjacks in a window, for background the crowded tables of White's. "Merrilee Ffrench, Star of Movies, in New Role," cried the headlines, black and big.

"Oh," she cried, "they've found me out!"

"Is that you?"

"Yes," said Merrilee. "And it must have been that horrid Mr. Jacobs. He's always photographing me."

She saw then that he was holding himself in. He was ripping the paper to shreds between his fingers.

"And I thought—I thought you were only a waitress at White's. I was glad because you were only a waitress at White's. And now you're really a girl with a name all over the country, and money, money, money! I told you all about myself—how I've always worked my own way along and stood on my own feet—what I meant to do and—"

"I was interested," she whispered, possessed by a tiny tremble. "Peter, I loved to listen to you. I did. I do."

"You? Merrilee Ffrench? Merrilee Ffrench isn't the girl in the window. She's somebody else. She's up in a world I don't belong in."

"She isn't. Peter, she isn't! I'm just myself. I had to go back to White's and play at being alive again. Peter, I couldn't stand it—being a star and all that. It isn't fun at the top with nothing more to do; the fun's at the bottom when you're working up. I wanted to be of use to somebody again." The coral lips quivered. "Wasn't I of some use to you, Peter?"

His answer came slowly. "You—you've broken something inside me. You're Merrilee Ffrench. You aren't Mary any more. And I loved you."

THE big brown eyes were swimming pools of tenderness in the dusk. But she could not speak; something tight, that hurt, had her by the throat. She only knew that Peter was going away from her, and she had no way to stop him.

"I was coming here to tell you I'd been given a chance with the new people on that bridge. It'd mean maybe a hundred a week inside a year. And then I found—this—in tonight's paper. It made me into nobody at all. Merrilee Ffrench never could have been in love with a nobody."

"She could. She is now," cried Merrilee—but in words that never came out. "I was poor once, too. I know what it is to have to be proud." Desperately she fought back a mist that blinded her, seeing through it a face that suddenly seemed older—and dearer than she had dreamed any face could be.

"Don't! Don't go!"

And then her hands fell limply. Peter had turned and was walking away, keeping his shoulders oddly stiff, and once he stumbled. For a moment she stood there and then tore herself from daze and began to falter after him. "Peter," she breathed, but too faintly for him to hear. "Peter! I wasn't just playing with you. I meant it all. I'll never be Merrilee Ffrench any more."

Even as at last she found voice, she saw him pull himself into a taxicab that appeared to have been waiting. The driver touched his cap and sent the motor hurtling into a maelstrom of traffic. Precious moments later, there hummed along a second taxi in which a small figure crouched against the cushions, looking ahead with hopeless eyes. Block after block passed, each a space of crowded cars and pulsing, careless throngs, until they darted between tall pillars and under a great girdered roof, vibrant with the rush and roar of crowds and metal.

"It's the terminal, miss," said the driver of the second cab. "He's gone into one of the trains." (Continued on page 114)

Having completed the illustrations for his present novel, George Gibbs has turned to portrait-painting, and is finishing the last of half a dozen commissions. Later he will go to New England and find further relief in painting rocks and surf, then turn in late summer to the writing of his new novel, the hero of which is himself a painter.

Sackcloth and Scarlet

By

GEORGE GIBBS

Illustrated by the Author



"Joan—forgive me!" Her voice broke as she dropped on her knees at Joan's feet.

The Story So Far:

"IT isn't Polly's baby," said Joan to Georgia Curtis, the gossiping inquisitor who had put her on the rack, "but mine—my baby. I hope you understand."

Life was never the same again to Joan Freeman after that speech of hers, uttered in desperate defense of her sister; doors would now be closed to her. Indeed, life had never been the same since, nearly a year ago, foolish, impulsive little Polly had come to her with her confession and her dire dilemma.

They had been on a summer trip to the Canadian Rockies, two wealthy orphans unchaperoned; and Joan had been unwise enough to make a separate journey for a few days, leaving feather-headed little Polly to her own devices—which had included a reckless clandestine flirtation, under an assumed name, with a handsome guide named Steve, who did not in the least understand the girl. Steve, indeed, had been honest enough; after the affair had—gone too far, he had expected to marry "Ruth Shirley," as he knew her, at once. But she had shrunk from the complications of such a step—of introducing the awkward Westerner to her smart set in New York; and she had left Lake Louise abruptly, leaving no address.

Sometime afterward, in New York, Polly was driven to confess it all to Joan; and the older sister had at once gone to Lake

Louise to find Steve—Polly hadn't even known his last name. But Steve, when he learned of "Ruth Shirley's" disappearance, had also vanished.

Joan had taken her sister to France then, to an obscure hamlet where Polly's baby, a boy, was born. But her recovery was slow; and when inquisitive Georgia Curtis passed by on a motor trip and recognized Joan as she wheeled the child by the roadside, Joan did not dare risk the shock of reporting the mischance to Polly. And so now, also, when Joan confronted Georgia in Paris, her protective passion for her younger sister drove her to claim the child as her own. . . . No, life would never be the same again for Joan Freeman; doors would be closed to her. . . .

Presently Polly grew better, but her character was not changed. She evinced no affection for her son—consented, indeed, to Joan's sacrifice. Soon, keeping her secret, she married one Joe Drake.

Joan took the boy as her own and remained in France till he was two; then, assuming the name of "Mrs. Freeman," she removed to Washington, and lived in seclusion there for some years—until one fateful day Jack all but drowned himself pursuing tadpoles in Rock Creek and was rescued by Bob Hastings, who with his employer, young Congressman Stephen Edwards, happened riding by.

Edwards called upon Joan; but though she liked him, and Jack adored him, she didn't encourage his visits. For he would soon discover her status: there was no Mr. Freeman, and she was not received in Washington society. Yet Joan was deeply troubled when disclosure threatened—in odd fashion. Edwards was leading the fight of the conservation group against a powerful New York syndicate seeking to acquire certain timber reserves; the Curtises were at the head of that syndicate; and Georgia, apparently seeking to know their enemy better, had invited Edwards to dinner.

That dinner was an ordeal to Edwards, for after it Curtis tried to influence him to support his iniquitous land-grabbing bill. The Westerner refused unequivocally. And as he was leaving, he heard Georgia Curtis repeating the accepted gossip about Joan Freeman to a group of women. . . . Joan too was having her troubles, for Polly had written her that she had broken with her worthless husband, was ill and needed money.

The power of the Curtis group was soon demonstrated. Through their influence Edwards' attempt to have their bill killed in committee was defeated and it was favorably reported. And a little later Edwards' friend Ransom came to him with the news that a scandalous story was being circulated, linking Edwards' name with that of Joan Freeman. Both knew that this was merely a political trick to discredit Edwards, but Ransom had difficulty in restraining Edwards from violent measures.

The gossip, however, was assiduously spread; and presently Joan learned of it through her friend Beatrice de Selignac. To leave Washington seemed to Joan the only means of silencing the story; Edwards had another plan—and came to Joan on the eve of her departure with a proposal of marriage. She refused him. (*The story continues in detail:*)

Chapter Twenty-one

AFTER a wakeful night, followed toward dawn by a sleep of exhaustion, Joan was awakened by her alarm clock at seven. She had been too weary the night before to pack her trunks, but a bath invigorated her, and she went about the important business of getting out of Washington as soon as possible. Atlantic City, she had decided, was to be her destination, for there she would probably find accommodations at this season of the year in any one of a dozen hotels; and the place, moreover, had the advantage of being large enough for her to lose her identity as she desired. The packing of the trunks kept her mind occupied; and Jack, now greatly excited at the prospect of the railroad journey, hovered about asking questions and trying to help the governess in the disposition of his most needed toys.

There was a telephone call from Beatrice de Selignac, of course. Joan promised to write soon; and Beatrice, reassured by the thought of Joan's return to Washington in a few weeks, had wished her good luck and good voyage.

At nine o'clock a messenger came with a note to Joan from Edwards.

"Dear Mrs. Freeman," she read.

"I am writing to ask you please to reconsider your plan to leave Washington—at least, until I can have one more opportunity to talk with you. Your pride has, I believe, exaggerated the importance of this issue. Just a half-hour—please. After your letter I did not dare to come without your permission. The bearer will bring your reply.

"Sincerely,

"S. E."

The note made her unhappy, but the impetus of her preparations, to which she was now committed, carried her over the difficulty. She wrote in reply:

"Dear Mr. Edwards:

"Thanks for your note and for your consideration in not coming here this morning. I must go away to think out my problems. My visit is not permanent. Perhaps a little later I shall let you hear from me. In the meanwhile I beg that you will make no further effort to reach me. But I want you to know how sorry I am—for everything. Best wishes for you in the fight at the Capitol. I know that you will win.

"Sincerely,

"J. F."

When the messenger left the house, Joan gave a sigh of relief, for from the moment she had awakened, she had been prepared for this message from Edwards. But she believed that he would obey the wishes that she had committed to the formality of her note. At ten the trunks were locked, and soon after, the expressman called for them. A few minutes later, while Joan



was sitting at her desk writing the necessary checks and notes, the doorbell rang again. She got up, a little startled, with the thought of Stephen Edwards in her mind, and went through the dining-room toward the back stairs. As she paused, she could hear from the front hall, not the familiar boom of Edwards' bass, but a feminine voice raised in eager questioning and explanation. She thought at once that it must be Beatrice in spite of their telephone conversation earlier in the morning, but in a moment the maid found her.

"A lady to see you, madam. Says she's your sister and has to see you."

"My sister!" gasped Joan.

Polly! Incredible! And yet who else?

"You're sure she said that?" asked Joan.

"Yes, madam. A Mrs. Drake—I think she said."

There was no longer a doubt. Polly, the uninvited, the unwelcome, the undesired, had returned.

Joan dismissed the servant, and as she reached the drawing-room, she saw the significant traveling bag near the door. A figure at the window turned.

"Joan!" cried Polly. "Joan!" She was poised like a timorous hungry bird between eagerness and doubt, a slim dark figure, wearing a crimson hat.

The air was heavy with the odor of stale cigarette smoke, and something else subtly oppressive. Polly stirred as Joan came into the room.

sincerity of her need. It was that sincerity which appealed to Joan—not the act of supplication. So she helped Polly to her feet and yielded to her embrace.

"I suppose you've been told that I was just on the point of going away—that my trunks have already gone," said Joan.

"Yes. The maid said so. But I don't know what to do. I—I had to come to you," gasped Polly. "I didn't know where else to go. I—I couldn't stay out there any longer. My money was all gone. I had just enough for the railroad fare—"

"Couldn't you have written me of this?"

"I did write—but your letters were so cold. I couldn't stand them, Joan. I've suffered so. Oh, you can't turn me away!"

"I haven't turned you away, have I, Polly?"

Polly's crimson hat bobbed with a swift birdlike motion.

"Oh, I've been afraid—I've been so afraid you would. I—I'm not very strong. If you only knew everything—"

Joan regarded her in silence, the bent head with the crimson hat, its velvet slightly faded, the restless fingers in their soiled gloves, the thin arms, the shadows under the make-up.

There was real pity needed here.

"Sit down, Polly," she said at last gently. "We will have a talk."

Joan first went to the door and looked about, and then spoke with the quick, decisive accents of a sudden resolve.

"I forgive you," she said calmly. "I'm sorry for you. But it's impossible for me to have you here except on one condition."

"Anything—anything!" Polly gasped.

"Wait a moment, please. We needn't go into the past. That's finished. But there's a fact out of the past that is very much in the present." She paused and then spoke with great distinctness. "I mean my boy, John Freeman."

"My baby!" Polly whispered. "Oh, Joan!"

"Not *your* baby," said Joan rigidly. "Mine!"

The glances of the sisters met, and Polly bowed her head.

"Of course, Joan."

"That's what I want you to understand—that Jack is mine. You have no claim to him. He loves me. He thinks I'm his mother. I am. It's the story the world knows. He stands between us. I won't give him up."

The crimson hat came up with a jerk.

"But I couldn't take him now if I wanted him, could I, Joan?"

"But you're not to want him—not ever to want him, not to think of him except as my child. Not by a word to let him or anyone else guess the truth."

Joan found herself suddenly silent. Polly seemed to be waiting for her to go on.

"Yes. That's understood," whispered Polly at last.

"Very well," said Joan decisively. "I'll help you for the present at least, until you're able to help yourself. I'm going away from Washington this morning for a while. If you accept the conditions, you may come with me."

Joan stood at the library door. She did not advance farther. She was thinking of Jack, upstairs—of Polly's claim to him.

"Polly!" she said simply.

"Joan!" Polly gasped tremulously. She took a few paces, hovering again, one slender arm stretched forward. "Please don't be unkind to me." The arm trembled and fell. The light from the library window painted shadows on Polly's face.

"I don't intend to be unkind," said Joan gently. "But you must realize that it's a good deal of a shock—after all these years."

"I know. But I had to come, Joan. I had no other place to go."

Her voice shook, and her slim figure swayed.

"I—am sorry," said Joan.

"Oh, if you only are! I need some one to be sorry for me."

"I am. Indeed I am. But—"

"Joan—forgive me!" Her voice broke as she dropped on her knees at Joan's feet, weeping. Joan was prepared for that, for Polly had, since childhood, known the efficacy of tears. But the thought of Jack came like a naked sword between them. Polly wept. It was the old dramatic gesture, but tinged now with the



"That was never my name," she replied easily. "Need it matter?" He was silent, thinking deeply. He started, at the sound of the turning doorknob. And then Joan entered.

"Oh, Joan. I know I deserve all you say to me. But please try not to be bitter."

"I'm trying not to be." Joan's smile twisted her lips curiously. "You realize, don't you, Polly, that I could still give you money and send you away?"

"Oh, you can't do that. You mustn't. I need you, Joan. I need somebody to lean on. I'm sick—just look at my poor arms, like match-sticks. And I'm so tired, all the time. I feel as though I'd like to sleep forever. I'll do whatever you say. Anything!"

"All right," said Joan. "You'll go down to Atlantic City with us—Jack, Mademoiselle and myself. The taxi will be here soon. Where is your trunk?"

"I haven't any. They kept it at the hotel, for what I still owe."

"But I thought—" Joan checked herself. "Well, never mind. We'll get that later. Are you ready to go?"

"Yes."

There was a sudden commotion at the head of the stairs, a childish voice calling "Maman!" Both women started; Polly, her eyes wide, listened intently. Joan's fingers closed almost fiercely over her thin arm.

"Remember," she whispered tensely; and Polly, still staring at the door, nodded.

"Isn't it time to go, Maman?" came the voice again.

Joan went swiftly to the door to meet him. It was her declaration of rights.

"We'll miss the train, Maman, if we don't go now," said Jack. As he came into the room, he saw the visitor and drew back.

"Jack, dear," said Joan calmly, "this is your Aunt Polly, who has come from out West. Wont you speak to her?"

The boy looked at Polly, took a few timid paces forward, then paused.

"W-wont you kiss me, Jack?" asked Polly. She laughed nervously, bent forward and embraced him.

"I'm so glad to—see you," she said, holding him away and looking at him. The boy's childish stare passed over her face, finishing at the crimson hat, which seemed to fascinate him.

"Haven't you anything to say to me, Jack?" Polly asked.

"It's a very red hat, isn't it?" he asked.

Polly laughed.

"Yes, it is, very red. Do you think it's pretty?"

"It's awright." He inspected the signs of tears on her face, but made no comment.

"I hope you—you'll like me too, dear. I want you to, very much."

Perhaps the tear-stains made him uneasy.

"Yes. But I can't now," he said. "We're going away right off."

"Aunt Polly has decided to go with us, dear," said Joan.



"You don't mind, do you, Jack?" asked Polly, quickly. "We—we're going to be such great friends."

"I guess so. But there isn't time now." He flung away and ran to the window. "Maman," he appealed, "we'll be late if we don't go soon."

The moment had passed, the dreadful moment that Joan had dreaded. She had feared, she didn't know what, between them—some swift subtle enchantment, some spiritual infusion born of their natural union. In her relief Joan even found a guilty pang of pity for Polly, who stood listlessly, regarding the boy at the window. For Jack had already forgotten her. To him she had been just an aunt in a red hat.

"I must go up and get my things," said Joan. "Wont you come, Polly?"

Chapter Twenty-two

JOAN FREEMAN had a considerable fortune. Her tastes were of necessity simple, and she had always lived well within her means, managing by prudent investments to increase her income. And so Polly's sudden visit had not, other than sentimentally, greatly disturbed her. On the way downtown in the taxi, she had stopped at the bank for money, and reached the Union Station in time to send a telegram engaging rooms.

They had lunch on the train, Jack and the governess at one table, the two sisters at another. It was not until then, in the full glare of the sunshine of the winter afternoon, that Joan found time to study the face of her sister. She was still pretty, as a flower may be pretty, even if slightly tarnished. The old familiar characteristics, the quick fluttering motions of her hands, the quizzical, pensive, sidelong look, the sudden birdlike tilt of the head—these were all still a part of Polly; but to Joan they seemed less subtle, as though actuated by motor centers slightly out of control. There was an almost constant droop to one eyelid which affected Joan unpleasantly. Her sister was, too, slightly overcolored, and this gave her thinness a pretension of health to which she was not entitled. But it was at her lips that Time had recorded her weaknesses—thinner lips with vague unpleasant lines ending in negations. There was still beauty in her smile, but it had no longer the petulant charm that Joan remembered. It was weary, mechanical, a mere contraction of muscles.

Joan was sure now that her pity had not been misplaced. The girl was on the border of a nervous collapse. Once at the house, and again on the train, she had taken some medicine which seemed to restore her poise. They talked in general terms, each under restraint, like people who have known each other but a short time. She gave Joan the vaguest outline of her life in the West, and Joan asked only the most obvious questions, fearing for the moment to probe too deeply into a career made up so largely of mistakes. Of her own life Joan said nothing. And Polly asked no questions.

At the hotel they were shown a suite of four rooms on the southwest side, overlooking the Boardwalk and the sea—a room for Jack and the governess, one for Joan and another for Polly with a parlor between them. They were all tired, and so had dinner sent up, after which Polly immediately went to bed.

Events had moved so speedily that Joan had had no time to recapitulate her various emotions. She had met the two difficult situations instinctively. With Polly in the next room, and all the responsibilities that her dependence suggested, Stephen Edwards already seemed very far away. She had been unkind to him, cruel even, because of the new indignity that his friendship had put upon her.

She had been unjust in that, for it was her friendship as well as his. She had not wanted to see him. She had wanted to go where she could think alone of the unhappy problem his friendship now presented. His sudden proposal at such a time had startled her from a foothold already not too secure. He had presented in her moment of abasement the vision of an impossible happiness, and she had snatched at any pretext that her wounded pride could suggest to bring his visit to an end. But even at this distance she did not seem to be able to think more clearly; she was very tired, too tired even to sleep. But she did sleep at last, heavily, like one drugged.

Much good counsel comes of a blue sky. The morning was clear, sparkling and not cold, and the expanse of the sea suggested Time, which provides the solution of all things. The gay buildings were colorful, and the people at the hotel, though Joan's visit was between seasons, wore a holiday air. Polly slept late, but Jack was full of excited projects, and so Joan sent him out with Mademoiselle for a ride in a rolling-chair, while she unpacked her trunk and gave herself up to a leisurely morning of rest and contemplation. After a while she sat at the window, relaxed, relinquishing herself to the emotions invoked by new thoughts of Stephen Edwards.

She loved him, she was sure, too much to permit him to lose caste on her account. The indignity that she had suffered had perhaps magnified that possibility. But she had not been willing to take the responsibility; nor was she willing to do so now. There had been a moment, the other night, when the impulse to tell him the whole miserable story of Polly and Jack had been almost irresistible. He had not known how near her intolerance had been to surrender.

There was unhappiness in the thought that she had refused him, but she knew now that nothing else was (*Continued on page 128*)

Pepper's Ghost

By STRUTHERS BURT

Struthers Burt has three habitats—Princeton, of which he is an alumnus; Philadelphia, where he was born and now lives; and that famous stamping-ground of outlaws in the old days of Wyoming—Jackson's Hole. There Mr. Burt runs a ranch of the dude variety in summer, and gives Easterners a taste of the West as it all was once, and as some of it still is.

WILFRED PREBBLES, in the thirty-nine years of his life, had been many things. He had been a sailor, having run away from home at the age of seventeen; he had kept a hotel somewhere in the tropics; he had been a gold-miner and an oil-pro prospector; and finally, landing from a ship in Philadelphia at the age of twenty-eight and having not the slightest knowledge of what he wanted to do, he had become a banker.

In the short space of eleven years he had made a remarkable record in that profession. It is obvious, of course, that he had not become, strictly speaking, a banker right away; bankers are molded, not born; they do not spring full-armed from the brows of other bankers, as Pallas sprang from the brow of Jove; and Prebbles had started his career as a bank-messenger. But Fate had been kind to him. Six months or so after he had enlisted in the armies of finance a crafty-faced young man had caught up with him in a deserted side-street and had pointed a pistol at him, and a few minutes later Prebbles had appeared at a police-station dragging the crafty-faced young man by the coat-collar.

Prebbles' blue Scotch eyes were blazing like the eyes of a Viking and he had difficulty in not breaking into a rhythmic and Gaelic recital of exultation, but he had been in Philadelphia six months and he knew that wasn't the way Philadelphians talked.

"I used jujitsu on him," he said briefly.

This incident had attracted attention, and Prebbles had been advanced to spheres of higher influence, until finally, old Mr. Brody dying, he had been made president of the institution he had entered in such a humble capacity. A magazine which specializes on such subjects printed a long article about him entitled, "From Sailor to Salaried Man," evidently under the impression that to be the latter was infinitely more of a job than to be the former, and a great many people who hadn't spoken to him before, now spoke to him.

He was a very handsome man at this time, six feet two, sandy-haired with a trace of gray above his ears, blue-eyed and fresh-complexioned, and his earlier life remained with him in a faint

aroma of romance, well concealed but sufficiently manifest to make him totally different from his neighbors. He was not like most bank presidents; he was only like the greatest bank presidents. He did things in a large manner, and in his leisure hours he painted landscapes; he was also suspected of having a sardonic vein running through his views of life. All this, of course, made him an object of suspicion to numerous acquaintances and to none more than to Mr. Rutter Joel, who had recently become his father-in-law.

About Mr. Rutter Joel and this father-in-law business, there is something to be said.

Mr. Joel was a prosperous woolen manufacturer, and although it had been his grandfather who had landed from Lancashire and had set up a spinning-mill in Kensington, that part of Philadelphia devoted to spinning-mills, there still lingered a hint of a burr on the tongue of this descendant. It might even have been



imagined that Mr. Joel cultivated this burr, thinking, for some hidden reason, that it expressed the downright, matter-of-fact honesty that was his ideal. He was also north English in his appearance—a solid man, almost dumpy, with red cheeks and opaque gray eyes, slightly popped, that seemed incapable of showing any emotions save those of anger or indignation at things of which he disapproved.

The only feature at all at variance with this look of forthcomingness was a red, overly full mouth. The cynical—but not very many

This point of view had brought him inevitably into conflict with Prebbles. Prebbles believed that although under present conditions it was clearly necessary for a man to make his way in the world, the present age was inclined to misplace its values, and that making your way in the world was not half so important as what you did with your way while you were making it and after it was made. He regarded money as merely an opportunity to think just as hard as you could about everything else in the world but money. Not that he argued with Mr. Joel or disclosed these opinions to him—living in Philadelphia, he never disclosed them to anyone but his wife, a remarkably intelligent young woman, and his chauffeur, a remarkably intelligent young man—but he had a way of looking at Mr. Joel with a deep brooding amusement in his eyes that annoyed Mr. Joel excessively. The one thing Mr. Joel wasn't used to was anyone looking at him with a deep brooding amusement. If Prebbles had openly disclosed his views, he would never have been allowed to marry Anita Joel, Rutter Joel's only daughter—only child, in fact—at all. As it was, it took him eight years to accomplish this much desired end. And he had never forgiven his father-in-law.

Eight years of postponed happiness, eight years of youth—that thing that never comes back—eight years of uncertainty and at times agony, for Anita was a gentle soul and hated to disturb her father and frequently out of sheer weariness seemed on the point of giving up the struggle. For a while she lost her beauty; she grew thin. If

you love a woman very much, you don't forgive easily the person responsible for all the trials enumerated. And what was the sense of it? Mr. Joel was enormously rich. Prebbles remembered that first interview with his future father-in-law when Prebbles himself had been a mere bank-clerk.

He had been shown up to Mr. Joel's library on the second floor, and as the door had opened, a great cloud of rich cigar-smoke had blurred the soft, clear atmosphere of the hall. Mr. Joel was sitting behind a long desk pretending to be busy, on the theory that if you can possibly embarrass and make uncomfortable your

visitor, you will somehow arrive more exactly at the truth.

But Prebbles had a magnificent fund of Scotch dourness; he too remained silent.

"Well?" said Mr. Joel irritably, after a while.

"I want to marry your daughter, sir," announced Prebbles flatly.

Mr. Joel swung about in his chair, and his red mouth opened in amazement. Of course it wasn't amazement, for he had known for three months that this was coming, and had made his daughter's life miserable in consequence.

"And may I ask," he had inquired with gentle irony, "what your prospects are? How much are you making now?"

"Thirty-five hundred a year, sir."

"Humph! That's what I pay my head chauffeur."

Prebbles colored.

"Who are you, Prebbles, anyhow?"

"I am a Scotchman, sir," said Prebbles with quiet dignity. "I suppose I am not what in England would be called a gentleman; my father was a crofter-minister—a farmer and a parson combined; but he read Greek and Latin in the original, and he worked his way through Edinburgh University." His eyes sought the ceiling. "For three generations my ancestors have read Greek and Latin in the original, but when my father died, he left my



"Exactly!" exclaimed Prebbles. "There are only two forms of never relinquished hates, both substitutions for disappointed love."

of these were allowed to get near to Mr. Joel—suggested that this last indicated another and a hidden side to Mr. Joel's character, that his fervor for church and for reform might very well spring from what those "disgusting people," the psycho-analysts, called "a compensatory reaction." However, to all intents and purposes Mr. Joel was a credit to the community and a man about whom there was "absolutely no nonsense." He constantly asserted the latter, so it must have been true.

At the center of the earth was the law of supply and demand, because of it the planets moved in their courses and the sun rose in sunrise and turned crimson at night. Birds sang because of it, and on June evenings young people laughed with a catch in their voices. God, who was the best business man of all, took this into account and increased the ranks of the prosperous—while He depleted, leaving only enough so that charity could still exist, the ranks of the wastrel. And there was nothing, in all of his sixty years of experience, that had puzzled Mr. Joel or that he had found he couldn't buy.

mother only a cow or two, and twenty acres of bad land. I'm supporting my mother now out of my income."

Mr. Joel laughed. He never knew how fortunate he was that he happened at the moment to be in Philadelphia and sitting in his own library and talking to a man who loved his daughter.

"Well, I think you've got enough of a job, Prebbles," he advised wittily. "You look after your mother, and I'll look after my daughter."

Prebbles stood up to his full height.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Before I'm done, I'll be looking after both of them and you too." He drew in his breath. "Nobody can be quite as funny as you are without sooner or later wanting advice from somebody with better muscles and in better training. Besides, I'm certain there're lots of things in your life, Mr. Joel, that require secrecy. When you need my help, sir, I will most heartily and amusedly give it to you."

And that was the only insulting thing he said in all those long eight years—or ever after, for that matter—to the father of the woman who was to be his wife.

I don't suppose Prebbles had second-sight, although it is a Scotch trait, but I do know that exactly nine years and six months after that interview, Mr. Joel, staring-eyed and with cheeks of a queer greenish pallor, burst into Prebbles' study about ten o'clock of a misty February night, and flopping into a chair, feebly fanned himself with a square-crowned derby hat which he had refused to leave with the servant downstairs. His fur-collared coat was still about his shoulders.

Anita Prebbles was at the opera, and Prebbles himself, in evening clothes, was sitting at a desk near an open fire writing letters. The room was very still and pleasantly warm. The only sounds were the muffled ticking of a clock and the purring whisper of the flames. There was no other light but the green-shaded reading-lamp on the desk at Prebbles' elbow. He had got to his feet at his father-in-law's entrance and now he turned the lamp about so that a white circle of radiance fell upon his visitor's elderly agitated face and left Prebbles himself in darkness. Then he sat down again. In the shadows the great bulk of him loomed like the bulk of an attentive quiescent giant.

"There's something wrong, Mr. Joel?" he inquired gently.

Mr. Joel started from the abstraction into which he had fallen and ran the middle finger of his right hand around between his neck and his collar, a gesture of choleric men when the blood is up in their heads.

"Have you a cigar, Will?" he asked thickly, not meeting Prebbles' eyes.

Prebbles handed a box over to him, struck a match, and then went back to his position by the desk. He had noticed that Mr. Joel's hand, white and swollen and speckled like some curious and unhealthy fungus, a splendid ruby sparkling on the little finger as if the cold essence of the growth had concentrated there, was trembling violently.

"Will," said Mr. Joel, and Prebbles had never heard him speak in such an uncertain tone, "I want your advice. I—I don't know what to do."

Prebbles touched the tips of his fingers together under his nose; he was human; the fingers concealed a smile.

Mr. Joel talked for twenty minutes perhaps; he talked in the short, dogged sentences of a man who knows he is telling an unbelievable thing and only the insistence of his accent will convince his hearer.

And this, it seems, is what had happened.

Mr. Joel had stayed late at his office—not his office down-town but his office at the mill; he had stayed because it was a Friday near the end of the month and he had a great many accumulated problems to solve. He had telephoned his house not to send up his car for him as he didn't know when he would get away and so would take a surface-car back to the distant fashionable quarter in which he lived. At seven o'clock he had sent one of his clerks—he had kept two with him—out to get sandwiches and bottles of milk, and at half-past eight, feeling very tired, he had declared it a day and bade his clerks good-night. To one of them he had said—Henry Marsh was his name: "Henry, how's your wife?" Henry's wife had been sick.

As usual Mr. Joel was excessively careful about any number of details that had nothing whatsoever to do with the point of his story.

Well, anyhow, he had said, "Henry, how's your wife?" and then the three of them had locked the office and passed through the silent mill, where the great looms hung like mouths struck dumb in their clatter by the mysterious fact of night, and nodding to a watchman or two, had gained the street. Here the two clerks

had said good-by to Mr. Joel and had been swallowed up in the darkness.

Mr. Joel had three blocks to walk before he reached the car-line that would take him home. There was a thick mist about, creeping up in gray coils from the near-by river, and that part of the town was not well lighted, so that the rows of huge manufacturing, with their straight brick walls and their windows blotted out, must have looked, although of course Mr. Joel did not say so, like the sullen city-keeps of *condottieri*. An imaginative person might have expected any moment their doors to open and the silent street to flare with guttering torches and ring with voices.

But Mr. Joel had only noticed that there wasn't anyone about, not even a policeman.

He walked on. He was irritated by this lack of policemen. He was in a lonely quarter. He would write to the mayor. He had crossed one intersecting street and had come to another. The fog had grown thicker. He was just about to set his boot on the farther curb, when the thing overtook him.

For an instant the dry sound of Mr. Joel's tongue ceased and the room was given over again to the ticking of the clock and the lipping whisper of the flames. Mr. Joel stared at the wall opposite him and turned his square-crowned derby hat between his fingers.

"What thing?" prompted Prebbles.

"I don't know," said Mr. Joel miserably; "I wish to God I did. I'd heard it behind me, I suppose, ever since I'd left the mill—footsteps. And then, just as I came to the curb, I knew



"This thing's to do; sith I have cause and will and strength, and means to do it."



whatever it was had caught up to me and was walking by my side." "And you hadn't even looked back before?" interrupted his son-in-law. "Even when you were sure whatever it was was following you? At that time of night? In a place like that?"

"No," asserted Mr. Joel, with a queer look on his face.

Prebbles' eyelids narrowed. "Umph!" he said. "What was it?"

Mr. Joel spoke as if he realized that this interruption, in combination with what he had to tell, would produce an anticlimax that only the increased fervor of his voice could offset. He seemed to be groping for words that would express a mental horror for which there had been no apparent physical cause.

"It was a man," he said, and licked his lips. "I couldn't see him very distinctly—the mist was all about. A few yards off there was an electric light, and that made it all the harder. The fellow half looked as if he were part of the mist made solid by the light. He had on a long, rough coat and his hat was pulled down over his eyes, and he didn't say anything, just fell into step with me and walked along beside me as if we were finishing a stroll."

Prebbles visualized this horrid casual intimacy and nodded his head.

"It was that," continued Mr. Joel, "that first made me uneasy. I had imagined him a beggar, but when he didn't speak I began to wonder if he wasn't a footpad, and I kept wondering about that until, all of a sudden, he chuckled. Just like that. As if something amused him so much he couldn't keep it any longer to himself. It was then I began to get really scared."

"Naturally," agreed Prebbles. "You knew then that he was a maniac."

Mr. Joel turned his head slowly until the rays of the lamp fell full upon his expressionless bulging eyes.

"No," he said slowly, "I never thought him a maniac—whatever he was, he wasn't a maniac. I didn't know what to think, but I couldn't stand the silence any longer and so I asked, 'Is there anything I can do for you?' Just as coolly as possible. It wouldn't do to let him know I was afraid. By this time we had come right under the electric light. The mist and everything made it look like a big spider web, and I felt somehow that I was never going to get out. And yet, only half a block away now, I could see the glare of the street where the cars ran. I said, 'Is there anything I can do for you?' and stopped."

Mr. Joel suited his present action to his final words, for he paused once more and stared at the wall opposite him.

"He stopped too," he resumed hastily, "and wheeled about, and took off his hat, and—and all at once I saw his face. White and clear as daylight. And then he chuckled again and seemed to be swallowed up in the mist. I—" For the first time a deep and natural flush suffused Mr. Joel's countenance. "I turned and ran like a rabbit. I think I must have been yelling too, for I don't remember anything until I found myself on the street where the cars were, with a couple of young men and a couple of girls asking me what was the matter. I had to buy them off. I was as much ashamed of myself as I am now."

"Exactly," said Prebbles. "And it (Continued on page 119)"

Illustrated by Gustavus C. Widney



Women are So Silly

By

WALTER
PRICHARD
EATON

When Walter Prichard Eaton isn't writing fiction or plays—or about both, for he's a critic, too—he's playing golf. Moreover, he prefers a course that's well stocked with natural hazards. His game preferably is of the perpendicular sort, due to his practice in the Berkshires or in the Oregon mountains, when he can manage to get there.

"The scheming little—little flapper!" she said. "Brazen, absolutely brazen!"

"BAH!" said Mrs. Augustus Penhallow, and again: "Bah!"

Professor Augustus Penhallow, who knew, from long familiarity with his wife's ways, that she was not attempting to imitate a sheep, but was expressing disapproval, looked up from the glass of ginger-ale and lemon which he had been shaking around and around to hear the ice tinkle, and endeavored to detect for himself the cause of her exclamation.

He did detect it at once, and sighed—ever so slightly, so that his spouse did not notice his lack of enthusiasm for her aversion, or perhaps we might even say his enthusiasm for the object of her aversion.

But first it is necessary to explain how Professor Penhallow and Mrs. Penhallow came to be sitting on the veranda of the Southmead Country Club, quite as if they were accustomed to it. They were. Some years before, Penhallow's "Plane Geometry" had appeared, and then his "Solid Geometry;" and both had been, and still were, best sellers in the textbook world. Nobody is compelled to buy a novel if he doesn't want to, but thousands of young men and maidens are annually compelled to buy Penhallow's geometries. Hence the Penhallows had a summer place in Southmead, and belonged to the Country Club, and the Professor played golf—methodically, as befitted a mathematician. Today, however, it was very warm, and he had deserted the links for the shaded veranda and the tinkle of ice in a glass, plus the occasional conversation—and now the two "Bah's!"—of his wife.

Mrs. Penhallow was well adapted to be the wife of a mathematician. She too was precise. She was a most excellent manager, and saw to all the royalty payments, as well as to the disposition of the money thereafter. Her character was firm. Her knowledge of academic matters (and many others) was extensive, and readily available to all who encountered her. In fact, a famous professor (not of mathematics) had once remarked: "Whenever Mrs. Penhallow talks to me, I feel that I am continuing my education."

Yet she was now reduced to the elementary if expressive monosyllable, "Bah!"

It may have been surmised by the shrewd reader that the cause of this ejaculation was a female. Furthermore, as a strongly contributory cause, this female was in close conjunction with Augustus Penhallow, Jr., better known in the Southmead Country Club as the Emperor. He had been christened the Emperor in prep school, because the first Augustus was an emperor, and Penhallow, Jr., carried himself even then with a certain superior aloofness. The name had stuck. He was now twenty-four, with a brand new Ph.D., and an instructorship in Romance languages awaiting him in the autumn. And he was still superior and aloof, though he didn't mean to be, and probably didn't particularly feel so. Gus was really almost one-quarter as nice as his mother thought he was—a high percentage for any young man. But the Lord had made him more interested in Romance languages than in Rotary clubs, and he wasn't happy as a mixer.

It must be confessed, however, that at the present moment he appeared to be getting on very well indeed with one of his fellow-creatures. This fellow-creature wore a gay and fetching blue-and-white sport-suit, and evidently played golf rather badly, for how else shall we account for the fact that the Emperor, coming with her up the fairway past the corner of the clubhouse, had to take her hands and place her fingers carefully around the handle of her brassie in an interlocking grip? It did actually look from the veranda as if the grip interlocked with his fingers as well as her own.

It was just at this point that Mrs. Penhallow said, "Bah!" and again, "Bah!"

Professor Penhallow, after the almost inaudible sigh before mentioned, tinkled the ice in his glass once more, and then remarked:

"A slight prolongation of the vowel sound, my dear, effected by a tremolo of the palate, will produce a more realistic imitation of the characteristic alarm-call of the mother sheep."

Mrs. Penhallow did not deign to look at her husband.

"The scheming little—little flapper!" she said. "Brazen, absolutely brazen!"

"Certainly—she is using a brassie," the Professor put in gently.

It is doubtful if this professorial pun penetrated at all. Mrs. Penhallow was well armored against jokes under the best of conditions, and the conditions now were anything but favorable. She was an eye-witness to what she evidently considered, at the very least, as the intellectual seduction of her son.

"Think," she said, "think of Gussie allowing himself to be subjected to the wiles of that bold little minx!"

"But, my dear," said the Professor, "Gussie seems to be enjoying it."

"Exactly!" she snapped, with a scornful glance at the face of one so stupid.

"Is there any harm in enjoying yourself with a pretty girl? She is pretty, you know."

"So is a French doll," said his wife. "Gussie knows nothing about women. He will make a fool of himself—or be made a fool of. What does she want him for? Why can't she pick out some of her own vapid kind?"

"The desire of the moth for the star—" smiled the Professor.

"I shall speak to Gussie tonight."

"Why, yes, I would," her husband commented, "if I wanted him to go right on playing with Peggy."

"You think I have no influence with my son?"

"I think, if your son knows little about women, perhaps you also overestimate your knowledge of young men," the Professor replied. "But do as you please. Perhaps Peggy will take me over as a partner."

"I dare say you'd like that!" she sniffed. "It generally is the old men who are taken in by these bold-faced flappers."

The Professor permitted himself no answer but another inaudible sigh. His eyes, however, followed the retreating figures of his son and Miss Peggy Price. There was no parental concern in his glance. Rather, was it oddly wistful. But the partner of his joys and sorrows saw nothing of that. Her eyes, too, were following the retreating figures.

They were so far away, however, that she could not see the large, roguish eyes of Peggy looking up into the face of Augustus, Junior, and certainly she could not hear the soft, caressing voice of Peggy exclaim: "I don't see *how* you can play golf so well when you know so much!"

This appeared to amuse the Emperor. It certainly did not displease him. "Is education a drawback to golf?" he inquired.

"Why, of course," said the girl. "Did you ever see a Phi Beta Kappa key in a first sixteen—except on your own watch-chain?" The Emperor reflected upon this seriously. "No, I don't believe I ever did. It is rather odd that high bodily coordination doesn't seem to go with high mental coordination. I must talk it over with Father."

Miss Peggy now tried a brassie shot, and sliced fearfully. "It sometimes doesn't go with very low mental coordination, either," she laughed. "I haven't brains enough to read a time-table; yet I can't play golf."

"A great many extremely intelligent people find time-tables very perplexing," said the Emperor reassuringly. "And you for-



"You are such a bright-plumaged little bird," he whispered. "Why do you chum around with a drab old grind like me?"

got then to use the grip I showed you, and you look your club too far back."

"Oh, dear, I'm such a bother! You'll have to show me all over again." And she smiled apologetically at him.

He showed her again. First he swung carefully with his own club, while she watched him. Then, seeing that her hands were still incorrectly placed in spite of the illustration, he took her fingers in his and placed them correctly around the grip. He found this task strangely pleasant. He had to stand close to



her side, of course. Not only their fingers, but their arms, their shoulders, touched. Little thrills went through him. Out of the corner of his eye he could see her red, laughing lips. He turned his eyes fully upon her face; and she too raised hers. He experienced another thrill. He grew red.

"I—I'm afraid I'm a clumsy teacher," he said.

"I *know* I'm a clumsy pupil," she answered. "I'm just as stupid about *everything*. I'm an awful little fool. You ask your mother."

"My mother?" The Emperor looked puzzled.

But Peggy was preparing now to make her shot. She seemed really to give her mind to it. At any rate, she got off a good one.

"That's the stuff!" cried Gussie. "That's fine! Who said you couldn't play golf? We'll have you round under a hundred yet!"

"But I can only do it when you show me how," said Peggy. "I'll have to call you *Svengali*. Wasn't he the bird that made *Tribby* sing?"

Gussie laughed. "Then you'll have to play with me all the time, wont you?"

"You'd get pretty sick of that," she answered soberly. "Not so much of my golf as of me."

Gussie managed a bold look into her eyes. "I don't think so!" he declared.

"Oh, yes, you would. My eyes open and shut, but I'm really full of sawdust—or something worse. I'm the terrible, flip new generation, you know."

"Aint I the new generation too?" the Emperor demanded, forgetting of grammar.

Peggy laughed and shook her head. "You are wise with the wisdom of all the generations," she answered.

"Oh, come now!" the young man deprecated. "A Ph.D. doesn't mean all that!"

"What *does* a Ph.D. mean?" inquired Peggy.

So they played no more that afternoon, but sat beneath a willow tree on the bank of the river, and the Emperor discoursed on many things, including especially the significance of the doctorate, and his plans for teaching Romance languages; and Peggy, who spoke only one romance language, looked into his face and spoke it. In the course of time, there being no other players adjacent, the Emperor became almost painfully aware of the proximity of her hand to his, and after a gasp to give him courage, took it. Possibly he had overestimated the need for cour-

The girl placed his hand back on the wheel. "Last week you were holding Peggy's hand, no doubt. And now you try to hold mine."

age. Nothing at all happened except a delicious sensation of electric shock, followed by a warm internal glow as her fingers closed about his own.

But he ceased speaking of Romance languages.

"You are such a bright-plumaged little bird," he half whispered.

"Why do you chum around with a drab old grind like me?"

The girl leaned against him with a soft and tiny laugh. "I suspect maybe I like you a bit," she answered.

Gussie looked quickly over his shoulders, in each direction, saw a clear coast, and obeyed his primal instinct. He saw her eyes close. He closed his own. Their kiss was the sweetest, most rapturous sensation he had ever experienced.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Penhallow had given up hope of her son's return to the clubhouse, and departed to make sure the arrangements for dinner were being carried out according to her directions. She invariably saw to such matters in person.

At dinner she said nothing to her son regarding his game or his partner. But to her surprise and evident annoyance, his father did.

"Have a good match, son?" he asked.

"Not exactly a match," Penhallow, Junior, replied, with a not entirely concealed effort at a calm and casual tone. "Peggy is no Glenna Collett, you know. I'm trying to teach her."

"I noticed you are changing her grip," his father pursued.

The Emperor became absorbed in a chop. "Yes," he managed. "The interlocking grip is the only one to use."

"Humph!" It escaped from his mother.

Gussie looked up. He suddenly remembered Peggy's words: "Ask your mother."

"What's the matter with Peggy, Ma?" he abruptly demanded.

This was a line of attack Mrs. Penhallow was unprepared for. Her code demanded plain speaking and strict honesty; yet she realized the sense in her husband's earlier warning.

"Nothing—nothing at all, dear. Why?" she answered.

"But Ma, you know you don't say 'Humph!' merely about the interlocking grip. You don't know what an interlocking grip is."

"I know better than I did," his mother could not refrain from replying.

The Professor was now silent. A close scrutiny of his countenance would, perhaps, have disclosed a lurking trace of satisfaction.

His son was also silent for a long moment, and a trifle red, but whether from anger or embarrassment was not certain.

"I find Peggy extremely entertaining and attractive," he finally said. "I am going to play with her in the mixed foursomes on Saturday."

The Emperor could be cool and final, when he chose. He was, after all, his mother's son. She realized that, and changed the subject.

"I wonder whom Lucy Briggs will play with?" she asked.

However, this was not exactly to change the subject, evidently, for Gussie grew red again. He had expected three days ago to play with Lucy himself. He knew that Lucy also had probably expected it. And he hadn't yet hit upon a way out of his dilemma. His mother's question annoyed him. How much did she guess, anyway? And for heaven's sake, why couldn't she leave him alone? It was *his* affair.

"I'm sure I don't know," he replied, his tone implying, further, that he didn't care.

"If Lucy would play with me, I might win something at last," his father remarked. "Lucy is a good golfer. She concentrates on her shots."

"Lucy does everything efficiently," said Mrs. Penhallow.

"I'm a bit fed up on efficiency," snapped the Emperor.

"You wouldn't be fed up at all, if we didn't have an efficient cook," said his mother with firm practicality.

"And an efficient housewife," said the Professor with a gallant bow toward his partner.

Their son waved this aside, and presently departed from the house. They heard the engine of his car roar into life.

"There! Now you've done it, after you warned *me* not to!" cried Mrs. Penhallow. "I suppose he's going off to see that—that flapper!"

"I've done it?" The Professor made a gesture of despair. Then he went slowly into his garden, where a moon, new risen, was turning the sundial pillar into a marble ghost, and the scent of the evening stocks and nicotiana was heavy. He strolled down the dewy paths between the beds, whistling very softly, almost under his breath. The tune was a waltz of his youth. He had not recalled it for thirty years.

The pairing of Peggy and the Emperor for the mixed foursomes caused some amused comment and lifting of eyebrows in the Southmead Country Club. Some one went so far as to ask Peggy if she were progressing well with her philosophical thesis, and somebody else wanted to know if she were after a Ph.D.—which could hardly be called a subtle jest. But Peggy only grinned amiably at one joker, kicked the other prettily in the shins, and waited for the Emperor to show up for practice.

They practiced every day. Their method of

training, however, was unique. It consisted of a few holes of golf, alternated with long rests beneath the willows. The sight of Peggy's red lips now filled the young philologist with an almost overpowering sensation of longing. It would come over him at the most unexpected and unfortunate places, as when, for instance, Peggy made a little face at him on the sixth tee, while his own father was waiting behind him on the bench. Gussie would go all hot and cold at such moments, and make a sad mess of his next shot. The Professor, observing, said nothing. But he smiled.

On Saturday, however, the Emperor put all that resolutely from him. Nor did it require so much effort as you might suppose. Amorous desire is a mighty emotion. It has overthrown empires and lost kingdoms. Antony went to his doom at its command. But the desire of a real golfer to win a match, the instinct of the born player to concentrate upon his game when under fire, is mighty also. Gussie was a born golfer. Besides, amorous desire is curiously dependent upon exactly the right setting. The least little jarring thing can divert it into something curiously akin to distaste. Truly, as his mother had said, Gussie knew little about women. He came to the clubhouse determined to go out with Peggy, who would earnestly follow his precepts, and they would attain, if not the prize, at least a high place in the scoring. He was there for business. But Peggy seemed unimpressed by the gravity of the occasion. She burbled on the first tee. She said she just couldn't remember how to lock her fingers. She spoke words of encouragement to her ball in baby talk. When she topped it, she said, "Damn!"

They were playing with Cyrus Curtin and his daughter Nell. Cyrus was a dignified banker who believed thoroughly in Queen Victoria, and the propriety of his own offspring. Gussie was shocked.

"You mustn't cuss before them," he whispered to Peggy. "Old Curtin will think you're corrupting Nell."

"But that's why I did it!" said Peggy, as if surprised at his density.

Gussie was annoyed and unpleasantly affected by this. Looking at Peggy's red lips as she pouted them at him, he realized with a shock that he didn't want to kiss them. He wanted to still less, after she made a mess of her second shot.

"For heaven's sake, try to remember what I've told you!" he exclaimed. "You came back miles too far then."

"Yes sir, I'll try," Peggy answered meekly, trotting along close to his side.

But just now he didn't particularly want her close to his side. He was making up his mind whether to use a mashie or a jigger for his second shot. The difference might mean a stroke. It demanded all his attention.

(Continued on page 154)



"I—we—he kissed me, right here. I made him do it," she half sobbed.

Mr. Cooper writes that the Shrimp is visiting him in New York, having come from his Colorado home in a crate. Thus far he appears to be enjoying himself hugely. If he seems to miss anything, it is front yards and an occasional free dog worthy of his mettle. Leashed chows, Pekinese and poodles he scorns.

The Honor of the Shrimp

By

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER



Illustrated by
Ernest Fuhr

MISS MARGARET LANNINGTON of Kenwood, Missouri, was perturbed. She was also disheveled and dusty—her hands grimy and held gingerly from her sides—as she turned into the stable-yard of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company, and asked in repressed tones of the yard-man if he had seen Mr. Theodore Bainbridge. Then, hardly hearing the affirmative answer, she stood for a moment in exasperated survey of a pattering thing which romped joyously before her, Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I, otherwise Toodles, otherwise His Majesty the Shrimp, all-around Boston Bull champion of Missouri, but at the precise moment resembling anything except aristocracy.

His Majesty's patent-leather harness was ripped and torn in a dozen places. His usually spotless white feet were mud-stained. In fact, the Shrimp bore numerous evidences of conflict and of turmoil. But he also bore an air of extreme satisfaction. He was panting happily, wide jaws open, tongue hanging loose in joyous fatigue. Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I had just shown the canine town bully where to get off, and how to do it—which was sufficient unto the day for him. And now, his mind free for an afternoon of enjoyment, he bounced and leaped and pleaded before the stable doors, begging that Miss Lannington open them and allow him further happiness in the company of a beloved eight-horse team of ex-circus Percherons, resting within for purposes best known to the Tri-State Manufacturing Company and Mr. Theodore Bainbridge, its new superintendent.

"Oh, Toodles!" Miss Lannington sighed. "Why can't you remember your pedigree?"

To which Toodles, otherwise Lord and So Forth, only bounced and pleaded the more. Margaret Lannington gingerly extended a dirt-grimed hand and pulled at the stable door.

"Gran'ma!" she called, and waited until a wrinkled ex-driver of eight-horse circus teams should appear from the shadows of the stalls. "Take Toodles, wont you?"

"Yessum! Here, sonny!" Then, as the dog scooted through the opening toward the dim forms of his beloved Percherons, "He

looks a bit shook up, don't he?" the old man observed.

Again a sigh.

"Yes. He's been at it again. I don't know what on earth I'll ever do with him. See if you can clean him up a bit. I must go up to the office and see Mr. Bainbridge."

"Yessum, Miss Lannington. I'll fix him." Whereupon Miss Lannington turned sadly away, and Gran'ma closed the stable door. The Shrimp sniffed and trotted about for a moment, then sank to his haunches in ecstatic survey of his giant comrades of the stall-line.

For it concerned the Shrimp not at all that he was dirty and muddy and that his patent-leather harness now was a total loss. To tell the truth, he liked it. His show name might be Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I; his pedigree might be as long as the dream of a rarebit fiend; and his forebears might have been dog-personages of refinement and culture: but somewhere within the Shrimp was a love of the rough and ready, with the result that he chased cats when the opportunity arose, got into fights, ran away when Miss Lannington wasn't looking, and stole bones from the box at the rear of the Bon Ton Butcher Shop.

More than that, the Shrimp's aversion to a harrowing past of a petted aristocracy had caused various effects. They had resulted, for one thing, in giving Mr. Theodore Bainbridge the knowledge that he could amount to something, and had made him fight to his present position. More than that, the dog's love



"Don't call me no liar!
Then you stop sacking
on that dog of yours!"

for running away had taken him to a circus, attached him to Gran'ma and that eight-horse team and then brought them all into the barns of the Tri-State simply because they had given young Mr. Bainbridge the idea for a selling campaign on glue. All of which, however, entered into the calculations of the Shrimp not at all. All that he knew was that he was dirty, and victorious, and happily alone with eight wonderful Percherons, and that Gran'ma was allowing him to enjoy himself, free from the touch of water and soap. Though this was enough for a dog like His Majesty, it touched sorely upon the delicate sensibilities of a mistress just emerging from the washroom of the Tri-State office and brushing disdainfully at the dirt blotches on her skirt while she waited for her fiancé to dismiss his stenographer with the last letters of the afternoon. Miss Lannington was nettled.

"Theodore!" she said when the chair beside him finally was cleared. "You'll simply have to do something about Toodles!"



"That's right! Hol' on to it! Hol' on! A Percheron pull an' a bulldog grip!"

"I?" Young Mr. Bainbridge looked up from a desk cluttered with advertising slogans, price diagrams, and the proofs of a highly colored label depicting a Boston bulldog firmly intrenched in glue and defying the efforts of eight mottled horses to dislodge him, while bold-faced letters proclaimed the secret of it all:

EIGHT-HORSE GLUE A Percheron Pull and a Bulldog Grip—

For a moment Mr. Bainbridge surveyed this blankly. Then: "I?" he asked again. "Why—Margaret, I'm—I'm just up to my eyes with work. What's it all about?"

"About his fighting. He's been at it again. With that old Mason's dog!"

"Who licked?"

Margaret Lannington pressed her lips.

"Does that make any difference? If you must know, I suppose Toodles did. He seems satisfied. He got every dog in town to help him."

"Huh?"

"Oh, Theodore, I never was so disgusted with him in my life! We were going down the street and happened to pass old Mr. Mason's house. Of course he was out in the yard watering the lawn, and that big yellow cur of his was on the porch. Just as we went by, I heard a hissing sound, as if he was sicking Tige—"

Mr. Bainbridge stirred belligerently.

"I told him what he'd get if he ever did that again!"

"Now, please, don't you start anything! Toodles is bad enough. Anyway, he could have gotten out of it all if he'd only wanted to. I called to him immediately, even before Tige jumped off the porch. But he wouldn't budge; he just stood there with his back up, looking at two or three other dogs that were wandering around down by the corner. I called and called, but he just wouldn't obey me—he acted just as if somebody'd told him to fight!"

Whereupon Miss Lannington glanced in accusing fashion at her fiancé, and Mr. Bainbridge centered his attention upon the fact that Eight-horse Glue possessed a Percheron Pull and a Bulldog Grip.

"As if I could do a thing like that!" he said.

"Well, you've encouraged him. You must admit that, Theodore."

"But what did he do?"

Margaret Lannington sighed.

"I'm trying to tell you, Theodore. He glanced around at these other dogs—just as if he were sizing them up. Then, when Tige jumped off the porch, he made just one dive down to the corner with that big yellow cur after him."

He didn't stop until he got to the other dogs; then he turned all of a sudden, jumped at Tige, and went onto his back and began to yelp. The other dogs didn't know what it was all about, and of course they jumped at him, too. Then Tige dived in, and the first thing I knew, the whole crew were fighting. Then, when everything was so mixed up you couldn't see anything, and I'd gotten all dirty and almost bitten from trying to find him, out came Toodles from under it all, and trotted along with me as if he didn't even know what it was all about, and—left the rest of them fighting!"

"Fighting Tige?"

"Of course—and Mr. Mason swearing something terrible! Saying it was all my fault! Oh, I don't know what we're going to do about it."

Neither did Mr. Bainbridge, except that he knew enough not to indulge in a natural inclination to praise dog strategy. Miss Lannington went on:

"Well, at least, Theodore, I should think you could go see Mr. Mason. He had no right to set Tige onto Toodles."

"I'll see him. But"—and young Mr. Bainbridge rubbed a hand across a damp brow—"do I have to go right now? This St. Louis thing—we've got a lot to think about down there."

"You mean about the parade?"

"About everything," said Mr. Bainbridge in a low voice, looking about the office as though he expected to find a spy or two concealed under the desks. "We're not getting along so well. That parade's only a week off, and though we've spent a stack of money with the newspapers, not a line of publicity have they given us! It's the Ajax Company. They're the ones!" Again he glanced about the office, leaned closer to Margaret and whispered: "I've had a tip. They're going to fight us every inch of the way."

Margaret Lannington saw nothing in that to worry about. "I don't understand where that can hurt you. Their old glue isn't half as good as yours. That ought to settle it."

Mr. Theodore Bainbridge pressed his lips slightly—the action of a man with a woman who will not be reasonable.

"Yes," he said sadly, "our glue's better than theirs. But if nobody finds it out—" Then, as if in dismissal of the subject, he reached for his hat. "We'll go see about Toodles. Perhaps it would be better."

Together they passed out of the office and down the stairs, stopping at the stables, whence issued high-voiced sounds of command, accompanied by a series of bumpings and deep-throated growls. Theodore opened the door, to discover a wrinkled man, bent on one knee, arms raised above his head in excited gesticulations, while on the floor His Majesty the Shrimp, feet digging and jerking, teeth bared, tugged at a leather mouth-pad attached to a chain. Gran'ma yelled in encouragement:

"That's right, sonny! Hol' on to it! Hol' on, there—hol' on! A Percheron pull an' a bulldog grip. Hol' on!"

Then he looked up.



"Doin' right well, aint he?" he asked. Mr. Bainbridge nodded.

"Yes, right well, Gran'ma. Keep him at it for a while. Miss Lannington and I will be back soon."

Margaret asked a question, only to be interrupted.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" said Mr. Bainbridge hurriedly, and closed the door. A townsman, saving distance, was cutting through the stable-yard. "It's the St. Louis thing."

"Oh!"

They proceeded on down the street toward the home of the irascible Mr. Mason.

He was still in the yard, a scrubby-faced man with pent-housed eyes, watering the lawn as usual, while his yellow cur Tige lay on the veranda, licking spasmodically at an assortment of fresh tooth-marks.

Theodore Bainbridge approached the fence.

"Haven't I told you not to sick that dog of yours on Lord Kilkenning?" he asked without previous formalities. The grumpy Mr. Mason ceased his irrigation efforts and came angrily forward.

"I never sicked him. I turned on the hose, an' it hissed. Tige must've thought—"

Mr. Bainbridge sneered. "That's a good one!"

A fist shook, propelled by the grumpy Mr. Mason. "Don't you call me no liar!"



A dozen dogs took up the matter. Then a hundred—a tangle of leash-strings, yellow dogs, black dogs, white dogs, mottled dogs.

tremely well with the preparations of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company for the premiere appearance upon any market of Eight-horse Glue, the stickum with a Percheron Pull and a Bulldog Grip. Opposition had appeared in the offing.

In the first place, the St. Louis newspapers were bravely resisting all inducements to look upon glue as a matter of crashing news interest. During the several visits which Mr. Bainbridge had made to the business offices, and in which he had explained the fact that St. Louis, of all the cities in the world, had been selected by the Tri-State Manufacturing Company, of the near-by town of Kenwood, in which to send Eight-horse Glue forth to its triumphant victories, the advertising men had smiled, taken the Tri-State's money and mentioned the sorrowful fact that the business office had no affiliation whatever with the editorial department. And when Theodore interviewed the managing editors, it was to find them seemingly interested only in divorces, scandals, murders, hangings, railroad wrecks and the doings of Washington. There was no room for glue. Mr. Bainbridge had even advanced the argu-

ment that home industries should be encouraged. Which was decidedly true; but St. Louis was a big town, and new forms of business were starting up every week. The news columns remained glueless.

In all this Mr. Bainbridge felt that he detected a sinister influence. The Ajax Glue Company, for instance, had become strangely active lately—to say nothing of Two-by-Two Sticker, Missouri Mucilage and a few others. The returns of once enthusiastic salesmen had shown no wavering of merchants' faith in established lines. Nobody, it seemed, loved Eight-horse Glue—save Mr. Bainbridge himself.

But he was persisting, nevertheless; and now, back at the factory, he stood slouched in the stable doorway, staring dolefully down at the vociferous Gran'ma and the energetic Shrimp, still tugging at that pad.

"Do you think it'll make a hit, Gran'ma?"

"Does a fish swim?" asked that personage. "That's right, sonny. Hol' on to it! Hol' on—a Percheron pull an' a bulldog grip!"

Mr. Bainbridge mopped his brow.

"I hope it does. We've got to do something, Gran'ma. Those other companies in St. Louis are (Continued on page 106)

"Then you stop sicking on that dog of yours! I whipped you once, and I'll—"

"Theodore!" Margaret Lannington had caught his arm. Mr. Mason glared for an instant across the fence, then went back to his hose, mumbling to himself. Young Mr. Bainbridge, with a quick movement, brushed his sleeves back to his wrists.

"Knew I'd lose my temper if I came over here," he said, as they started to move away. "Can't help it, though. That old codger!"

"Well, just forget all about it. Please!" Margaret Lannington had experienced a sudden change of heart. "Did you hear what he was saying when he went away from the fence—something about getting even? I suppose," she added, "that I must keep off this street when I have Toodles with me. And you will too, wont you, Theodore—while you're keeping Toodles for me?"

He gave his consent—even though it was unmanly, he said, to sneak up side-streets just to keep away from a grouch. But he'd do it. Then they parted, Margaret to hurry home to prepare for a three-days stay in St. Louis, Mr. Theodore Bainbridge to return to his thoughts of glue. Things were not going ex-

Illustrated by
Charles Sarka

Miss Pickthall's most remarkable stories have all been published in this magazine, where they have aroused exceptional interest. Essentially a poet, the young writer's mind was transported on the magic carpet of her imagination far afield. And in this day of amazing archaeological discovery, no story could be more timely than this, perhaps the greatest of its author's tales.



The Thing that Endured

By

M. L. C. PICKTHALL

A FLOCK of golden butterflies was halfway across the great river; one vivid sunbeam, falling from a rent in the crowding clouds, showed them, dazzling as fire-flakes, against the wall of the forest. Then came the tropic shower. The far banks and the rosy roofs of Chuelo went out in an instant. When it cleared, five minutes later, there were no more butterflies.

Dumornay scowled at the forest. "Yes," he said, "like that! Just like that! You'd wipe out a hundred men just as quick as that!" He went aft to where Forbes Mason the archaeologist lay under an awning, feeding a tame tamarin with bananas. He said: "Surely—surely it's time they came?"

Mason looked up at him quietly from under wrinkled brows, and the tiny black elf of a monkey copied the movement faithfully. "Stanning has been in *there*," he went on, pointing at the jade barrier of the jungle, "for nearly a year."

Mason rose slowly, and they paced forward together. With a fairy chatter, the tamarin fled shoreward by one of the hawsters that moored the small steamer to the trees on the bank.

For weeks they had lain there, waiting, by arrangement, to pick up Stanning's expedition on its return from Comaque, the lost city of the interior. But Stanning had not come; nor had they any news of him since that day, now nearly a year ago, when he had plunged into the jungle—that jungle which remained impenetrable in its mystery as the sea.

"I'd have given five years of my life to go with him," went on

Dumornay, "but this waiting is getting on my nerves! The forest and the river seem to *know*, and I keep watching them, wondering when they'll let out a word or a sign. Think what hangs on Stanning's success, apart from any question of personal safety! Why, if they find this legendary inscription, it may unlock the mystery of the South American hieroglyphs from Palenque to Peru, as the Rosetta Stone unlocked the mystery of Egypt! But—the forest's against him—against us! Don't you feel it?" He laughed uneasily. "I'll go and take some quinine. I'm all to bits with the suspense. I feel all ready to jump when they come, as if there'd be a *crash*—"

He stopped as if his life had stopped. There was no sound but the faint perpetual voice of the water alongside. Yet on the instant the jungle had spoken to him, the silent revelation had been made. He gasped out: "Mason! Great heaven! It's *come!*"

Such things *do* come, sometimes, downstream to Chuelo of the red roofs—such things as the small dugout now yawing slowly in the current. In the bottom lay a man, both hands clasped about a rusty tin box. And that was all.

"You win this time!" said Dumornay through his teeth to the forest.

Even when the dugout was caught and the man lifted out and carried to the cabin, Dumornay was aware of that pervading spirit. In the hours that followed, it was the forest he fought.



"Stanning said: 'This is the end.' He and Lewisham and I loaded ourselves and left the house on the terrace. No arrows fell."

he called, as if to some one at a distance, "Shand, where's Stanning?"

"Well," whispered Shand, "my head's in a muddle, but I'll try and tell you. You know the falls of the fifth tributary of the Monacillo?" He broke off, staring at them helplessly. "No, of course you don't. But anyway, it's there we buried him—Dr. Stanning." He looked at Mason. "Am I the only one that's come out?" he cried. "Am I the only one?"

Mason's face answered him. He turned on his side and wept like a child. And simply as a child, he said presently: "That's done me good. I feel better. Is my box safe?"

"Quite safe." Questions they dared not ask, lest they should snap that slender thread of recollection that had survived the forests, trembled on Mason's lips. Shand plucked at the sheet restlessly.

"Could I have it in here?" he asked.

The box was brought. His bony hands clasped it. He shut his eyes. Looking at the contented smile on the ghost of a face where the moth-shadows flickered like the shadows of flowing water, they dared not ask what it was that he had brought out.

Suddenly Shand began to speak.

"It was a long way." The whispering voice seemed to flow like the shadows and the water alongside. "A long way to Comaque! We were never out of the forests. At first we passed vil-

The forest was trying to pull the man back, out of their hold, and they fought to keep him. They won so much. With the dawn, he woke, and looked at them sanely in the light of the moth-clouded lamp. For the first time they thought of his identity. Mason said: "It's Shand, the young photographer."

Dumornay, a dripping ghost stripped to his pajama trousers, spooned beef-extract into Shand's mouth. He telegraphed to Mason: "What's happened?" An almost uncontrollable curiosity fired both men. Mason, trembling, leaned over the cot. "Shand,"

lages of friendly Indians, full of little brown children and tame parrots. Then there was nothing but trees.

"After a long time, steering by compass as you do at sea, we came to a hill. A forest grew on the hill, but under the forest was a city. Once, when I was a boy, I found the skeleton of a calf in the pasture, all grown over with grass and vines. It was that way the trees grew over Comaque—over its basalt roads and its great terraces, over its altars and its palaces, over its dead people and its dead gods."

He lay back, panting, on the silk-cotton pillow. Dumornay's hand closed over his, holding him against the pull of the jungle.

Presently he went on: "Dr. Stanning was wonderful. You'd have thought he'd been there before. He'd say, 'Dig here,' or 'Run a trench there,' and they'd uncover a roadway, or an altar, or a god. Then I'd come along and take photographs till I was ready to drop, while he sketched and measured. But what I liked best"—the shadow of the forest lifted from Shand's eyes; they grew young and tender—"what I liked best was the flowers.

"They grew all over the ruins. Pink and yellow and mauve orchids, full of wild bees. I would have liked Janey to see them. Stanning had 'em thrown away like weeds. 'I've never seen such nice flowers,' I said to him. 'Aren't we goin' to take some back with us?' But he and Lewisham laughed at me. 'They're common ones,' they said. 'We've no room. Throw 'em away.' There were white ones all over the terrace where they found the house with the inscription."

DUMORNAY looked at Mason with an eagerness so keen it was like pain. But Mason signaled: "Hush. Don't interrupt." "Not worth picking, Stanning said," Shand went on, wanderingly. "But they were the prettiest thing there. I hated to waste 'em. But it's like that with those scientific fellows—they don't care a tin whistle for anything outside their own line. Not that I was surprised. 'I'll give the history of a continent to the world,' Stanning would say, walking the terrace under the roots of the great ceiba trees. 'Mine! All this is mine!' And we'd watch the moon rise over the forest, and the great idols grow gray in the dew, and the shadows of the pillars wheeling as they'd wheeled for hundreds of years, till even I could see what a tremendous thing it was."

The feeble voice failed. Moments passed. A rumbling vibration shook the steamer. Shand asked suddenly: "What's that?" "Exhaust steam, probably."

"I thought it was drums. We heard the drums all the time after we left the Monacillo, as if the trees were signaling to each other, following us, closing in on us so that we'd never get out, but just stay and drown in leaves. I thought the sound came nearer, but Stanning never noticed. He'd just found—just found—"

The eyes flickered as if shadows of innumerable leaves veiled them. Holding his hand, Dumornay called, clearly and insistently: "Shand! Shand, come back! Shand, what was it Stanning found?" The breath of the two men hung on the answer.

It came promptly. "It was a low stone house under the earth. There was just one long room. It had a kind of vaulted roof—I think Stanning said it was the earliest known example of the Maya arch. We were weeks clearing it. It was all laced and bound with the roots of the ceiba trees over the terrace. At the far end of the room was a carving in shallow relief, showing a great feathered god shooting arrows from a bow. Stanning said the place had been a kind of state prison, and the god was there to shoot arrows at anyone who tried to escape. And one prisoner—"

"One prisoner, Shand, one prisoner—"

"My head's muddled. It's all trees. . . . But I think—I think the old story was true. I think it turned out to be true. One prisoner, so the story said, was a Spanish monk, brought inland for no reason anyone could find out, kept a captive there for a year, and then sacrificed to the god. But while he was in the prison he carved, low down on the dark wall, a Latin text; and under it a triple line of picture-writing—"

"The bilingual inscription!" said Mason under his breath. His hand shook, as he measured medicine for Shand.

"Anyway, it was there," went on the shadowy, flowing voice. "I saw it—I saw it when it was clear, and not all leaves. I took about a hundred photographs of it. Stanning and Lewisham were busy with it for a month. They were nearly heartbroken they couldn't carry it away, like they were taking the painted cloths, and the gold ornaments, and the emeralds, and the little stone tablets of the Zodiac.

"And then—"

Shand suddenly raised himself on his arm; clasp the tin box, he began to talk very fast, and they could see his heart shake to and fro. "Then it was all leaves, all leaves. The trenches ran leaves instead of water. The cuttings we left when we cleared the house under the ceibas were all choked with green growing things in a week. The forest came walking in on us, as I knew it would—all the trees drumming to each other: 'We want let them out, we want let them out!' Then—then they began to

shoot at us. The trees did. They shot little arrows, poisoned darts that killed at a touch.

"Stanning saw them first. He went off with four men to get us some fresh meat. I saw him go in the yellow dawn full of clouds of flashing parakeets. In the evening he came back. Only two men came with him. They had shot nothing. He held out his hand to me, and across the palm lay one of the feathered arrows.

"*'Finis,'* he said, and his face was gray as the stone faces of Comaque. 'Every way is blocked; they are closing in on us, and Rosario and Maria-José are dead. I'm sorry I brought you into this, Shand.' I knew he meant about Janey. 'But while we're alive, we'll work.'

"Stanning was a great man. In the morning we went on, making rubbings of the inscriptions, adding to the records."

There was no voice for a while but the voice of the river, passing from the mystery of the forests to the mystery of the sea. Then:

"'Make for the house on the terrace,'" shouted Shand quickly, "and keep all together!" His voice was Stanning's. "The arrows fell that morning among us as we worked on the lower terrace uncovering the basalt steps, and three men died. We lay down behind the idols guarding each step, and fired and fired. But what's the good of firing at leaves? They dripped arrows; they rained death as they did dew. Leaves, and the blank dumb gods, and dead men!

"Then we were in the house on the terrace, Stanning, Lewisham and I, and nine *hombres*. All the others were dead. There was not much food or water. A still green light came in through the tilted slabs of the roof. It was as if we were drowned at the bottom of an ocean of leaves, and the birds darted in and out like fish. Nothing else for a long time. And still Stanning worked.

"'There's just one chance,' he said, 'that they've left a way open—the way of retreat, the way we came.' We hadn't tried that—the way of retreat. He said: 'At the last, we'll try to get out that way. Each man will carry one case of food, and one case packed with the most valuable of the records and specimens. In each of these last will be placed copies of my descriptions and measurements, Lewisham's drawings and Shand's photographs and plates of the inscription. There's about one chance in a thousand that one of us will get out. I need not say to *you*—he looked at Lewisham and me—that you'll let your food and your lives go before you let these cases go.' He was as much our leader then as ever. He packed the cases himself—there in the stone house, with the arrows waiting for us outside, and the feathered god shooting at us from the wall. At the end, there was a little room left. He let us put in what we liked. Lewisham put in gold ornaments. I put something for Janey into mine."

SHAND shut his eyes; he seemed to listen. There was no sound but the sound of the river. "Water," he said faintly, after a pause. "It's bad to want water. But what was the use of trying to get down to the tank when the little arrows were waiting among the leaves? We shared and shared alike till it was all gone. Then Stanning said: 'Wait.' But the men wouldn't wait. They crept down to the tank under the vanilla vines in the dark. But the dark was full of leaves—leaves or arrows, whatever it was killed them. They stayed there by the tank, and the dew dripped on them.

"Then Stanning said: 'This is the end.' He couldn't say it very well, his lips were so dry. He and Lewisham and I loaded ourselves with the cases of food and the other cases, and took our guns. We left the house on the terrace and stood under the ceiba roots in the broad light, and waited. Nothing happened. No arrows fell. 'As I thought,' said Stanning. 'They want us to go.' He meant the trees did. . . . We went down to the tank and filled our bottles. No one molested us. It was good water; we were sorry we couldn't give our poor *hombres* a drink. We went into the jungle by the way we'd come, months before. This also was allowed us. It was as if the trees opened to let us pass in that one direction, and closed in again behind us.

"It was a long way—a long way from Comaque. All the way, only the trees that hated us. We steered among them by compass, as you do at sea. And the cases were so heavy."

"What then, Shand?" asked Mason gently. "What then?"

His voice was a long time reaching Shand. "Why, nothing," said the faint whisper from the very brink of consciousness, "nothing but that. We went on and on, by the way we had come. If we diverged from it, the arrows fell. . . . And the cases were so heavy.

"It seemed as if they grew heavier as we went on. We crawled

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like ants; we bent double under the cases of records. When we fell, they rolled on us and crushed us. We couldn't get up. We hated them. When we'd to take them up in the mornings, at first we cursed, and then we wept. We wept at everything—at the flies, at the stinging ants, at the trees that wouldn't let us step off the thread of a path and lie down and rest—most of all at the cases. We were in hell, carrying them. We would have been in heaven, letting them go.

"At last, after weeks and years, we heard a sound that was not of the forest. For weeks and years it led us, a great, living, roaring voice of water. We crept toward it, swaying under the cases. It was the voice of the falls on the fifth tributary of the Monacillo.

"When the trees opened, and we saw with our eyes the plunge of the green water in the sun, it made us drunk. Lewisham and I hugged each other and wept and danced. Only Dr. Stanning went away quietly and lay down under a tree, with his head on his tin case. When we went to him, he was dead.

"The sight of the water falling had only made us mad, but it had killed him. We buried him there where he lay. It took us a long time. We buried his case with him, for we couldn't carry it. Rainbows hung all over the place from the spray of the cataract. Then Lewisham and I went on and into the forest again.

"Lewisham was not much use by this time. It must have been the leaves, I think. They get right inside your head. . . . He wanted to stay by the cataract, and nearly shot me when I wouldn't let him. I said: 'It's up to us to get some copies of Dr. Stanning's work out if we can.' By that time, I didn't care anything about the work, really; but I had to keep going—because of Janey. Besides, I'd told her I'd bring her something out of the forests. She'd have been disappointed—"

HIS hands strayed slowly over the rusty surface of the case they clasped. Mason watched those hands, almost with awe. He met Dumornay's gaze, and the eyes of both men said: "How did he do it?"

There was no answer but the whisper of the current alongside. Then:

"Lewisham cried a lot—first for the waterfall, then about the case. He was always dropping it when he thought I didn't see. Then I'd go back and get it; and when I strapped it on him again, he'd cry. By and by, he stopped trying to lose it. He carried it all day, and looked at me, cunningly. When I took hold of it again, it was light and empty. He'd thrown everything away—plates, records and specimens. After that—after that—I don't remember. It was all leaves. And by and by I was alone with them.

"The trees moved with me, so that I didn't seem to get on. They never let me alone. The leaves pressed on my head. I slept as I walked. Sometimes I'd wake and find myself crawling on hands and knees, dragging the case, and telling Janey not to worry. I was bringing her her present. It wouldn't do to disappoint Janey. . . .

"A hundred times I tried to let the thing go. It was so heavy. That little case made a great bruise of me. It seemed more than a chap could bear and live, to be so tired. A hundred times I left it. But I always had to go back and get it, for fear Janey'd think I'd forgotten her." He looked at Dumornay confidentially. "It's awful easy to hurt them," he said, "when they're—fond of you." He smiled and was silent. His lips moved. Stooping, Mason thought he heard the word "greenhouse."

"Shand!" said Mason gently. And Shand said at once: "I lay and looked up at the sky.

"Blue sky, and it meant I was out of the jungle. Janey's face could hardly have been lovelier. I didn't know if I lived or died. I lay on my back and watched the sky burn and grow tender with the night, darkening. . . . And with the night came a man.

"He came and pulled at the tin case. He was an Indio of the forests. He thought I was dead. He had a paddle in one hand. With the other he pulled at the straps. I didn't care at all. He had the tin case in his hand when I remembered—he was taking Janey's present.

"It made me mad. In a minute I was alive. He saw me move, I suppose, and sprang back as I twitched the barrel of the gun across my body. He turned to run with the case, hesitated, raised to his

lips the blowpipe he carried. Then I fired. I nearly fainted at the noise. When I could stand, I got up and took the case away from him. His dugout lay on the bank of the stream near where I'd fallen. I stepped into it and shoved out. The current took me. I laid the box down and lay down beside it, staring at the sky. . . . Then I woke here."

He looked vaguely at Mason, as if across an immense distance. He held out to him the tin case. "Will you take it?" he asked. "Janey's present's in it. A nice house—we're going to have a real nice place when we're married. She's so fond of flowers. There's to be a garden, and a little greenhouse—so there'll be flowers in winter. And I've brought her some of the pink orchids to start with. There was a man along who knew how to pack 'em for transport. Stanning said they were common; but I knew she'd rather have 'em than anything. They're in there."

HE laid the case in Mason's hands, smiled, turned on his side and was instantly asleep.

Mason's hands, holding the case, shook a little. He and Dumornay stared at each other, aware of a spirit more indomitable than that of the forest, more eternal than the hostility of nature—a spirit whose springs of being were more deeply veiled than the trees veiled Comaque the mysterior.

"In here also," said Mason, under his breath, "is the crown of Stanning's life-work, the secret which may unlock the history of a continent." He raised the case as if it were something holy. "If the contents are safe and undamaged," he went on, "there is practically no limit to the debt which archaeology, ethnology and history may owe to Shand here!"

"And he doesn't care a button for any of 'em!" said Dumornay.

Mason shook the tin case in his face. "The boy brought this out," he answered, "out of danger, and suffering, and difficulty unspeakable, because he'd set his heart on giving the girl he is going to marry a few pink cypripediums worth about two dollars a dozen!"

"That," said Dumornay softly, stooping over Shand with a gesture that was almost a caress, "is the greater mystery!"

B E T W E E N T R A I N S

(Continued from page 75)

divorced woman to an audience. Unless the papers lied, the lady was named Mrs. Dorothy Munster."

His mood of badinage was the tonic she needed at this moment.

"The papers told the truth," she said. "But even so, I know of no authority who has laid down the procedure governing people in such situations as this. I've wanted to write for years. I might begin with a monograph covering the behavior of divorced couples in public."

"In private, too," he suggested.

She flashed a merry glance at him. "You are suggesting an impropriety; divorced couples should always be chaperoned."

"But the great general public may well play the chaperon's part," he said. "What

people do in the presence of others can hardly cause scandal."

"How naive you are!" she laughed.

"People can do the most outrageous things in public."

"But if I promise not to be outrageous—" he suggested.

"Oh, but I was speaking impersonally," she rebuked.

"Physicians made exhaustive tests of my blood," he told her gravely. "They didn't find one drop of impersonality in the whole circulation."

She drew away from him in mock terror. "You frighten me; you have changed; I never knew you to talk nonsense before."

"You please me; I never knew you to flirt before."

"You mention an absurdity. How can a divorced woman flirt with her husband?" she asked.

"I can't describe it," he smiled. "I can only observe it and recognize it."

"As I observe and recognize your vanity," she countered.

"Not vanity—rather the modest admission of my own attractiveness. You wouldn't have me lie and pretend to be unaware of it, would you?"

She glanced about the crowded lobby. "To think that we were married five years, and I never guessed at this colossal conceit!"

"There might have been other things at which you never guessed," he informed her.

"For instance?" Then she raised a

"WITH a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion"—The rest of this treatment is given in the second column below.



Blackheads can be overcome by the right cleansing method

TWO BOYS, just out of college, were riding down Fifth Avenue on a bus top. They were watching the stream of women—women of every age, every type of costume and appearance, who fill that brilliant thoroughfare at four o'clock in the afternoon—the fashionable hour.

"They look all right from up here," remarked one of the boys, "but get down on the sidewalk, and just about one woman in ten really has a good complexion. With the rest it's a matter of make-up."

These were real boys—and a real conversation.

THERE is no way of successfully disguising a poor complexion.

But by using the right hygienic methods, you can overcome its faults!

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. If you give this new skin

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fending hand. "No, never mind. Rather than open the floodgates of your boasting as to your qualities, I would prefer to hear of the things you have done."

"And I would like to have my newspaper reading supplemented by a verbal narrative," he told her.

"But I do not understand how you ever saw my name. You were not devoted to reading society gossip years ago."

"I subscribe to a clipping bureau. Whatever you do is known to me."

She shuddered. "You frighten me. To think that some one knows all about one!"

"I've discovered more in the last ten minutes than all my newspaper reading, than all our marriage taught me," he said.

Her laugh was nervous now. "Then I'd better go before I am utterly exposed."

She half-rose, but sat down again as his hand caught hers and detained her.

"But this is too delightful," he protested. "We probably won't meet again for another six years—perhaps never. Unless you have an engagement, we might have luncheon together."

"It would be an exciting experience," she admitted.

"Perhaps even stimulating," he said. Then his tone of banter changed. "I'm in Chicago just between trains," he told her.

"So am I," she said. "Where have you been, and where are you going?"

"In Los Angeles for the past two months, and I'm taking the Century to New York after luncheon. And you?"

"I just came in on the Broadway, and I'm leaving for Los Angeles this afternoon," she replied.

"Famous society beauty enters movies?" he asked.

She responded to his mood. "Jaded woman of fashion seeks rest-cure," she replied. "But what were you doing in California?"

"Legal business."

"As usual," she said. "You loved business above everything, didn't you?"

"Except one thing, and I didn't know about that," he replied.

"And what was that mysterious thing?" she inquired.

"Something I don't understand yet," he answered. "Well, shall we lunch together?"

"Why not?" she smiled.

THERE was a very attentive head-waiter in the dining-room that overlooked Lake Michigan; and their conversation, until they had reached dessert, was confined to trivialities. But at last they had an opportunity to talk without being overheard.

"Do you know, there's been something that's puzzled me for six years," he said.

"I can make a similar confession," she told him. "What puzzled you?"

"I wondered who the man was that supplanted me, and why you didn't marry him," he said harshly.

"Did it never occur to you that I was at least honest, and would have told you had there been another man?" she asked frigidly.

"But my own puzzle is somewhat similar: who was the other woman, and why haven't you married her?"

"Your indignation matches my own," he said. "I too possess elementary decency. Had there been anyone else, you would have been told. There never was anyone else; there never will be."

She stirred uneasily in her chair. "I consented to lunch with you because you were amusing," she said. "Isn't it rather late to be serious?"

"Just five minutes too late," he said.

"Five minutes? Don't you mean six years?" she asked.

"I said 'minutes,' and I enumerated them as five. I was correct in the use of both words," he insisted.

"Then I confess that I do not understand," she said.

"How could you? You were twenty-five. I should have been the one to understand, for I was thirty."

"I said that I do not understand, not that I did not understand," she said.

"I know. You speak in the present tense, but I am using the past. Dorothy, as I entered the house on that last day, I came to a sudden understanding of what our relation was. I meant to alter it. I meant to show you that my feeling for you was the best in me, that I held for you a love worthy of you."

"Isn't it rather late for this?" she demanded.

"You've already suggested that, and I suppose you are right. If I'd taken an earlier train home that last day—Dorothy, you'd barely left the house—"

He shrugged. "It is not too late to tell you how I loved you. It was your right to know that you were more to me than—I'm brutal—a mistress. I wanted to be more to you than a lover—and again I'm brutal. You see, Dorothy, most marriages fail for the reason that ours failed. We thought that sex was not merely the foundation of our house, but the house itself. But beyond sex there is something else; it may not be more important, but it is equally so. We tire of bodies, even of our own. But the mind and the heart are always mysteries, and mystery intrigues forever. We do not understand our own minds, the emotions of our own hearts."

"Then how," she interrupted him, "can we hope to understand the minds and hearts of others?"

"We can't," he confessed. "But we may try to do so, and in the trying we may find the only true marriage. Dorothy, I bored you; you bored me—until that last day, when, analyzing myself, I analyzed you, and knew forever that we could be to each other what wives and husbands should be."

She smiled frostily, although a tear glistened in her eye. "It's interesting, and I'm flattered. But it is too late. If you don't mind, I'll leave you while you pay for our luncheon. Thank you—and good-by."

HE made no effort to detain her. It seemed as though some strong light beat upon her, outlining every curve of her body and illuminating the sweet texture of her skin, as he stood there watching her go.

Half an hour later he went aboard his train. Then a mad restlessness possessed him. The Century didn't leave for forty minutes. The Santa Fe train left in twenty-five. He left his drawing-room, ran through the station, leaped into a taxi and drove to the Santa Fe station. He bribed a gate-tender and was admitted to the train. He gave the conductor five dollars. A lady traveling alone occupied Compartment D in Car 272. He knocked on that compartment door, for that was the only compartment which, according to the conductor's diagram, was to be occupied by one person. No response came from within the room; but the car porter, observing him, vouchsafed the information that the occupant had removed her bags five minutes ago and canceled her ticket. And his description made Munster certain that it was his wife who had changed her mind about traveling on this train.

Perhaps, he thought in humiliation, she had suspected that he would embarrass her by some such last-minute pleading. Well, he would not try again. He left the train and took another taxi back to his own station. He swung aboard the club-car just as the train was pulling out. He sat there smoking cigar after cigar.

An hour later the conductor reached him. He examined Munster's ticket.

"The lady is getting nervous," said the conductor. "She's afraid you missed the train."

Munster stared. He leaped to his feet, pushing the uniformed man aside. For he knew.

In his drawing-room he found his wife. She was almost on the verge of tears.

"I persuaded the gateman to let me by, told him that you must be on the train. And a porter listened to my description of you and said that you were on the train, because he'd arranged your bags. Where were you?"

"At the Santa Fe station looking for you," he told her.

She stared at him. "Warren, that proves your argument at luncheon. We can try to understand another's mind and heart, and may at least partly succeed. We each did the same thing, because somehow we knew that the same wish was in the other's heart. Warren—perhaps we are truly married at last."

"A virtuous Congress would say otherwise," he laughed. "But we'll get off at Toledo and visit the first minister we can find. In the meantime, to add to that monograph you contemplate, let us find out what a divorced couple can do in private."

"They might kiss each other," she suggested.

"They should," he agreed.

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That's the title of one of the realest stories you've ever read. It's filled with youth, combat and love, and its amazing action takes place off the rocks halfway down the California coast. It's enough, further, to tell you that it's by PETER CLARK MACFARLANE and you'll find it in an early issue.

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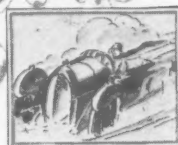
First—the all important cleansing that leaves the skin immaculate, supple, lustrous. For this, Pond's Cold Cream on the face and neck every night, and after any exposure. Rub it in generously, with the tips of the fingers, or on a piece of moistened cotton. The fine oil sinks deep into the pores to remove the impurities, the tiny particles of dust and powder that clog them.

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THE HONOR OF THE SHRIMP

(Continued from page 97)

working pretty hard. Loading up all the stores with the other brands, you know."

Gran'ma sneered.

"Yes, but our advertisin'll help, Mr. Bainbridge."

"That's just the trouble. It isn't doing anything of the kind. Maybe the people are asking for Eight-horse. I don't know. There's no way of telling. Maybe it's just putting the thought of glue into their heads. And when they go into a store and somebody passes them any one of ten other brands, they're satisfied. Nope, Gran'ma, I guess our only chance is to make people ask for Eight-horse Glue and accept no substitute. That's the thing we've got to put over—Accept No Substitute. We've got to plant it in their minds so they'll have a picture. Something to remember, you know. A living demonstration. That's why I got up this parade idea. How are those wooden horses? Are they dry yet?"

Gran'ma grinned.

"Yeh. Fine. You can't tell 'em from real ones—except for their size."

He led the way to a room once used for harness, but now sheltering eight wooden horses which once had graced a merry-go-round, repainted in mottled gray to represent the colorings of a Percheron team. Near by lay miniature sets of harness, and plumes, and standards, besides a set of double-trees, to which was attached a leather mouth-pad. Just then a scrambling came from behind Mr. Bainbridge, and a black and white object darted forward, seized the pad, and with great growlings, tugged and shook at it until Gran'ma had to pry apart the object's jaws. The old teamster beamed.

"He's sure gettin' it down pat, aint he?" he asked. Then to the dog: "Now, there, sonny. It aint time to grab this'n yet. Just you wait till we get to St. Louis."

Whereupon His Majesty the Shrimp went back to his practice in the stable proper, and Mr. Bainbridge returned to the otherwise vacant office. If his plans for St. Louis would only go over! The band—playing circus music! The eight Percherons which he had bought with his own money and for which the Tri-State Manufacturing Company would continue to owe him until his claims as to their merit for advertising purposes could be established! Gran'ma sitting up on the driver's seat, handling the reins of that eight-horse team, and behind him, upon a specially designed platform, those eight wooden horses, all harnessed and plumed, and His Majesty the

Shrimp pulling at the leather pad attached to the double-trees in living picturization of the name and slogan:

EIGHT-HORSE GLUE

A Percheron Pull and a Bulldog Grip!

It all appeared wonderful, in the visioning. Once that outfit appeared in the streets of the big city, once the people got it fastened in their minds exactly what Eight-horse Glue stood for, then watch the orders roll in! Or, as Mr. Bainbridge had said to Mr. Kendall, the general manager, in selling to him his idea:

"We've got to do something that nobody ever did before—to put over glue as a dignified thing. That's the problem. Make glue dignified. Make people talk about glue as something else than funny. Glue isn't funny. Glue is serious. If it were not for glue, there would be, annually, something like eight million plates and cups and saucers discarded as useless. If it were not for glue, where would our furniture be? Nailed together. Glue enters into our daily life. It is the thing that binds us together—that is, well, you understand. The people must be made to know that glue is important. Now, with this idea, whenever they see a horse, they'll think of that Percheron pull. Whenever they see a dog, they'll remember the bulldog grip. That is, if we show it to them properly, which is my idea. The Shrimp up there on the float actually pulling against eight horses!"

BUT withal, up and down the spine of young Mr. Bainbridge there traveled a feeling of vague uncertainty, like that of a man who wonders what's inside a telegram envelope—a feeling which, incidentally, intensified the next morning, when with the Shrimp trotting beside him after a night's visit, he approached the stables for His Majesty's Sunday practice. Gran'ma appeared a bit puzzled.

"Aint it old man Mason down here in town that you've had some trouble with?" he asked.

Theodore Bainbridge clawed suddenly at his throat. "Yes. Why?"

"Well, I don't know—except that I've just been puttin' two an' two together. Aint it the Ajax Glue Company that's the big one down in St. Louis?"

"Why—why, yes."

"Well—" Gran'ma regarded His Majesty for a long moment. Then: "Maybe there aint anything to it, but did you ever know old man Mason's got stock in it?"

"Why—I knew he was interested in some factory down there. I—come to think of it—"

"You don't suppose he could be cookin' up anything, do you?" Gran'ma questioned.

Mr. Theodore Bainbridge came closer. "Just what—"

"Well, I don't know," said Gran'ma, placing his knotted hands on his hips. "I've been all over this place, an' I can't find anything wrong. My helper, though, tells me this mornin' that when he comes back from dinner last night, here's old

man Mason just comin' out of the barns, an' sayin' he'd been lookin' for you. Then he asks a lot of questions about them hobby-horses. Darned helper didn't have no better sense than to tell him!"

A croaking sound came from the throat of Mr. Theodore Bainbridge. Five minutes later he was hurling questions at a sleepy helper, and gaining little. Mr. Mason had just been looking for Mr. Bainbridge, that was all. He'd gotten into the harness-room by mistake, and the helper didn't see anything wrong in telling him that there'd be a parade in St. Louis—which helped not at all the up-and-down shivers of Mr. Bainbridge's spine. He hurried to the home of his archenemy, only to find that the ill-tempered Mr. Mason was absent and that his yellow cur had gone with him.

Days passed; still Mr. Mason did not return. Then Margaret Lannington came back from St. Louis, bearing with her the permit for the street-exhibition.

"I tried to get them to change the hour for us, Theodore," she said after the preliminaries of greeting were over, "but they said they couldn't do it. Something about the Police Department not allowing parades at any other time but eleven o'clock."

"Why change the time?" Theodore looked up in puzzled fashion. Margaret tossed a newspaper onto his desk.

"On account of this other parade. I thought—"

"Other parade? What parade?"

"That dog-parade. Of course, I don't know where they're going, but I thought you'd want all the crowd for yourself. But they said they couldn't do it. This one's at the same time. I suppose you've seen the advertisement?"

No, Mr. Bainbridge hadn't seen it. Margaret Lannington picked up the paper and located the advertisement.

"Isn't it queer?" she asked. "Why do you suppose they'd want to have a parade like that? I never heard of the association."

MR. BAINBRIDGE did not answer. In strange, unaccountable fashion, he felt that he was looking at something that should be of extreme interest to him, but he didn't know why.

KIDS—KIDS!
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!WANTED:
FIVE HUNDRED DOGS!
(Pedigreed Pups Barred)

We want five hundred mutt dogs to appear in a parade to be staged on St. Louis streets, Saturday, August 2. Must be accompanied by boy or girl and on leash or string. Ten cents paid to every boy or girl answering this ad with one or more dogs at 10:15 o'clock Saturday morning, vacant lot near 18th and Chestnut streets. No pedigreed dogs allowed. Prize of \$25 will be given for muttiest dog. Second prize \$10. Third prize \$5. Twenty-five other prizes of \$1 each. Remember the time and place.

ST. LOUIS MONGREL DOG
FANCIERS ASSOCIATION.

"Wonder what it's all about?" Mr. Bainbridge puzzled. "Still, it can't hurt

All in the Dark

Imagine a love-story that goes to the very heart of things, and neither the man nor the woman knows who the other is. Unusual? Rather. It will appear in the next issue under the title "What More Do We Know?" and its author is

RUPERT HUGHES



Can you afford to keep on washing clothes in the same exhausting, expensive way when Fels-Naptha will save both work and clothes? Don't go through another wash-day without Fels-Naptha!

Are you fair to yourself?

Are you sparing yourself the hard work of washing clothes by methods that tire you out and make you look old before your time? Are you fair to yourself?

Of course, Fels-Naptha is no beauty-restorer or balm for advancing years, but it takes away some of the very causes of age and ill-health—overwork and worry.

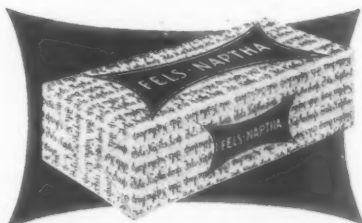
Put Fels-Naptha at work, and immediately you'll find relief from the strain of hard rubbing—its real naptha makes dirt let go by soaking.

And when you realize that your clothes have Fels-Naptha Cleanliness—that deeper cleanliness that makes clothes wholesome, you will be quick to say with millions of other women that *nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha*. For it is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blending of *splendid soap* and *real naptha* that gives you the benefit of these two great cleaners at the same time, and in one economical golden bar.

Order Fels-Naptha from your grocer, and start using it today. Treat yourself fairly by making your work lighter while safely getting your clothes cleaner.



You can tell Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

TEST the greater cleansing value of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © 1924, Fels & Co. Philadelphia



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52 Varieties of Nail Brushes

A different Nail Brush for every week in the year. All good, some of them lower prices than others. Different shapes, different stiffness of bristles, suiting all requirements.

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Boston, U. S. A.


Brush Manufacturers for Over 114 Years
and the Largest in the World

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

To wait until you must have a pair of "Bostons" is to court danger. To feel well dressed always your garters must be fresh.



GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON
Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters
for All the Family



**How To Obtain
Velvety Skin**

Any skin, tender, or hard, dry or oily, may be corrected and kept beautiful by the daily use of AlmoMeal. Its beautifying effect is a revelation. Use it like soap. Look for the attractive blue package at your dealers.

**DR. PALMER'S
ALMOEAL
COMPOUND**

Send 10c for large sample package.
HOLTON & ADAMS, 21 East 22nd St., New York

Name _____
Street _____ City _____

us any. It'd take a lot of political pull to allow them on the main streets where we're going." He laughed. "Five hundred mutt dogs! Like to see 'em. No chance, though. We won't be anywhere near Eighteenth and Chestnut."

That noon Mr. Theodore Bainbridge walked past the home of the grumpy Mr. Mason, in the hope of a possible enlightenment on the mysterious night visit of a few days before. But the porch of the Mason domicile was still empty. The irascible lawn-irrigator and his yellow cur-dog still were absent. Another day passed, and another after that, to be consumed in frenzied efforts as Gran'ma lugged the Percheron-painted hobby-horses from their place of concealment in the barn, wrapped them carefully, loaded them in the specially constructed wagon, and attaching the whole thing to a motortruck, sent this part of the parade bouncing on toward St. Louis, fifty miles away, while he, the Shrimp, Miss Lannington and Mr. Theodore Bainbridge, to say nothing of a few assorted officials of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company, superintended the loading of the eight Percherons into a railroad car for shipment. The day when St. Louis—or as much of it as happened to be downtown—should be treated to the knowledge that glue was a serious matter had all but arrived.

THAT night Mr. Bainbridge talked matters over finally with Miss Margaret Lannington. Gran'ma was gone—also the wagon—and the horses. At five o'clock in the morning, he and Margaret would depart also, accompanied by an important personage in the form of Lord Killenning Marston Conqueror I, for his first performance as a real actor. And while the hours went by, Margaret Lannington groomed His Majesty. His ears were being washed, his nails carefully filed, his coat brushed and rebrushed and brushed again, with no one to speak a word in his behalf. Even his one friend of the less rigorous existence, Mr. Bainbridge, occupied with other matters, merely glanced up when Miss Lannington asked him if Toodles didn't look too cute for anything, then reverted to his study of a prospectus. At last:

"Old Mason is a stockholder down there, all right," he observed.

"You mean in the Ajax Company?" said Miss Lannington.

"Yes. I've got their annual report here. He's a director. Didn't know he had that much money. Humph! Who was it I was talking to about politicians the other day? You?"

"I don't know. Now, hold still, Toodles. There, that's a dear. What about politicians, Theo?"

"I don't know. I've just got a vague memory of talking to somebody about them. Just noticing some of these names on the Ajax board. Mulcahey and Schmitt and Edwards and Rothbridge—all aldermen. Wonder who I was—Don't guess it was anything important, though."

He looked at his watch. He looked at Toodles, and saved His Majesty's self-respect by deciding in favor of the harness as against the red ribbon. Then he kissed Margaret good-night and went home to bed.

Tomorrow was to be a big day for Theodore in St. Louis. Either he would succeed, or a number of things would happen. One of which was that he might be stuck for eight Percheron horses whose cost represented the amount he had saved for the first contractor's payment on the future home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bainbridge. Then there was his job—and his reputation as a keen business man and a personage to be trusted with the sales problems of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company—and a number of other things which kept him sleepless until half-past four, when he arose from bed, dressed and went out to the garage to see whether he really had left the ignition of his car turned on. He hadn't. So he turned 'er over and chortled up the street. The Shrimp was ready. Also Margaret. On to St. Louis!

ENSUED hours of grueling work in a blacksmith shop, where, with Gran'ma and a heavy man in a leather apron assisting, he fastened eight hobby-horses to the bed of a float. More hours in which he adjusted plumes, raced downtown to a sign-painter's shop, raced back again, called up about the band, found that the band was on the way, called up again, learned that the band must have been given the wrong address, then hurried out and personally rescued the band from a street-corner eight blocks away.

Finally the fag ends were gathered. Gran'ma was on his seat. Theodore himself stood on the wagon behind the eight hobby-horses, holding a squirming dog that strove to disengage himself that he might tug at a leather mouthpiece. The officials of the Tri-State had been shoved into a car leading the parade, and Miss Lannington was ready to pick up Theodore in another automobile following directly behind the Percheron wagon and bearing appropriate banners extolling the virtues of Eight-horse Glue. It was ten forty-five. The moment had arrived. Mr. Theodore Bainbridge waved an arm in command. Up ahead, on the band-tallyho, the snare-drum began to beat. Gran'ma lurched his shoulders, raised a foot for easy action on the brakes, trimmed the ribbons between his fingers and yelped a command to eight hulky Percherons. Hoofs clattered. The snare-drum settled into a march-beat. A few spectators began to gather on the side-streets. The parade was on.

"When are you going to let him begin to pull?" Miss Lannington asked.

"When the band starts to play!" Mr. Bainbridge informed her. "About Tenth and Olive streets. We'll begin to get into the crowds then."

A block passed. Another. More people gathered on the curbs. Mr. Theodore Bainbridge noticed rather proudly that they were pointing to the banners. His banners!

A thrill went through him; the sneaky squeamishness of his backbone for the moment departed.

And then—something seemed to be happening down the street.

JUST what it was, Theodore could not tell. The Shrimp squirmed harder than ever. Theodore Bainbridge stretched to his full height, staring over the driver's

"I felt 'fagged' in the morning when I went to the office. At luncheon I ate my food with a growing resentment at the necessity of eating. At dinner I merely nibbled at morsels of food. I was nervous and irritable. Then I began eating yeast—Fleischmann's—and noticed my appetite returning. My face lost its sallowness, and the pimples on my skin disappeared; my grouch went the way of the eruptions."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. A. F. Lockhart, of St. Louis, Mo.)



"Five years ago as an office worker in Milwaukee, I could answer to the description of the 'run-down, nervous, suffering woman' in the patent medicine ads. My sallowness was my greater enemy and I was always troubled with constipation. I had taken medicine for four years, but the doctor said that drugs could not effect a permanent cure. Two years ago I learned from the girls in the office to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I am frequently complimented on my fresh complexion."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald of Ypsilanti, Mich.)

"We restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomach in a hurry. No wonder it gets sluggish and refuses to perform its duties. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomach cannot stand such treatment. It must soon stop functioning and instead of taking nourishment and health out of our food, it becomes semi-active and just passes it on."

"On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

(Mr. Thomas Leyden, of Elizabeth, N. J.)



You may not realize its amazing power —Put this familiar food to work for you

These remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple, natural

food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.



"A PHYSICAL wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried the rest cure, the milk diet, and nearly every curative treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. In a week's time, after using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brighter, and I slowly regained lost vitality. Is it any wonder that I am a convert to the curative qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast?"

(Extract from a letter of Mr. Clair G. Cook of Los Angeles, California)



**Dissolve one cake in a glass of water
(just hot enough to drink)**



—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package

—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep fresh in your ice box as well as in the grocer's.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. M-5, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

The dinner-gong has two messages



ONE is a summons to the table—the other, a warning to your gums.

For it is the food that we eat at our three meals a day that is bringing an avalanche of troubles to our teeth and our gums.

It's too soft. It doesn't stimulate the circulation of blood in the gums. Under this modern diet of ours, gums are growing soft and logy. They bleed easily. And when "pink toothbrush" appears—let your teeth beware.

Take care of your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste

To keep the gums sound and healthy, thousands of dentists now prescribe the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. Many have told us that a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing is, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, a splendid restorative treatment. For Ipana, because of the presence of siratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic, has a direct tonic effect on weakened gum tissue.

Send for a trial tube

Ipana is delightful to the taste. It cleans teeth thoroughly. And above all, it is absolutely grit-free. Send the coupon for a trial tube.

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TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

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Dept. G-6
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



seat, toward a scene of commotion a block or two ahead. A chorus of vague sounds came drifting back to him, yapping noises, punctuated by deep baying, high-pitched howls and lesser growls. The Shrimp whined and struggled frantically. Ahead, where the crowd was thickest, a cur-dog swooped into the middle of the street, followed by a gangly-armed boy who rescued it and dragged it back out of sight. Faces began to appear at windows.

They were abreast of the block now. Ahead something protruding from the street intersection, something ominous and full of movement. Dogs!

Blocking the street from one side to another, they leaped and tangled and pulled and tugged at their leashes. Dogs and dogs! Dogs and boys and tomboy girls and—banners! Theodore needed only a glance at one: "Have pity on us poor dogs! Don't use glue with a bulldog grip!"

Young Mr. Bainbridge gasped. A hundred things came to him at once. Politicians! A permit for the thing which a city wouldn't allow otherwise. Dogs, begging for mercy. Theodore glanced with the knowledge that it carried a certain terrible inference, that these were the things of which Eight-horse Glue, his glue, was made! And as if to settle the matter, his gaze centered on one of a dozen banners farther down in the teeming mass: "Use Ajax Glue! Clean and pure; no dogs!"

"Liars!" yelled Theodore Bainbridge. Then to himself: "I'll sue 'em for libel! I'll—" He halted then, and for three reasons: One was the realization that glue was a pretty hard thing to libel. Another was that the Shrimp was striving his best to do an escape act, and yowling as loud as the assorted mongrels beyond; while a third concerned Miss Margaret Lannington, who had stopped her car, alighted, and now, white-faced, was wagging a finger under the nose of a scrubby-faced man with penthouse brows, who merely sneered at her, maneuvered a yellow cur in front of him and then turned, waving an arm in signal, while dogs in line and dogs out of line, dogs in company front, in squads, in phalanxes and droves and herds and swarms, swooped forth from the side-street, falling in behind the Eight-horse float, completely engulfing Margaret Lannington and her car, leaving her to be lost in a turbulent canine sea.

"Margaret!" Theodore called, and wobbled to the back of the float to jump off. Miss Lannington raised an arm.

"Go on! Stay on that wagon. Don't let him break it up—the old skinflint!" Theodore gulped and looked again—at a scrubby-faced man and a yellow dog. "You!" he shouted. "You! I'll get you for this! I'll sue you till you're black in the face!"

"Blah-h-h-h!" said old man Mason, and glanced over his shoulder to assure himself that his crew was still turning out of the side-street. It was. The ten-abreast line of cur-dogs, punctuated by signs and slogans, had not even begun to thin. Young Mr. Bainbridge shivered slightly with a terrible realization. It was a plot! This parade had formed at an out-of-the-way place, then sneaked over here to fall in behind him. To

make his glue ridiculous! To make people believe that it was manufactured out of dogs! To put him in a position where the public would laugh even at the mention of Eight-horse Glue. To hold him up to censure and derision—

All of a sudden he thought of the newspapers and what a managing editor had said to him:

"Now, glue—that isn't news. But if you should pour it on the railroad tracks and stop a train with it, that'd be a story. Or fall in it and drown! Glue's funny. Glue's something for the rewrite man to tear out a good snorter over. But it isn't news, unless there's a news angle to it!"

THE crowds grew thicker. A few jeers started, and became louder. Then from behind, from men and girls and boys, to the obligato of five hundred yowling, yapping canines, rose:

Eight-horse Glue,
It's the bunk!
Couldn't hold the hair
On an old hair trunk!
Dogs an' cats an' bones an' such—
Eight-horse Glue don't amount to much!
B-l-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah!

The last line was drawn out in a derisive explosion which cut to the heart of Mr. Theodore Bainbridge. He wrapped both arms about the Shrimp. He called to a policeman to turn in a riot call—whereupon he was advised to get out of the parade.

They were at Tenth and Olive streets. The sidewalks were jammed now. Ahead, people were veering and signaling and rushing forward. Street-cars were clanging. Office-windows were filled. There was no way out. No way—

"Strike up that band!" He yelled it at the top of his lungs. Ahead the band-leader awoke and began to distribute music, while from behind, a grumpy voice led in a sudden burst of song, joined by a yelping chorus:

Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone,
Oh where, oh where can he be?
The Bulldog Grip
Took him for a trip,
And sent only glue back to me!

Then the band got into action with "The Stars and Stripes Forever," throwing the tormentors slightly off key. There was only one thing for young Mr. Bainbridge to do—to face it out, to ignore the interruption entirely. To act as though he didn't even know it was there! He stooped. He placed carefully upon the bed of the wagon His Lordship Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I, and raised the mouth-pad.

"Here, Shrimp!" he said. "Grab a hold!"

But the Shrimp only gave a throaty growl and spraddled his legs. His hair rose stiff along his spine. He wagged his head. He danced excitedly for just an instant; then, while the band played and the crowd howled and Mr. Theodore Bainbridge made futile rushes to halt him, Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I dodged his master, swooped to the end of the wagon, leaped to the ground and

HE had never seen her before—
—he hadn't even heard her
name—yet he wanted to know
her. It wasn't just her slender
grace, her masses of hair, nor her
sparkling eyes. It was her deli-
cate coloring—her creamy neck
and brow, the glowing color of
her cheeks, the coral curve of her
lips. Any man would want to
know her!



Choose powder that matches the tone of your skin

By MME. JEANNETTE

THE foundation of a successful beauty toilette is the correct and effective use of powder. It is of first importance to select the shade of powder for your particular skin-tone.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in four shades, each one carefully compounded to most nearly match each of the four typical shades of the American woman's skin. These shades are called Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White, and unless you have a very unusual skin-tint you will find among them exactly the shade you should use!

There are four typical shades of skin. Naturelle is the shade that most American women should use. Women with the warm little rose and ivory tones in their skin find this a shade of powder that can be used successfully both day and night.

Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is a slightly darker tone of powder than Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is designed for the Spanish type of beauty, generally the woman with deep brown eyes and dark hair. Yet often women who have not such a definite tint of brunette in their general appearance should use this Rachel shade. It gives a lovely tone of rich beauty to the skin, and I would advise more women to try it.

Flesh Pompeian Beauty Powder is quite a decided pink, like a young baby's flesh. And many "pink and gold" blonde women should wear this shade. If your skin is inclined to flush, you will do well to use this powder. The pink powder over the pink skin tones down the too-high coloring, and forms a natural little finish that takes away the shine.

The most effective way to use your own shade of powder is to use it generously. Then go over the skin with a clean cloth and smooth off all superfluous particles till you attain the desired effect without your powder being obvious. Pompeian Beauty Powder is a rarely fine powder, with a delicate perfume and an exceptional quality of adhering for a long time.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER, 60c per box

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The newest Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, and Night Cream. Tear off the coupon and mail today.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
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Pompeian
Beauty Powder



YOUR SKIN DEMANDS PROTECTION

The supreme wisdom in taking care of the body is to supply whatever nature actually demands! A skin that feels "drawn" or "tight" indicates a definite demand to give your skin more oil—more nourishment.

You Must Feed Your Skin

Pompeian Night Cream furnishes the exact nourishment required by a dry skin. As one grows older this oily secretion is lessened, and wise women replace it to a great extent by the frequent use of Pompeian Night Cream. Many women use a little of this cream every time they cleanse their faces during the day.

If your skin already tends toward oiliness, you should counteract this condition by the use of Pompeian Day Cream. Apply it after your morning bath, and use it as a powder base at all times! It is slightly astringent and anti-septic—two essentials in making an oily skin more normal.

Remember—your skin never sleeps!

While your skin may rest at night—it never sleeps! It acts and reacts with the temperature of the room. It absorbs and rejects just as it does when you are awake—and because of this it will be using to good advantage the nourishment in Pompeian Night Cream. Its use at night is beneficial to both types of skin.

Unquestionably all women remove the traces of the day's powder, rouge, and accumulated dust. Whether this is done with cleansing cream, or with warm water and soap, it is still a cleansing process, and cleanliness is essential to good skin. But as a final touch of wisdom, rub a little Pompeian Night Cream into your cleansed skin for the night, to feed it during the hours when you are asleep and your skin is awake and active.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2019 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

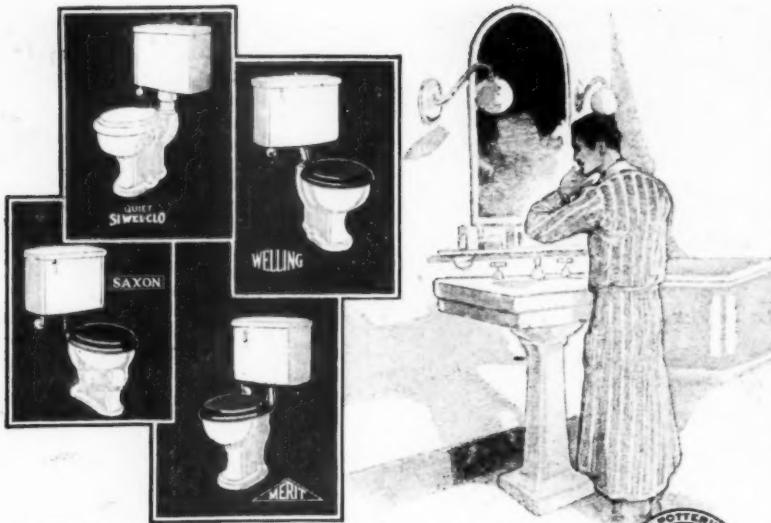
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade of face powder wanted? _____



WHILE taste may guide you in choosing the design of bathtub or lavatory, the sanitary importance of the water closet is such that it is best to rely upon the judgment of a reputable manufacturer. One of good quality is a protection against foul air, sewer gas and disease germs. It is a protection against repairs to tank and fittings. "Tepeco," the world's largest maker of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures, offers for residential purposes the four recognized types—each in its class, and at its price the best that can be made. We believe it will pay you to install one of them.

Send for our free Plan Book—"Bathrooms of Character" 5-7

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

TRENTON, N. J., U. S. A.

NEW YORK

BOSTON

SAN FRANCISCO

TEPECO
"Sil-wet-clo," \$97.50
"Welling," 69.50
"Saxon," 51.00
"Mercy," 49.50
F.O.B. Trenton, N. J.

TEPECO Water Closets

FOR EVERY PLACE AND PURSE

headed straight for the grumpy Mr. Mason's yellow dog Tige.

The irascible Mr. Mason kicked viciously and missed. He swung Tige about in a vain effort to keep him from the scrambling Shrimp—but Tige had a different idea. He too lunged, but misjudged his distance; while the Shrimp, dancing now with excitement, swerved suddenly in the direction of the first line of dogs, enticed the yellow Tige into breaking his master's hold upon the leash, and to following him, then rolled upon his back and began to fight anything that came his way.

A dozen dogs leaped at once, dragging vociferous owners after them. Forms tangled. Somebody's dog bit somebody else's. Somebody yelled. Then a dozen more dogs took up the matter, and a dozen after that. Then twenty—and forty—and a hundred! And twice that number!

Bystanders began to shout—policemen appeared, waving clubs, swerved into the dog mass, then swerved out again. Up on the wagon, petrified, Mr. Theodore

Bainbridge sought in vain for a sight of the all-around champion bulldog of the State of Missouri. But a' he could see was a tangled mass of leash-strings, yellow dogs, black dogs, white dogs, mottled and gray and tan dogs, boys and more boys, and a grumpy-appearing man who danced in the midst of it all, yelling for somebody to do something.

Up on his seat, Gran'ma turned, looked at the seething canine mass behind, and not realizing what had happened, whipped up his horses, in a wild struggle to escape the pandemonium. The driver of the band-wagon did the same, while Theodore Bainbridge yelled in vain for a halt. There was too much noise now for anything to be understood—for two blocks dogs were fighting, or breaking loose from the struggling mass, and seeking flight in any direction possible. Wilder, more frenzied, grew the riot, until all order was lost, until dogs were climbing over each other, or pulling at variance upon tangled leashes, or fighting in piles of from two to twenty! And then—

A LITTLE brown-and-white object which had been forgotten by the multitude of warriors found a loophole, moseyed out, shook himself, trotted a few steps as though wondering what it was all about, then, catching sight of the wagon a half-block away, scampered toward it while an excited Mr. Bainbridge became conscious long enough to leap to the ground and assist him up. In the background the five hundred dogs had dissolved to half that number, and the

remainder was dissolving as rapidly, while policemen, volunteer dog-fight stoppers, street-car conductors and camp-followers generally united in attempts to halt the fray.

Atop the wagon the Shrimp glanced about him. He saw the mouth-pad and leaped toward it. An instant more, and he was oblivious of all the world as he tugged against the combined efforts of eight merry-go-round horses in exemplification of the strength of Eight-horse Glue, the glue with the Percheron pull and a bulldog grip.

Out on the sidewalk some one laughed, then began to applaud. Soon others were shouting encouragement. The band began to play again. Out from the curbing ran a laughing young man with a pencil and fold of copy paper to ask hurried questions of a dazed Mr. Bainbridge. At the next corner a camera man appeared. Mr. Bainbridge didn't even know where he came from. He only realized that he was in some sort of a nightmare where persons were applauding and yelling out encouragement to a tugging little brown-and-white dog who heard them not. Block after block of applause, while far, far in the rear, a scrubby-faced man strove to gather up dogs and argue with boys who were demanding various prizes and didn't seem to understand his explanations at all! And then it was all over.

Out at the barns again, a pale young man sat and stared, or talked in monosyllables, or gulped when Miss Margaret Lannington tried to tell him that everything was all right, and that he'd better get a cup of coffee to brace himself up. And then a boy appeared from somewhere with the afternoon papers. Mr. Bainbridge took them with trembling hands. Glue was funny. Glue was something for the rewrite man to rip off a snorter about—

HE swallowed, as though a ball of cotton suddenly had found its way into his throat. He pointed wordlessly, with a grimy finger. Margaret Lannington saw it too—on the first page:

FAMOUS GLUE DOG SAVES HIS HONOR!

"No Mutts Can Break Up My Parade,"
says His Majesty the Shrimp

Attempt to ridicule street-exhibition of
new Missouri enterprise halts suddenly,
when canine slogan-bearer objects to
houn'-dawg accompaniment.

Eight-horse Glue the Winner.

There it was! On the first page. Written by the reporter in the form of an interview with the Shrimp. A story about glue! But the funny part was about Ajax, not about Eight-horse! There it was—there it was—and a picture of the Shrimp himself, tugging at the double-trees of an eight-horse team of merry-go-round steeds. Advertising that he couldn't buy or beg or— But something touched Theodore Bainbridge's cheek just about that time, and a soft voice sounded in his ear:

"Oh, Theo! Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it wonderful! And just to think that it was all because you taught him to fight!"

"The Troupers"

They were old-time actors who went to Hollywood; and there—in a most extraordinary way—came into their own. When you've read their story, in an early issue, you'll laugh and cry at the same time. By whom is it?

GERALD BEAUMONT

Handicapped—just as you are

but it proved too much for him

SOME YEARS AGO, six members of the senior class of an eastern college held an informal meeting in their fraternity house a few weeks before their graduation.

"Let's agree to meet regularly once a year," said one of them. "We're scattering into different occupations. I'm going to medical school, Joe is taking up law, Ed is entering Boston Tech. The rest of you have the advantage over us. You are heading right into business and will probably be rich before we get thru with our professional work. But, rich or poor, let's have a reunion annually. What do you say?"

The other five agreed enthusiastically. The first reunion was one of unalloyed pleasure; they parted in high hopes.

Two years later one of the business men sent word that his business had gone into the hands of a receiver. Six years later (they were thirty by that time, and had wives and children) another of the business men failed to attend because of "reverses."

The doctor, the lawyer, and the engineer were building a permanent success on the foundation of a thoro knowledge of the underlying principles of their professions. Two of the three business men, having moved ahead satisfactorily for a little time, came to disaster, because they had *not* laid a solid foundation of training, as the professional men had done.

This advertisement is directed particularly to married men. A young man, without dependents, can perhaps afford to take a chance. If, at the end of two or three years, his business encounters difficulties which he cannot overcome, he is not too far along to pull out and start again.

But the man with a family owes it to his family to insure his business success by appropriating the



"... failed to attend because of reverses."

experience and methods by which other men have succeeded.

The quickest and easiest way to secure that insurance is thru the Alexander Hamilton Institute, and these three important points should be remembered:

1. The Institute's training *costs nothing*. That is a literal fact. "It paid me a 200% dividend in less than two years," writes J. Henly Frier, Jr., of the Bassick Manufacturing Company. This magazine could be filled with similar quotations. The increase in your earning power, while you are reading the Course, will more than offset its modest cost.
2. The Institute's training is *authoritative*. Back of it is an Advisory Council consisting of these leaders in commerce, finance, and education:

JOSEPH FRENCH JOHNSTON, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

GENERAL COLEMAN duPONT, the well known business executive

PERCY H. JOHNSTON, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York

Dexter S. Kimball, Dean of the Engineering Colleges, Cornell University

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the eminent engineer

FREDERICK H. HURDMAN, Certified Public Accountant

JEREMIAH W. JENKS, the statistician and economist

3. The Institute's training is *interesting*—a satisfaction, not a task. "In my long business experience I have never subscribed to anything from which I received greater inspiration for my work," says Charles E. Hires of the Hires Root Beer Company.

Authoritative help; interesting, stimulating help; the assurance that your investment will come back to you in added earning power—these are the promises of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

You are not asked to take them on faith. The Institute asks nothing but the privilege of laying the full facts before you, leaving the decision entirely in your hands.

The facts are contained in "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," a book which is a worth-while addition to any business man's library. It will come to you without cost or obligation. If all three of the business men whose story is quoted above had sent for it, the story would have had a very different ending. For *your* family's sake, send for your copy today.

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Send me the book, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," which I may keep without obligation.




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Is a marvelous instrument—the only one with convenient "snap-on pads." Easy payment terms can be arranged if desired, making it very easy to pay. Six days' free trial allowed. Write for Free Book about the Saxophone and Complete Catalog.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2880 BUESCHER BLOCK ELKHART, INDIANA

MERRILEE TELLS THE WORLD

(Continued from page 80)

WHEN Sidney French came, he found her dragged and forlorn in Jonesy's old dress and hat, shadows under her eyes, and dainty head drooping.

"I call this service," he hailed on sight. "Guess it isn't any time at all since you phoned me, and here I am. All through with the great adventure? Your publicity department's got you about forty columns of great stuff on that flapjack act. You're not so crazy, after all."

"Sid," said Merrilee wearily, "don't make any jokes. Just take me home."

"Sure will, little sister. You'll be welcomed back to the fold with a brass band. Must have been hell, rustling dishes for a couple weeks. But we're all set now for the big new picture, hey?"

Faintly under the arching roof came floating the far-away whistle of a train, westward bound.

"Good Lord, Mary old kid!" began Sid. "Right here on the old shoulder, if you feel that way about it."

"DEARIE," inquired Luella, "aint life peculiar?" She sank back into a capacious armchair, an entirely new and still more beaming Luella. "There I was a month or so ago breakin' crockery in White's, and now look at expensive me—the extra comedy girl. They had me in a whole hundred feet o' film this morning. I'll be a star like you yet. Everybody loves a stout girl if she's got a smile."

Merrilee cupped her chin in one hand, her underlip trembling just the least. Beside her a raven-black Pekingese regarded his small mistress interestedly out of shoebutton eyes. Somehow it didn't seem that they were going romping today.

"I'm glad," said Merrilee, "I'm glad you're happy. You haven't anything to worry you, have you, Luella?"

"Not a thing. It's nice sunshine all day long now. You don't ever forget a pal, do you, dearie?"

Brown eyes grew wistful. "No. I want to remember all those—those days in the window."

Luella the stout one leaned forward comfortingly. "You'll find him again—honest. I was just tellin' myself so last night. This country aint so big."

"But he went away," said a small voice. "He went away from me. Nobody knows where he's gone. I've had people hunting all over for him for weeks."

A notebook suddenly became visible in the hand of the entering Miss Jones, who seemed more brisk than ever.

"It is almost ten," she announced. "Mr. Gold and Mr. Williamson and your brother will be here in five minutes."

The hint took its effect on Luella, rising with a vast flurry. "Then I'll be going, dearie. I aint on the list with presidents and big directors yet. But honest, I'll never forget it was you gave me my chance. You could have knocked us girls in White's over with a cheese-straw when we found out who it was we'd been so chummy with."

She bent down an instant to whisper. "Advertise, dearie. Put it in all the papers. 'Return at once. All is forgiven.' I got one back that way once."

"Mr. Gold," said the voice of Miss Jones in her best announcing manner. "Mr. Williamson. Mr. French."

The bulky form of Mr. Gold and the lean one of Mr. Williamson found chairs, while Sid draped himself attractively against the mantel. A totally undistinguished person who followed them with a well-stuffed brief-case placed it on the table and disappeared.

As though a bell had been tapped, Mr. Gold came to business. "French, let me have those three stories. Now, Merrilee, we're all ready for your O. K. on which-ever one of these it's to be, and we want it this morning. It's been two months we've been dickering over this next picture of yours, and it has to be settled quick. So I'm here myself."

This, apparently, disposed of the matter.

"This one," insinuated Mr. Williamson as he tapped the manuscript to the left, "has a climax just made for you, Miss French. As the society girl who—"

"I have read it," said Merrilee, and tossed her head.

Mr. Gold indicated the red-covered novel on the right. "It'll cost us fifty thousand dollars for the rights to this, but it's worth it, Merrilee, if you want it. With the big-name author, and all the money we're ready to put into the production, you'll hypnotize the country. There's a fire and a railroad wreck in here."

"I have read that one too," announced Merrilee with great composure.

MR. GOLD looked at Mr. Williamson. Mr. Williamson looked at Mr. Gold. Merrilee French looked at neither of them. She was over at the window, twisting slim fingers together. Standing thus in this same window on a lonely, blue morning, she had heard and heeded the call to adventure.

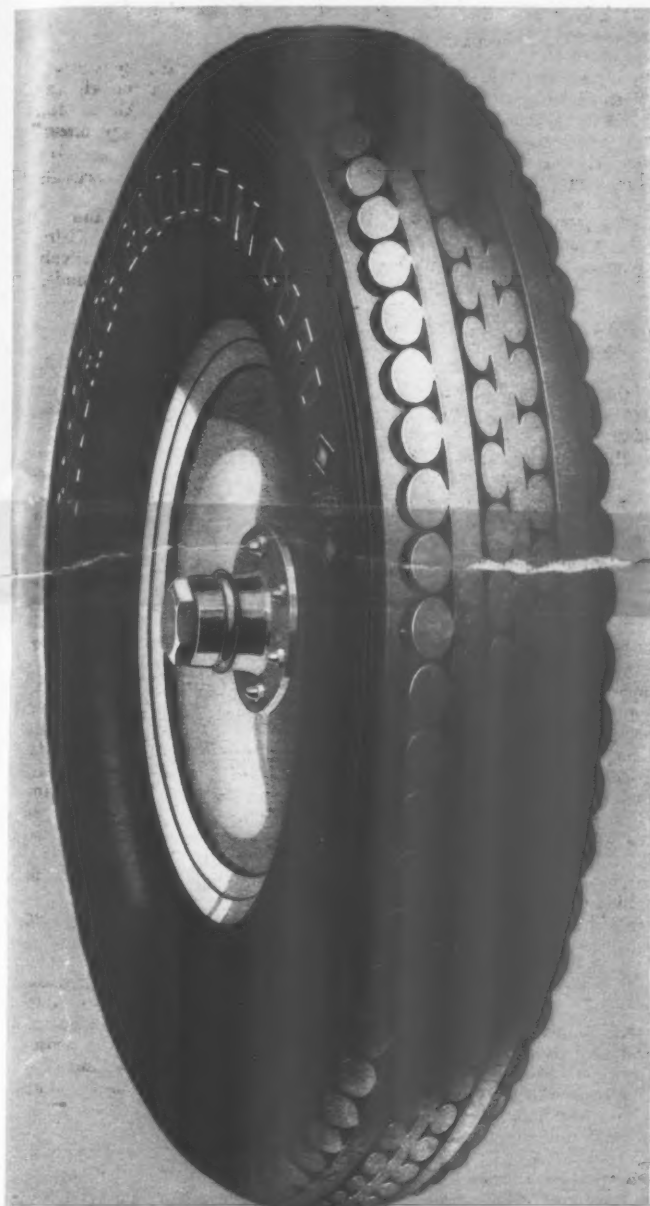
"Peter," she said softly. "Oh, Peter, how can I make you believe?" Once more a sky of azure bent over crowded streets and towering buildings, luring and calling away from the glare of studio lights and the crisp-crackle of directors' commands.

"I should have told you, Peter, who I was," she mourned to herself. "I might have known you'd think I was only playing. Can't I prove it to you, Peter, that I love you? Can't I bring you back to me?"

"This novel's the stuff," growled Belding Gold at the table. "We can write in an explosion too. There's the big punch for you."

"This script is the best I've seen in years," argued the lean Williamson hotly. "It has the cleverest society character I ever want to come across. As for the climax in the last scene—"

"Merrilee!" Belding Gold had turned. "You're keeping seventy million people waiting for your next picture. Everybody in the country's going to see it and go wild about you." In the enthusiasm of the creator, Belding Gold



GOODRICH

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Balloon Cords mean *Extra* cushioning



BALLOON is an apt name for broad-gauge, low-air pressure tires because it implies the cushioning use of the air.

Air is nature's best cushion, and the lower the pressure, the better the cushion.

With their low-air pressure, Goodrich Balloon Cords give the motorist the betterment—the new ease and pleasure—he is always seeking.

It is a special, de luxe service in tires.

Just as riding in a parlor car is more comfortable than riding in a day coach, so riding on Balloon Cords is more comfortable than riding on high-air pressure tires.

Once Goodrich Balloon Cords are on a car, driver and passengers know a positive improvement. It is seen and felt in driving, maintaining, and enjoying the car.

Call on a Goodrich Dealer, and ask him to tell you the latest facts and suggestions on Goodrich Balloon Cords.

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The Goodrich "55" tire is made full size to meet the wishes of the discriminating owner of a light car.

had lost completely the massive presidential manner. "Girl, it's the chance of your lifetime to put it across. The biggest picture of 'em all. And if you don't pick it inside the next ten minutes, we'll do it for you."

Merrilee Ffrench was facing them. A light shone in her eyes; her slim figure quivered with excitement.

"You say everybody in the country will see it?"

"I do." A president's hand crashed impressively on the table by way of proof. "There isn't a Main Street town or a backwoods village we won't put it in. We'll cover the United States with it."

She came to the table and with one finger pointed to the manuscript in the center.

"This one's about ordinary people," she said softly. "It hasn't any railroad wrecks or fires or society drawing-rooms in it. It's just a good love-story."

For the first time in history, Sidney French's hat was tipped so far back on his head that it fell off.

"You bet it is, old kid," he announced. "I wrote that one myself. They don't come much better, if I do say it."

"You want a picture with a punch, don't you? You'll spend a million on it? You've done nothing but look for one with a big climax for me for months?"

"Yes," said three voices in absolute and wrathful unison.

"Then," said Merrilee, "I choose this. And I'm going to put into it just one little scene of my own that I'll play in my own way and nobody else's, or I'll never see it in a picture again. That's what the punch is going to be. There!"

The president of Ajax Pictures heaved a gigantic sigh of relief. His stars were stars indeed.

"Have anything you want, Merrilee. Thank the Lord you've come to your senses. You women almost ruin the business for me once a week."

Five minutes later Merrilee and Sid were alone. "Now," she commanded, "sharpen your pencil and get to work."

"On the job, kid," cried Sid, drawing a sheet of paper to him. "You've picked a real film. But what's the big idea?"

"Sid," said Merrilee dreamily, "I'm going to advertise. I'm going to tell the whole world something."

DIRT and cinders from the roadbed, whirling and stinging upward as the freight bored through the night miles, had turned the face of the new arrival into a black-grained mask. His belt, looped tightly about equally grimed trousers and taken in an extra hole, told its own plain and simple story; scuffed shoes and a broken-brimmed hat published further damning evidence of travel on the brake-beams.

The railroad detective who had him by the arm gave him a determined shake.

"There are too blasted many of you bums rolling into Hollywood," he announced. "I'm going to see personally you get about sixty days."

For a moment the youthful prisoner's glance roved beyond the rails and switches, catching a vista of roofs on which California's sunshine glistened gloriously. A methodical rattling from be-

hind conveyed the information that the string of box-cars from which he had just scrambled was again on its way.

"You'll draw yours," proceeded the law with cheer, "you young hobo. You're the sixth I've nailed in the yards in two days."

What he received in answer was a confident smile that cracked its way through cinders.

"I'm no hobo," said the young man. "I'm an engineer. I've got four thousand dollars in a bank back in Denver. Suppose you let go of my arm."

As a matter of fact, the detective already had done so out of sheer shock. His mouth was decidedly open.

"I happened to be in a hurry, so I caught the first train that came along. I couldn't bother to stop for any money. Look here."

Stubby fingers riffled through a sheaf of papers. They supplied considerable proof that one Peter Haven was a citizen of both promise and standing in his profession. The law scratched his head.

"Well," he remarked, "there's about twenty thousand nuts in this country. I guess you're on the list. Run along, sonny; I'll catch me another one."

WITHIN a minute a taxicab was chugging valiantly along streets of houses just coming awake, through a park feather-wrapped in dew, through a morning young and lyrical with hope. The taxicab sheered off finally to take the gravel of a long driveway, and pulled abruptly up before a low-roofed bungalow; whereupon its passenger plunged out and stormed for the entrance. It was a portal flanked by white columns about which twined the brilliance of flowers, and through which the dancing feet of Merrilee Ffrench tripped daily.

"Jones-e-e-e!" called a little voice from the second floor. "Jones-e-e-e-e! Jones-e-e-e-e-e!"

The tumult from below continued. It ascended the stairway and came down the corridor. Agitated and showing it, Miss Jones bounced into the room and put her back against the door as though to defend it against some terrific onslaught.

"It's a wild man, Miss Merrilee. He says he has to see you. He's pushed by everybody, and now he'll break the door down. He's all cinders and rags. We're calling the police."

"A wild man, Jonesy?" Luxuriously Merrilee stirred her dainty self amid a four-poster's downy elegance. "This isn't one of Sidney's new scenarios?"

"Merrilee!" called a voice from beyond the door. "It's Peter!"

Out from the big bed flashed a slim figure. "Jonesy, quick, my clothes!—Peter—wait—I'm coming!"

SHE faced him in the sunny hallway below—brown eyes glowing, head up, breathing all life and loveliness.

"You've come back, Peter? Oh, Peter, Peter, you took so long!"

He spoke shortly, sharply, as though terrific haste still clutched him. "It wasn't until three nights ago I saw that big picture of yours. It was in one of those mountain towns where I was just in off a six months' job. I went into

a movie and sat down; and then I saw it was you—you—you!"

With curving, rose-soft lips Merrilee smiled at him. "Peter," she said, "you didn't get nearly all the black off while I was dressing."

His hand rose to his chin, where seventy-two hours' growth of stubble clung. "Do you think I care what I look like? I just got up out of that movie-house back there in Colorado and started for you when that scene ripped into me. Merrilee, there you were on the screen, and your sweetheart had broken with you and gone, and you turned and faced the audience and put out your arms. I never saw a look in anybody's eyes like yours. And then the caption came. You know what it was?"

"Yes," she half-whispered. "I wrote it myself. It was: 'Peter, come back to me!'"

"Merrilee, I knew then. I came. Here I am."

"It was the only way," she said softly. "I knew you'd come if you ever saw that picture."

"It was the greatest, most wonderful—"

"It wasn't acting, Peter, that scene. It was just me—wanting you. I put it in myself, and I played it straight into the camera. I made them change the name to yours. I made them build the entire story up to that one point. I was telling the whole world I loved you. Seventy million people have seen me night after night for a long year now, Peter, calling for you. You wouldn't believe me once—"

"I believe you now. I'll throw everything overboard. I'll do or be anything you say. I've said it over and over to myself right across the Rockies and all the Nevada desert. There wasn't a passenger-train that night. So I climbed the first freight and rode the rods. I knew nothing could happen to me. I was coming to you."

"And I've been waiting here for you every minute. I made them spend a million dollars to bring you back to me. Peter, I'm happy now. I'd almost given up hope for the picture with the punch. But today when they come, I'll tell them they're right after all—it's Merrilee Ffrench's biggest, bang-up success. She'll never do another like it so long as she lives."

She swayed just a little toward him, but there came a rustling, entering sound. Crisply spoke the accents of Miss Jones.

"At ten o'clock Mr. Gold and Mr. Williamson will—"

"Jonesy!" blazed Merrilee, stamping. "Tear out every page 'in that wicked notebook but one. Put it down at the top in great big letters—"

Merrilee Ffrench paused. Into her eyes had come the look that seventy million people had seen and thrilled to for twelve lonely months, the look that had lifted a certain doubting Peter out of the spaces of buried dreams and brought him to her headlong.

"In great big letters, Jonesy! The last thing you'll have in your book for me for a long, long time. Somebody else is going to tell me what I'm to do from now on, Jonesy, and I'm going to love it. Put it down:

"High noon, tomorrow."

COMMUNITY PLATE



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A comb GIVEN with every brush

Pyralin Start-a-Set Sale *June 2-7*



Gifts that women love

FROM June 2 to 7, the leading merchants in your locality will give away a genuine, trade-marked Pyralin comb to match each hair brush you buy.

This is your opportunity to start a set of the most popular of all toileware for some one dear to you—or to add to it if she already has one started.

June days are gift days. What more pleasing and graceful gift to a woman than Pyralin Toiletware with its life-long beauty and usefulness?

Go to the merchant in your locality who advertises this "Start-a-Set" Sale. See the wide range of beautiful patterns and articles. Identify genuine Pyralin by the name-stamp on each piece. There is a small charge for decoration, if desired.

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THE JUNE BRIDE
will love these dainty toilet things for her new home. For anniversaries, too.



FOR MEN
A free comb given away with every pair of military brushes.



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will appreciate for years to come the set started at Commencement time.



FOR JUNE BIRTHDAYS
nothing can surpass a gift of Pyralin—so useful for vacation trips.



PEPPER'S GHOST

(Continued from page 89)

is that that makes your story most convincing. If I may say so, Mr. Joel, it is the first time that I have ever heard you admit that anything on the earth or in the depths of the sea puzzled you, frightened you, or even made you pause and think."

He picked up a penholder and began to tap the desk in front of him meditatively; after a while he shifted around in his chair and faced his father-in-law again.

"MR. JOEL," he said thoughtfully, "that's a curious story. Coming from anyone but you, and told, even by you, in any other way but the way you've told it, I would be inclined to laugh at it. Here's the gist of it. You are walking along a street, a man joins you, and suddenly shows his face, and you are overcome by an instant and inexplicable horror. As I take it, the actual encounter meant little to you—it is this inexplicable horror that is puzzling. There are half a dozen matter-of-fact explanations for such an incident, but I believe you've disposed of them. Besides, there are three little details you have not mentioned and, as is usually the case with details, they constitute the real proof of what you say. The man wasn't a beggar who'd lost his nerve, nor a footpad who'd lost his nerve; nor was he a drunkard nor a maniac. He wasn't even an anarchist following a prosperous mill-owner. Nor was he, the most obvious explanation, a figment of your imagination."

"I don't know, but I am quite sure that you have never had nerves, nor ever will have them, and three weeks ago you told me you had had your annual physical examination and had been pronounced as right as a trivet. As you spend money on such things and employ experts, I suppose your eyes and glands and stomach, the most common sources of delusion, are in good condition. At all events, this is not important; the three little details I referred to prove your case without further argument. I will call your attention to them. In the first place, this was not the first time you have had this experience; in the second place, instead of going to the police or hiring a detective, you come to me, whom, although I am your son-in-law, you secretly hate and fear; and in the third place, although you saw this man's face clearly, you are not especially willing to describe it. Would you care to have me elaborate?"

"Yes," whispered Mr. Joel, an expression of respectful fear taking the place of the unnatural fear in his eyes.

"Well," resumed Prebbles, picking up the penholder again, "you didn't look back because, although you had heard these footsteps once or twice before—"

"Three times," interpolated Mr. Joel, "all within the past week."

"Because, although you had heard these footsteps three times, all within the past week, you were still arguing with yourself that they were a delusion, and you were still trying to stifle your fears with that argument when, this time, they caught up with you again and by the very

repetition of the incident convinced you that where you were concerned, at least, they were all too real. And yet, such is the curious construction of the human mind, although you knew them to be real, although you would take your oath they were real, being an urban man, a man who resents the mystery of the wide world and the two-legged creatures who inhabit it, you were ashamed to tell this story to anyone else but myself, lest you be thought insane. Don't worry, Mr. Joel. You have chosen the right man. That's the last thing I would think about you. Moreover, not being an urban man and having seen many curious and out-of-the-way things, I am always inclined to accept mystery at its face value—to believe that in nine cases out of ten it's even more mysterious than the telling of it. I may call your attention, and the attention of your skeptical playmates, to the fact that you have all recently lived through an inexplicable fantasy greater than any man's imagination could invent. I am referring to the late war. I might also call your attention to the fact that every Sunday, that is, if you believe at all, you subscribe to mysteries unfathomable and profound. And as to what the human mind is capable of, no one has as yet discovered. You will pardon my lecturing. The modern business man so much needs just this kind of talk. However, I will return to my subject."

"You did not, therefore, go to the police or hire a detective, but came to me. There are, however, two more reasons why you did not go to the police; the first is, that you—and you don't know why, but you do—fear publicity, and the second is, that you would not have this man arrested for anything in the world. Again you don't know why you feel this way, but you do. Furthermore, you are an obstinate man; you wished to solve this problem for yourself. You became angry. You deliberately didn't go home in your motor tonight, and made some excuse to stay late at the mill in order to invite once more this unwelcome companionship and either convince yourself it was a delusion or else discover what the man, or the thing, wanted. But you can't face the final moment—no, that's the point. However, you would have kept on doing this thing night after night if tonight the utter terror of the meeting had not finally overcome you and if also you had not been suddenly overtaken by a realization that this same companionship might be the most dangerous thing that had ever come into your life. Is all that true, Mr. Joel?"

Mr. Joel's voice was like a small wind running under dried leaves. "Yes," he whispered. And then he sat up straighter in his chair, suddenly suspicious. "How did you guess all this?" he asked.

PREBBLES smiled. "I have known you ten years, Mr. Joel," he returned. "And besides, having been a sailor, I was taught in a school where instead of thinking how much you can make out of a man, you constantly think how much and what he has made out of himself. You learn a great deal that way. And now—"

He leaned forward suddenly and held Mr. Joel with his eyes. "What did this man look like? Who is he? That is the third detail. Why do you hesitate to describe him?"

Mr. Joel wriggled uncomfortably and tried to avoid his son-in-law's glance; he also tried to temporize. "Will," he said admiringly, "this is really quite marvelous—you'd have been a wonderful detective yourself, wouldn't you?"

But Prebbles, ordinarily the most amiable of men, refused to relax one iota of his rigidity. He tossed his head slightly like a swimmer who wishes to see the horizon above unexpected spray, and continued his harsh questioning. "Who was this man, Mr. Joel? What did he look like?"

Mr. Joel sprang to his feet with an exclamation as if the interview was becoming too much for him and began to pace up and down the room; now in the shadow, now in the light, his reflection staining the wall behind him with the soft impalpability of the wings of a creeping bat. "Even you'll think me crazy," he groaned. "I tell you," he asserted, and no one could doubt his sincerity, "I don't know. I wish I did. If I did, I would tell you. But you are right in saying it is curious, and you are right in saying that, although I don't know why, I don't want people to know about it, and for some insane reason I want to protect this fellow. No, I don't want him arrested."

HE paused in his striding, and placing both hands on the edge of the desk, peered down at Prebbles. "Will," he said, with a twisted and solemn face, "I've seen that man four times. I know every line of him. If he came into this room I could identify him immediately. But so help me God, I can't tell you who he is or what he wants of me. But that isn't the curious part of it—that isn't curious at all—if that was the end of it, I'd be talking to a detective now instead of bothering you. The curious part of it, the point of the whole thing"—Mr. Joel drew himself up and cocked his thumb and index finger like a pudgy prophet—"is that although I don't know who this man is, I have a feeling all the time that I *do* know who he is. As far as I can remember, I've never seen him before in my life, yet underneath what I know is the truth, there seems to be another contradictory truth that is even truer still. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly," said Prebbles. "Why not?"

"As if," continued Mr. Joel, "although I had never actually seen him, I had always known him intimately; as if somewhere and somehow I'd seen his face again and again and knew it as well as my own."

"Do you know your own face?" interposed Prebbles.

"Why of course. Naturally."

"You're a very exceptional person, then," commented Prebbles. "Go on."

"As if," resumed Mr. Joel, beginning to stride up and down the room again,



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"It was a face I had known in my sleep but always until now had forgotten when I waked. And that's what scares me. You see, every time I hear him coming up behind me, I say, 'Now don't be a fool. This fellow is a crank. All you have to do is to look at him steadily, and if necessary call the police.' And it's all very well—that's the way I feel—until he lifts his hat, and then all of a sudden I go cold all over, lose my head, don't know what I do. Like jumping into ice-water, like being burned. All of a sudden—all over you. I want to run; I want to yell. And there's no reason for it. I don't understand it. He's got quite an ordinary face." Mr. Joel pulled out a pocket handkerchief and dabbed at his mouth and brow. "You believe me, Will, don't you?" he asked. "You don't think this is all nonsense? You know I'm telling you the truth?"

"Oh, yes," Prebbles assented without much interest. "I've told you that already several times. Now you go over and sit down again and describe to me just as calmly as you can this 'ordinary face,' this face you know so well. Just forget your own reactions and tell me."

MR. JOEL did as he was ordered, although it was one of the moments when rising respect and admiration for his son-in-law were rudely shattered and driven back to original hatred. Underneath everything, Prebbles was a cold-blooded lout. A dry Scotchman! Mr. Joel considered himself a more than ordinarily restrained man, but he remembered a good many occasions when, getting a trifle excited, as any decent man will, about reform, or the viciousness of other people, or the virtues of wealth, Prebbles had answered him in much the same dampening way. An unnatural fellow, Prebbles.

"He's a medium-sized man," he said sullenly from his chair. "Heavy. About my build and, I imagine, about my age. Has a clean-shaven, high-colored face and full lips, and reddish-brown stiff hair. His hair comes down along his cheeks a little and his eyes—"

"Are gray and bulging," said Prebbles suddenly. He whistled softly. "This," he murmured, "becomes exceedingly interesting."

"Yes," faltered Mr. Joel, "but how did you know?"

"A picture-puzzle, Mr. Joel," retorted Prebbles. "You supplied all the missing parts but one; I supplied that." He put the tips of his fingers under his nose again and leaned back in his chair. "Well, Mr. Joel," he continued quietly, "we've about eliminated all the unnecessary clauses of your story; we're coming down, I think, to the least common denominator. You don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

Mr. Joel laughed for the first time during the interview. "No," he said, but not altogether convincingly.

PREBBLES smiled too. "No," he agreed, "I didn't suppose so. However, being a Kelt myself, I'm not so sure. That is to say, actually, I don't believe in them, but if ever I were to run across one, the very first thing I'd say to myself would be, 'Exactly! This is what I've been expecting all my life!'"

In this case, none the less, I think we can eliminate them until all other clues fail—eliminate the ordinary sort of ghost, I mean. I've an idea, anyway, that no autonomous ghost would choose to haunt Philadelphia after he'd lived there all his life—he'd pick out some more romantic spot. But there are other ghosts—some of them inside a man—Mr. Joel, much more dangerous, as we all know, than any poor pitiful thing that's dead. Also, there are living ghosts that come up out of the past to haunt us. Now, I want you to answer my questions with absolute frankness—is there living today any person who hates you so much that he or she would go to considerable trouble, perhaps considerable risk, to annoy you or do you harm? I want the final truth, please."

For a moment or two Mr. Joel was thoughtful. "No," he said finally, raising his head. "No, I think I can honestly say that there is no such person alive who would feel as deeply as all that. Of course I've been a business man, and I suppose I've got a good many enemies, but—"

"No woman?" asked Prebbles.

Mr. Joel flushed. "There's no need—" he began angrily.

"There is every need," Prebbles' voice was cold and sharp. "No woman, Mr. Joel?"

Mr. Joel bowed his head.

"No," he whispered brokenly, "no woman—not any longer. I am an old man; I've always been generous to them."

"All right, Mr. Joel," Prebbles said, "I needn't bother you any more. I've got the facts I think. Tomorrow night, especially if there's a fog, will you do exactly what you did tonight? Will you stay late at the mill, that is, and then walk slowly toward the car-line? Good. Oh no, don't worry. You'll be perfectly safe. There will be friends watching every movement you make. Good night. Would you like a little drop of brandy? Very well, then, I'll see that your car is called for you."

"But you aren't going to tell me what you think!" exclaimed Mr. Joel pitifully.

"Why should I?" asked Prebbles coldly. "You haven't by any means told me all you know about your own past. Why should I? I'll tell you when I'm quite ready, Mr. Joel."

WHEN his father-in-law was gone, Prebbles rang a bell and requested that his chauffeur, Hornsby, who had left Mrs. Prebbles at the opera and had returned to the house for an hour or two, be sent up to him. Presently that dark-gaitered, well-built young man appeared.

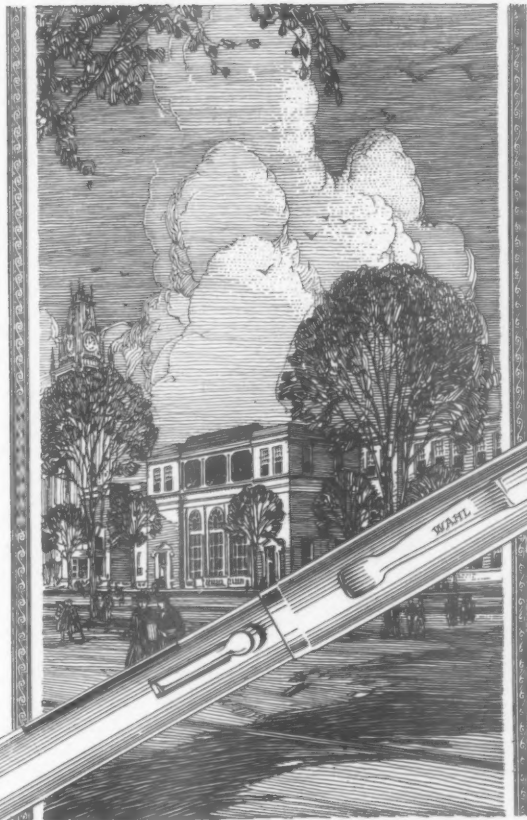
"Sit down, John," said Prebbles, "and light a cigarette. Yes, close the door. It's rot, but Summers or one of the maids might see us, and then they'd be shocked. Have you ever been a detective?"

"No sir," replied Hornsby, with a strong City of London accent.

"Well, you're one now. I want you to give all of tomorrow afternoon and night to me, also tomorrow morning. In the morning you're to go to Kensington—know where that is?—and taking a radius of one block—no, two would be better—around Mr. Joel's mill, find out just how many private houses there are and who



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lives in each one. There aren't very many. At twelve o'clock report to me at my office with your information and I will decide what to do. Meanwhile, I will tell you exactly the story that has just been told to me."

HORNSBY listened in silence, smoothing the top of his salt-and-pepper uniform cap. When his employer had finished he looked up and made a clicking sound with his tongue.

"Some one, or something, has certainly got it in for the old gent, 'aven't they?" he ejaculated.

"They most certainly have," agreed Prebbles. He reflected. "Odd, how curiously sinister that word 'something' can become under certain circumstances."

Prebbles, as has been said, had engaged in many occupations before settling down to the occupation of banking; he had even once or twice been a man-hunter, and he knew—and was ashamed of it—the thrill of that most beastly but most exciting of sports. But about these former occasions there had been nothing intricate—a Guatemalan negro pursued through the jungle, a Philippine *ladrone* shot at the top of a ridge at dawn. There had been nothing mental about these incidents; they had been crude and open as a whitewashed wall spattered with blood. The case of his father-in-law was entirely different, and the fact that it seemed an undertaking of real mercy and justice hushed whatever shame Prebbles might have felt over the release of primitive and long-dormant emotions. But he was greatly excited, none the less. He found it difficult to transact, with the necessary calmness, the business of the following half-day of work. He realized, as he had often realized before, that he was a man of action, or, the reverse side of the shield of action, an artist. Ordinary life was not thrilling enough for him. He had actually to be engaged in, or else thinking about, unusual events. Probably that was the reason why, being a banker, he was such a good one.

At five minutes before twelve Hornsby reported. He had a little dirty notebook and a stub of a pencil, and his smart chauffeur's uniform had been replaced by the garb of a young mill-hand seeking lodgings.

"There are seven 'ouses in them blocks, Mr. Prebbles," he announced, "and that's all. The rest is mills. And there are three 'ouses—dirty little brick uns—just around the corner from Mr. Joel's. One is empty; one 'as a workman and 'is family in it, and one's a boarding-'ouse."

"Splendid!" sighed Prebbles.

"In the boarding-'ouse," continued Hornsby, "there's four lodgers—she 'as one vacant room. It's kep' by a Mrs. Mackensie. There's two girls that works in a candy-shop down on the main street, and there's a young fellow named Patrick Ryan—e's a clerk—and then there's an elderly bloke Mrs. Mackensie don't know much about. 'E's been there only a little while and 'is name is William Smith."

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"Has Mrs. Mackensie overheard any of Mr. Smith's recitations?" asked Prebbles.

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"Good Lord," said Prebbles, with an awed note in his voice, "*Hamlet!* This thing becomes stranger and stranger, John. We'll go home now and get lunch, and afterward we'll go up and see Mr. Smith and, if he isn't in, his room. You can change your story a little; you've taken a job as a chauffeur and I'm your solicitous employer."

"I don't 'ave to change it," amended Hornsby. "I never tell stories. They trip you up."

AT luncheon in his own home, his lovely wife radiant behind silver urns and pots of tea and hot water, Prebbles, much to the wounding of feelings prepared for gayety, was uncommunicative. He spoke only three or four times and then cryptically.

"Anita," he asked irreverently, "has there ever been in your family a relative or a very near friend who has dropped out mysteriously—a sort of black sheep, as it were? Anything like that?"

Mrs. Prebbles knit her brows. "I once had an uncle," she said, "but he's been dead a long while. At least, several years ago when I tried to look him up secretly all I could find out was that he probably had died. It was rather a shame."

"What was a shame?"

"Well, I'm rather hazy about the details—it all happened when I was very young—but I think he was an actor, or a minstrel, or something, and the family was very much ashamed of him. He ran away from home. And when my grandfather died he cut him off in his will, although there was a wife and some children. I've always thought my father should have provided for him. It's a pity."

"Exactly!" exclaimed Prebbles, using his favorite ejaculation. He had risen from the table and was staring at his wife, his blue eyes hard as mountain lakes. "Well, I must go now—Curious!" He lowered his voice and seemed



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to be addressing himself. "There are only two forms of desperate and never relinquished hates, aren't there?—hate that survives even death, perhaps—and both of them are substitutions for balked or disappointed love. If you really want to make a dangerous enemy, make one of some one who has your blood in his or her veins, or mishandle a woman who has given you a great affection— Good-by. I won't be back for dinner. Business." And he left the room, leaving, for a moment or so, his most loving wife wondering if by any chance he could possibly be referring to her in the last part of his speech.

SO, in that most excellent and succinct modern phrase, "that's that," and there's little else to bother about until half-past eight of the night of the same day when, according to instructions, Mr. Joel, having kept overtime two bored and disgusted clerks and having finally dismissed them, let himself out of the great bulk of his mill, where a few feeble lights burned, into the mystery of another fog-swept blackness.

Prebbles and Hornsby had visited Mrs. Mackensie that afternoon and, Mr. Smith being out, Prebbles had evinced a tremendous desire to see every room in the house and had been shown them garrulously by Mrs. Mackensie, who was proud of her Scotch cleanliness amidst such unfavorable surroundings.

In Mr. Smith's bare and chilly room, Prebbles had lingered only a minute—just long enough to glance at some faded photographs on the bureau and open a drawer or two to see the space afforded. No one noticed him slipping a little red-covered book into his pocket.

Afterward, he and Hornsby, having several hours to dispose of, had gone to a "movie," where they had seen Hattie Hastings Hunter, "the world's younger sister," in "Mother Love," a crashing, gripping, devastating exposition of the deepest and tenderest of human motives; and emerging about seven o'clock with faces curiously placid for men who had been subjected to such passionate art, they dined slowly and pleasantly in a near-by restaurant.

"John," said Prebbles philosophically, "you have a much more fascinating life than I have. Mine used to be fascinating, but not any longer. There is no feeling in the world like the feeling of being lost in a big city like a needle in a haystack with the chance that at any moment something may pick you up."

"Some one, you mean," corrected Hornsby.

"Well, something or some one. It's really not a bit of fun being rich. It's just the opposite from sailing. The higher you go, the smaller your horizon. But it's lots of fun being poor and knowing that some day you're going to be rich."

"That's the one thing the poor never do know," replied Hornsby, not at all philosophical.

WHEN they had finished their dinner they came out into the main street again, and Prebbles looked at his watch. It was ten minutes past eight. "Just time to walk," he said, and set off eastward.

With the evening, the gray February day had sunk its head again into a lake of fog that rolled up in quiet waves along the narrow streets and made the electric lights look like luminous fish swimming in the opaqueness of the upper waters. Prebbles buttoned tightly the collar of his greatcoat. "You stand here, John," he said, when they had come to the second of the intersecting streets. "So—in the shadow of that doorway. When we come along—I will be the last of the three—fall in right behind me. You've got your gun? All right. Don't attempt to use it unless I call to you." He disappeared into the darkness.

Hornsby listened to his diminishing footsteps until they died away in the distance and the street was utterly quiet again. The moisture gathered on the cornice of the doorway in which Hornsby stood and every now and then collected into a drop that fell with a soft splash. Out in the river two steamers broke into hoarse bellowing like blinded bulls, and then Hornsby, man of excellent nerves as he was, started and peered at the mist to the left. The mist had taken on solidity, was moving, had turned into a short, heavy-set man in a fur coat walking with a rapidity and an intentness that in itself was arresting; and just back of the first short, heavy-set man was another short, heavy-set man walking with equal haste.

"Gor!" said Hornsby to himself.

THE two figures passed through the radius of visibility and disappeared again into the fog. Hornsby waited impatiently for the huge apparition of his employer. A minute passed, two, before Prebbles, striding furiously, came into sight.

"Quick!" he called in a whisper, without pausing. "Hurry up! Did you see them? That damn fool didn't come out of the door I told him to, but another one. I almost lost them until I heard their footsteps. I don't want to run—that would make too much noise."

But abruptly he did run, with a long, tireless stride, Hornsby behind him, and he cried out, "Great Heavens!" for somewhere ahead in the enveloping fog there had come a sharp terrified yelp, like that of a dog being stepped on, and this had been followed by the sound of scurrying feet.

"Spread out!" commanded Prebbles. "Catch that beggar if he comes this way. Keep your ears open for their footsteps; don't lose them if you can help it."

In this manner, running fast, but not so fast as to drown other sounds, they burst from the blindness of the side street into the blurred illumination of the main thoroughfare. A policeman, standing by a mail-box, eyed them curiously.

"Did two men come by here a moment ago in a hurry?" asked Prebbles.

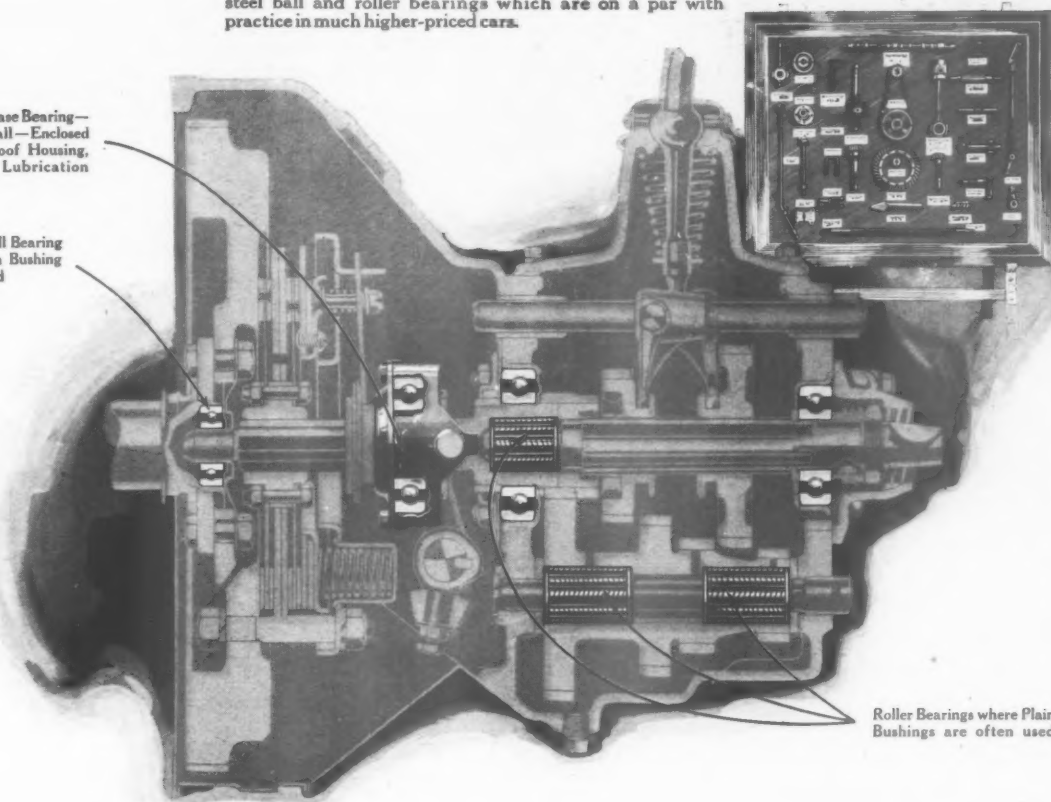
The policeman opened his mouth and then, catching sight of Prebbles' face and excellent clothes, partially closed it. "Yes sir," he said. "Two elderly gents. One caught a trolley on the swing—I thought he'd hurt himself—and the other picked up a passing taxi. Why, is there anything wrong?"

"Oh no," replied Prebbles; "it's only my father-in-law and a friend. —Come along, John, we'll get the car. There's the garage right over there, isn't it?"

The parts-displays which our dealers are showing exhibit the transmission shafts, the gears, and the chrome nickel steel ball and roller bearings which are on a par with practice in much higher-priced cars.

Clutch Release Bearing—
Annular Ball—Enclosed
in Dust-proof Housing,
with Dual Lubrication

Annular Ball Bearing
where Plain Bushing
is often used



Roller Bearings where Plain
Bushings are often used

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But at point after point the Hupmobile displays quality identical with cars of topmost cost.

The Hupmobile clutch and transmission are a striking instance.

They are equipped throughout with roller and annular ball bearings of chrome-nickel steel, while plain bushings are common practice in many cases—as the tables show.

These things are hidden away from sight, and the owner rarely if ever needs to give them a thought.

Satisfaction—downright and complete—is what the buyer wants when he chooses the Hupmobile; and it is our business to build our car so that he is *sure* of getting it.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

Graphic Comparisons That Help to Prove Why Hupmobile is So Well Worth its Price

Table No. 1, printed in italics, represents the highest-priced cars in America. You will note how closely the Hupmobile follows their high-quality practice, as evidenced by the type of transmission bearings. Table No. 2 shows cars in the Hupmobile price field. You see at a glance how much better Hupmobile construction is; and why the Hupmobile is noted for longer life and freedom from trouble. Plain bushings, usually made of bronze, listed so frequently below, are the least expensive and the shortest-lived of all bearings. All these Hupmobile annular ball and roller bearings are costly, long-lasting chrome nickel steel.

	Clutch Gear Shaft Front Bearing	Transmission Main Shaft Front Bearing	Counter Shaft Gear Bearing	Clutch Release Bearing	
Table No. 1 Hupmobile	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Annular ball</i>	Hupmobile, in order to make sure that the clutch release bearing is sufficiently and continuously lubricated, without depending entirely on good intentions and the use of a hand grease gun every 500 or 1000 miles, provides dual lubrication. Automatic and ample lubrication is had from the transmission through a specially drilled hole in the clutch gear shaft, the grease being retained in the dust-proof housing of the clutch release bearing. In addition, a means for pressure grease gun lubrication is also provided.
Car No. 1	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Special housed</i>	
Car No. 2	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Special housed</i>	
Car No. 3	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Special housed</i>	
Car No. 4	<i>Annular ball</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Plain bushing</i>	<i>Special housed</i>	
Car No. 5	<i>Plain bushing</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Roller</i>	<i>Special housed</i>	
Table No. 2					
Car No. 1	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball	
Car No. 2	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain thrust	
Car No. 3	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball	
Car No. 4	Annular ball	Plain bushing	Roller	Plain ball	
Car No. 5	Roller	Roller	Plain bushing	Plain housed in clutch	
Car No. 6	Roller	Roller	Roller	Plain housed in clutch	
Car No. 7	Roller	Roller	Plain bushing	Plain ball	
Car No. 8	Roller	Roller	Roller	Plain ball	
Car No. 9	Plain bushing	Roller	Plain bushing	Plain ball	
Car No. 10	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball	
Car No. 11	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball	
Car No. 12	Annular ball	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball	
Car No. 13	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Roller	Plain housed in clutch	Dual lubrication means quick, silent and positive gear shifting and a soft gradual clutch engagement which increases flexibility.
Car No. 14	Annular ball	Roller	Plain bushing	Plain housed in clutch	
Car No. 15	Plain bushing	Roller	Plain bushing	Plain ball	
Car No. 16	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain bushing	Plain ball	

Single lubrication (usually by pressure grease gun only) though far less efficient, is common practice.



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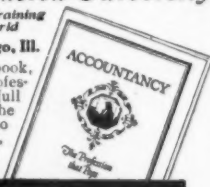
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Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

And when you drive, drive as fast as the fog will let you."

When he had the wheel in his hand, Hornsby spoke once.

"I'd like to know," he said, "who caught the trolley and who caught the taxi."

"So would I," agreed Prebbles, "although it isn't important. But I imagine as Mr. Joel was in the lead, he was the first to leave."

THREE quarters of an hour later the car stopped before Mr. Joel's large gray stone house and Prebbles and Hornsby sprang out and dashed up the steps. Mr. Joel's butler, a man as elderly and red-faced and preternaturally grave as his master, answered the bell. The quiet atmosphere of the brilliantly lighted hall enveloped him with a radiant robe.

"Is Mr. Joel in, Turner?" asked Prebbles breathlessly.

The man pursed his lips.

"Yes sir," he said slowly; "that is to say, sir, I don't understand, Mr. Prebbles. And if Mr. Joel wasn't so strict about such things, I'd have been up to look."

"What don't you understand?" demanded Prebbles.

"Well, it's this way, sir. Fifteen minutes or so ago, Mr. Joel let himself in with his key—I saw him from the back hall, sir, going upstairs, and it wasn't five minutes—I know for I looked at the clock—before the bell rang and there was Mr. Joel again, sir, dressed different, but Mr. Joel, standing on the front steps. He brushed past me and went upstairs."

"And they—and he, is upstairs now?"

"Yes sir, in the library."

Prebbles called back to Hornsby. "Come on, John!" he cried. "There isn't a minute to lose."

He pushed Turner out of the way, took the flight of stairs at a run, and hurled himself along the hall on the second floor toward the closed door of the library. For a second, with his hand on the knob, he listened. There was not a sound. He turned the knob and went in.

The magnificent room, with its serried bookcases, slept in silence. A coal fire threw a red glare out to meet the soft light of the big lamp on the central table. On the latter were also some Gloire de Dijon roses in a silver vase, a large photograph of Anita Prebbles, and a stack of mail neatly arranged.

Prebbles turned his head slowly from right to left.

"I'm afraid," he said, "we're too late."

He waved his hand.

Sitting to one side of the desk in a big chair, his head fallen back, his mouth open, was Mr. Joel, and facing him in another big chair, his arms hanging limply on either side of him, his head fallen forward, was Mr. Joel again. The first Mr. Joel was dressed in a dark and well-cut suit, the second Mr. Joel in a suit of shabby blue.

"Gor!" said Hornsby. "Are we crazy?"

PREBBLES went over to the second Mr. Joel and stooping down, picked up a revolver from the floor beside him; then he looked at the second Mr. Joel's chest, where a dark stain spread out, and finally leaned over and examined carefully the dead man's face. He lifted

one of the little side-whiskers that came halfway down the cheek.

"It's just as I thought," he said, stepping back. He faced about. "Those whiskers are pasted on."

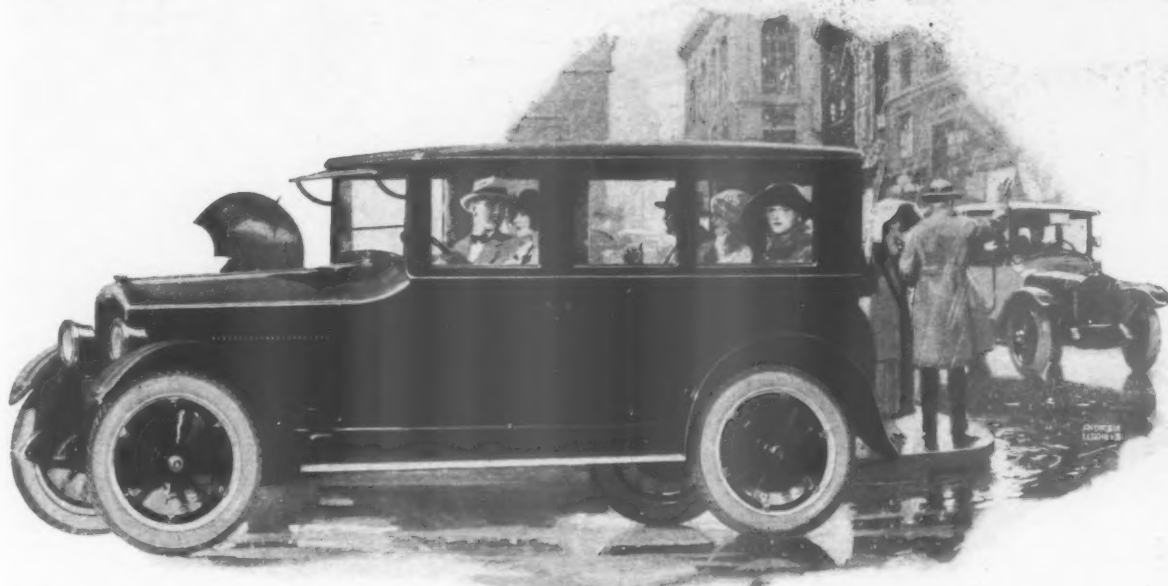
He waved his hand again toward the two relaxed figures. "This unfortunate gentleman," he said, indicating the figure on the right, "is my father-in-law Mr. Rutter Joel; this unfortunate gentleman"—he waved to the left—"is his younger brother Mr. William Joel. This afternoon I got hold of his diary. Mr. William Joel was an actor and was disinherited. Six months ago his daughter died—a lack of proper medical supervision, I judge. Mr. William Joel had previously come to see his brother, whom he had not seen for thirty years, and had been treated with abuse. I dare say he went a little mad, from sorrow and indignation, as elderly gentlemen, perhaps especially actors, are likely to do. At all events, he conceived a most curious and original revenge. I suppose somewhere he had heard—perhaps it was a flash of genius—that the most horrible thing that could happen to a man would be for him to meet himself—the ghost of himself, the exact reproduction of himself, his conscience in material shape. Well, that's the horror he saved for his brother." Prebbles clenched his fist and shook it with the impatience of desperation. "I told Mr. Joel to tell me the whole truth," he said, "and you see, he didn't."

HE went over to the first Mr. Joel and stared down at him. "Apoplexy," he commented. "I don't know what we're going to do about it. There'll be some scandal, no matter what we do. And I don't exactly know what we could have done even if this hadn't happened. You can't very well arrest a man for merely looking at another. But as a mere psychological question, what I would like to know is whether Mr. William Joel shot himself first and Mr. Rutter Joel died subsequently, or whether Mr. Rutter Joel died first and Mr. William Joel followed by shooting himself when, his purpose accomplished, he found life no longer stimulating. The latter is the obvious explanation, but I am inclined to believe it is not the correct one."

Prebbles paused and stared across the desk into the shadows, an odd abstracted look in his eyes, as if somewhere at the edge of the room he was seeing figures and actions not visible to Hornsby.

"No," he said meditatively. "No, even up to the end it was more dreadful and intricate than that. No, Mr. William Joel came in and sat down and never spoke a word. I can see them sitting there, looking at each other. And then a final flash of intuition came to Mr. William Joel and he knew that if he killed himself, in some confused, misty, inhuman way his brother would think he was seeing the panorama of his own death. Horrible, isn't it? He probably chuckled as he did it. And that was the end. But sooner or later it would have been the end anyhow." Prebbles raised his head. "There're not many of us," he added, "and especially not many Mr. Joels, who could stand seeing ourselves and survive it."

IN ALL THE WORLD NO CAR LIKE THIS



Enclosed Comfort—Joyous “Pep”

CONSIDER the fun your family could have with this Jewett Sedan. Independence of travel, day or night—and year 'round comfort, too. Seats five adults in restful ease. Luxurious appointments make a smart setting for any occasion.

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SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET

(Continued from page 85)

possible. For Polly had come back. The truth that would set Joan free might deliver Jack to Polly. That should never happen—never.

Polly's condition was very disturbing. She had, it seemed, completely lost her hold on the essentials of happiness. What was to be done about her, Heaven only knew—rest, first, to restore her, the counsel, perhaps, of a physician, and the support of friendly advice. Joan was a little bewildered by the new responsibility, uncertain as to the exact claims of her duty.

She glanced at her wrist-watch and went to the door of Polly's bedroom, opening it softly. The air was heavy, in spite of the opened window, with the odor of stale cigarette smoke, and something else subtly oppressive, with which Joan was unfamiliar. Polly stirred as Joan came into the room, drawing the curtains to let in the light.

"It's almost noon," said Joan. "Don't you feel like getting up?"

"Oh, yes—I suppose so." Polly turned in bed and stretched an arm. "I'm so tired! I don't seem ever to get sleep enough."

Joan glanced at the phial among the litter of cigarette stubs on the bed-stand, but said nothing.

"It's a nice day, isn't it?" said Polly, raising herself to one elbow and staring out. "I've never been in this place before."

"Lovely," replied Joan cheerfully. And then with a glance at Polly's disordered bag, which still contained the remnants of her belongings: "I thought we might have something to eat, and then go out and do some shopping."

Polly sat straight up in bed, fingering her tousled hair.

"Oh, that would be lovely! It's so kind of you, Joan. You see—everything is black from the railroad. And I haven't literally a clean stitch to put on."

"Naturally. But I can lend you things. And there are some excellent shops here. You'll need a suit, and something for the evening, and a hat or two."

Polly was wide awake now. She reached for a cigarette and lighted it, then groped with a foot for her slippers.

"Shall I draw your bath?" asked Joan. "And what will you have for breakfast?"

"Just coffee, thanks. I don't eat much breakfast. What a pretty kimono!"

"Do you like it? Blue was always my color."

"It's lovely. And it becomes you so well, darling."

Joan drew the bath and paused at the door as she went out. "I'll bring you some underthings. They'll be a trifle large, but they'll do until we can buy some."

"Thanks."

Before Joan had finished dressing, Jack came into her room. He was full of the great venture of the chair-ride, and babbled of ponies on the beach, merry-go-rounds, and toy-shops full of the most marvelous things. Mademoiselle Dupuy had bought him a "bow-n'-arrow" with which he was prepared to do prodigious feats of distance and accuracy. Joan

caught him in her arms for a big hug, and he kissed her excitedly.

"It's a wonderful place, Maman!" he cried. "A street all made of boards as long as anything, wif houses out over the water, all full of lions and tigers and trained seals that play baseball, and men that walk upside down—an'—an' a darky band. Never was such a place. I want you to come out wif me and see."

"Of course, dear. This afternoon. Not now. You've got to take a rest. I have to go out with Aunt Polly."

"Aunt Polly!" he muttered rebelliously. "Why do you have to go out with Aunt Polly?"

"We have to do some shopping."

He considered the matter solemnly.

"I don't see why she had to come wif us, anyway."

"Sh, Jack!" whispered Joan with another guilty thrill. "You must be very nice to poor Aunt Polly. She's not very well."

"Oh! But I don't see why she couldn't stay home and be sick."

The child mind, sincere, unequivocal, had dared to speak Joan's secret thought.

POLLY at last emerged from her bedroom, the completed product of every restorative device. There was a spark of anticipation in her eyes, and with her toilet carefully made by means of Joan's borrowed plumage, she gave Joan a distinct sense of rejuvenescence in the new and luxurious setting that had been provided. She responded as Jack had done to the gayety of the scene, commenting with scarcely less enthusiasm upon the various attractions that were exhibited or advertised. They moved from one shop-window to another, at last entering a place that had been highly recommended. Suits, waists, sport-skirts, hats, evening frocks and wraps were brought forth from cases by statuesque creatures with expressionless faces and tongues glib to the use of smart superlatives.

And Polly expanded. She blossomed like a faded rosebud at the touch of warmth and moisture. The trying on of hats and frocks seemed to give her a real joy that made her forget all of her troubles. The flattering comments of the attendants pleased her, and she laughed a great deal at the fact that the things that became her most were always the most expensive. If Joan had any mental reservations, she interposed no objections to Polly's taste, which was, she saw, for things more conspicuous than she herself would have chosen to wear.

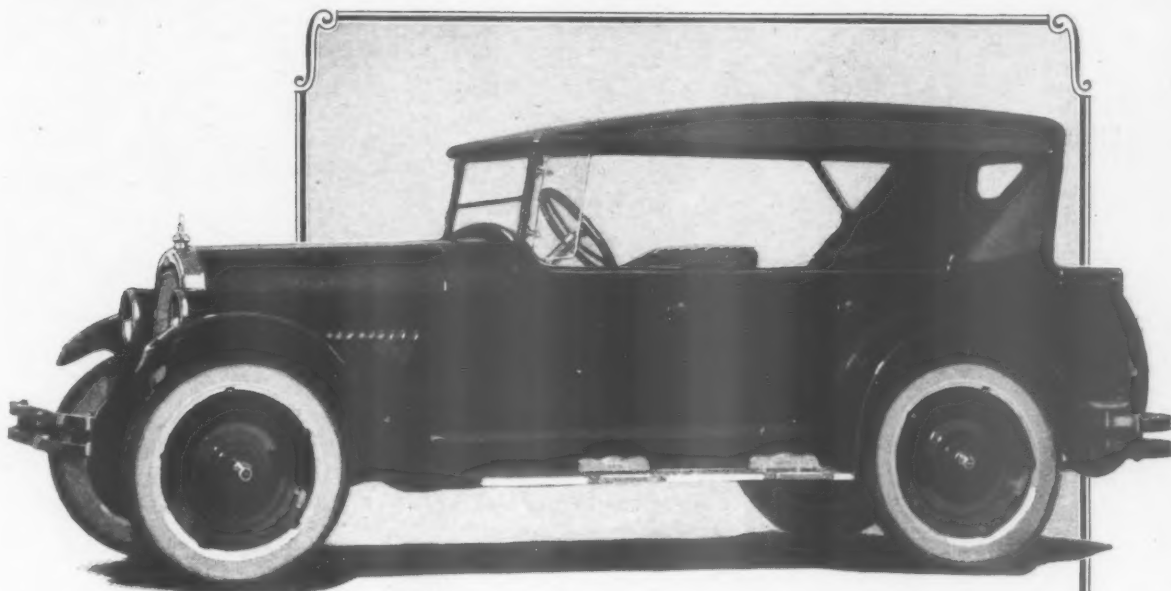
"Joan dear, of course they're not your style," said Polly, aware of her silence. "You have a certain dignity."

"Oh, I understand," said Joan in good humor. "Call me old-maidish if you like. I know I am."

"No, not that exactly—though you are prim—just a little, aren't you? But you see, I'm more of the ingénue type—blonde and fluffy; and I need color."

"Choose what you like, then, dear."

So Polly chose three hats, a suit, a sport-skirt, two evening dresses, a wrap, and a miscellaneous assortment of underthings,



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THE passing days of sunshine seemed to work a magic with the invalid. She had not been submissive when Joan had taken away her bottle of "medicine." It had been a moment for severity, and Joan had not spared her words. There had been an angry light in Polly's eyes, but Joan's will was the stronger. In spite of Polly's protests, she had dropped into the sea the medicine that was drugging her sister. Heroic treatment, productive of moods petulant, surly and morose. But it was effective. For three days Joan watched her and gave her no money. The drug was not to be obtained even in small doses without the prescription of a doctor, and Joan saw that Polly did not elude her. She noticed that she smoked many cigarettes and drank much coffee, but by the end of the week she was sleeping well and had gained in weight.

Perhaps Joan would not have been so tranquil in her relationship with Polly if Jack's future had seemed in any way jeopardized. And it was a striking commentary on Joan's earlier fears that the boy had taken a strange and unaccountable antipathy to his "Aunt Polly." Perhaps its origin had been in one of Polly's "moods," when she was struggling with Joan's help in the throes of her temptation. Jack had been shouting and running from one room to another, giving the Indian war-cry, until at last Polly's tense nerves gave way.

"For Heaven's sake, Mademoiselle, can't you make him shut up?" she snapped.

Jack was offended. His feelings were violated. No one had ever spoken to him like that. When people wanted him to stop doing things, they just asked him to. He didn't like the harsh rasp to her voice.

Polly tried to atone for her fault by an excess of kindness, touched perhaps by sudden emotions that Jack could not understand. One morning after a slight rebuff from the child the night before, Polly spoke of him to Joan with some of her old petulance.

"You've spoiled the child, Joan. Imagine his being permitted to take dislikes as he does! To me, too—his own—"

"Sh, Polly," put in Joan sharply.

"Yes, I mean it. You treat him as though he was a thinking being."

"He is a thinking being. I've taught him to think for himself."

"To love you, you mean, to the exclusion of anyone else. You let him treat me as if I was a stranger. Me! Good God!"

Joan was silent for a moment, and then her words cut keenly.

"You are a stranger to him," she said. "And now, if you please, we will change the subject."

ONCE Joan met Polly upon the Boardwalk with a stranger—a man. He was young, well dressed and had every appearance of being a gentleman. Joan did not question her. But Polly voluntarily announced that he was a man whom she had known in Santa Barbara, a Philadelphian who had spent one winter

on the Coast for the benefit of the health of his wife, who was an invalid. Joan merely smiled, but the incident made her thoughtful.

Three weeks passed, and Joan still remained at Atlantic City. She had made no plans for the future. She was, it seemed, willing to let the passage of time help her in the solving of her problems. She had written to Beatrice, on the hotel paper, but committing her to secrecy as to her whereabouts. And she had received a characteristic letter from her friend, saying that the reports of Joan's death had been very much exaggerated. All was quiet. Her own defense of Joan in various quarters had had a salubrious effect, she said, upon the miasma atmosphere of social Washington. She had seen little of Stephen Edwards, but had heard from Mr. Hastings that he was in work up to his ears, which were still red with indignation at the stories his enemies were still inventing about him.

Chapter Twenty-three

THE confidence of that astute politician Ransom in Stephen Edwards' talents was born of many years of experience. He had followed the devices of the Curtis crowd from the moment the bill had been sent to his committee, and had been surprised at the showing of strength for the Verde River Syndicate bill at the hearing. But in Congressman Edwards he knew that he had found a younger man who could, with proper guidance, be trusted to take the burdens of a fight which promised to be too vigorous for one of his declining physical powers. He had managed to keep the bill in the Rules Committee, noting meanwhile, with growing impatience, the furtive methods of his opponents. He had reassured his protégé that the effect of a lie was never permanent, but he had realized that the introduction of the name of a woman had made the situation difficult for Edwards, who had been greatly disturbed when the story was repeated to him.

Such a story would have been ineffective in greatly damaging the power and influence of an older man with higher standing in the House. But Edwards was young, an unknown factor, whose qualities for leadership remained to be proven; and Ransom thought it necessary, especially among his old friends, to refute the slanderous story.

He was a little amazed when he found difficulty in doing so. For one of his friends, a member nationally known, and, like Ransom, an old resident of Washington, reported that he had it on the best of authority that the history of the woman whose name had been mentioned was not above reproach. Ransom was puzzled. If he believed that Mrs. Freeman was not what she should be, he knew at least that his young friend's affection for her was genuine, and so he simply told the truth in a story judiciously circulated among his friends who could be trusted to enhance the villainy of the methods of the Verde River Syndicate.

If the name of Joan Freeman suffered in the repetition of the story, Stephen Edwards gained some sympathy as the victim of a cowardly device to hurt his



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reputation. Edwards, of course, knew nothing of the plan that Ransom had used to fight fire with fire, and neglecting other work, gave all of his time to the business of getting as many votes as he could against the bill. Ransom had at last admitted that he was satisfied with the results of the work done by the enemies of the bill and had gone to Camp to get a special order from the Rules Committee for its consideration. A day had been set. Edwards had prepared the notes for his speech and was ready to deliver it.

INSTINCT had warned Edwards that it would be wiser to make no immediate effort to find Joan. He could only wait in patience, giving himself with all energy to his work in the committee. He did not call on Beatrice de Selignac, though he was sure that she would know, if anyone knew, where Joan had gone. He was reluctant, moreover, to discuss with this sprightly lady, whose tongue could be so caustic, a matter so delicate. But his patience was not equal to the test of waiting for the promised note from Joan, and so one morning he called Beatrice by telephone asking if he could come to see her, and she invited him to her house in the afternoon for tea.

Of course she knew why he had come, but it pleased her to watch his awkward approach to the subject that most interested him.

First he talked about the weather, which happened to be rainy; then about the visit of a famous Frenchman and its significance; next about politics and the probable fate of important legislation inspired at the White House—in all of which she joined with her usual intelligence, but not once did she mention Joan's name, or give her visitor a conversational lead toward the topic that possessed his mind. And so at last he plunged.

"Madam de Selignac," he asked bluntly, "do you know where Mrs. Freeman is?"

He was slightly shocked at her laughter.

"There! I've been waiting with one eye on the clock to see how long you would take to get to the subject that brought you here. Eight minutes, exactly! You see, I was certain that you didn't come here merely because you wanted to see me."

"But I did want to see you, ma'am. We always seemed to get along. And you're such a good friend of Mrs. Freeman's—"

"That you thought," she broke in, "I'd be able to tell you that she's waiting somewhere where you can find her."

"No, I—I didn't mean that," he said evenly, "but just where she is. She went away so suddenly—"

Beatrice de Selignac no longer smiled. Her levity had gratified a transient mood, but the soberness of her visitor had made its appeal.

"As a matter of fact," she said, as he paused, "I know no more than you do. Joan said that she would write—but I haven't heard from her. I'm sure that she doesn't intend to stay away long. She told me she wouldn't. She has been very much worried—you know why, of course?"

"Yes ma'am, I do."

"I suppose that I am to blame, but I was so furious I couldn't help speaking."

"You thought that if you hadn't told her, some one else would?" he suggested.

"Exactly. And it was less difficult to hear it from a friend." She leaned forward earnestly in her chair. "Mr. Edwards, Joan is talking of leaving Washington permanently—of going away somewhere and trying to hide her identity again. This must be prevented."

"Yes, of course. But how?"

Beatrice got up, went to the mantel and brought an oblong silver box. From it she offered him a cigarette, taking one herself, then sat and smoked for a moment without speaking.

"The thought is preposterous, Mr. Edwards. She mustn't be permitted to go. She has been happy here, in her quiet way—until this dreadful story was circulated."

He frowned deeply but made no reply.

"Of course, we both have a suspicion as to its origin, but slander is very hard to trace to its source. I have been working quietly on lines that seem to converge."

Edwards started up. "You mean," he gasped, "that you can prove—"

"Patience, Mr. Edwards! I didn't say that. But I have hopes."

"If I knew!" he muttered. "If I could only be sure!"

"You can do nothing. Women are less prudent than men. I haven't finished yet."

"And you'll tell me—if you find out?"

She looked at the ash of her cigarette and then smiled.

"I don't look like a woman who is thirsting for gore, do I? Well, I am—bloodthirsty. In the old days a gentleman picked a quarrel with the man whom he suspected, and then ran him through with a rapier in the morning before breakfast. He often got the wrong man, but that didn't matter in the least, so long as his honor was satisfied. The system had its merits, but the chance of inaccuracy doesn't commend it to me."

EDWARDS frowned. "I'll admit, I've thought of it," he said. "But don't you see how helpless I am! I can't drag her name in—and make things worse."

"No," said Beatrice slowly, "you can't—not now. Nothing must be done that will injure Joan now. Poor dear!" She bent forward, extinguishing her cigarette, and went on slowly:

"I've often wondered, Mr. Edwards, if you have thought as I have thought of these stories that have been told about Joan."

He examined her face keenly. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"I mean the stories of her—of her motherhood—of the parentage of Jack."

He did not reply at once, and only sat before her, studying his knuckles. When he spoke, it was in a lowered tone as gentle as though he were speaking of her troubles to Joan herself.

"I've thought of them, ma'am. But they haven't made very much difference in my friendship for—for Mrs. Freeman."

Beatrice de Selignac gave him a look of approval and then went on deliberately:

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"Has it never occurred to you that Joan might be the victim of some hideous mistaken sense of duty or of pride—that circumstances might have placed her in some terrible position from which she could see no escape except by the sacrifice of herself?"

He looked up at her, but she seemed to be oblivious of him.

"You mean that you believe—"

"No—no. I'm just thinking aloud. I don't believe anything. I don't know anything to believe. But something she said—or the way she said it—has made me suspicious—has made me think that there's a mystery that needs solving. I've known Joan since she was a child. She was always high-spirited and self-willed and proud as Lucifer. I'll even admit that she was the kind of girl who would have suffered the consequences of her mistakes if they killed her." Beatrice rose and paced the room slowly. "She might have made a mistake and paid for it by this humiliation—but I don't believe it—I can't, Mr. Edwards. She was never the kind of girl to make that particular sort of mistake."

EDWARDS had risen and stood at his chair regarding her. His voice was very quiet.

"What you say has every kind of logic to those who care for her."

Beatrice stopped and turned quickly.

"You do care for her?"

"Yes ma'am," he said simply. "I do."

She gave him her hand.

"Then we're friends doubly." She sat down again and gave him the bright flash of her smile. "I suppose you think that I'm very impertinent, asking you such a question. It's just interest, Mr. Edwards. I'm glad you took it that way."

"I appreciate your motives and your friendship—I would give anything in the world to make her happy."

"Have you tried," she said coolly, "asking her to marry you?"

Her effrontery would have silenced him if he had not known that she was very much in earnest.

He sat gloomily. "Yes, I have. And she refused me."

"You proposed to her. When?"

He sat awkwardly now, his hands conspicuous.

"Two weeks ago," he said.

"You mean just before she went away. Then she knew of this slander that involved you both?"

"Yes ma'am," he muttered.

She sat up in her chair, staring at him wide-eyed. He frowned, and looked away. This woman was impertinent. She had no right to look at him like that. A slight sound in her throat made him turn toward her. She was laughing gently.

"Oh, Mr. Edwards! My dear friend! I don't know whether to be angry with you or just amused. It is inconceivable!"

"What is inconceivable?" he blurted.

"Such stupidity! You'll be telling me next that you proposed to Joan on the very day when she heard of this hideous story."

"I did, ma'am. What of that?"

"Now, don't be angry. You mustn't be angry with me. I won't let you. I intend to be the best friend you have. But I can't help showing my feelings.

If I laugh, it's not really at you, any more than at all the rest of your sex."

"I don't understand," he growled.

"Don't you?" she said sweetly. "Men are all alike. But their minds are not fit to cope with anything that isn't written upon a blackboard. A woman's instincts can't be reduced to terms of black and white. They're just—well, shadows of flames. You chose the one moment in Joan's life, the moment of her deepest abasement, to offer her restitution for the wrongs that you had brought her. And you wonder that she didn't accept you! Don't you know, my friend, that you were precisely the one man in the world that the pride of such a woman couldn't accept in those conditions?"

He sat scowling heavily. But the reproaches of his hostess seemed now of less moment than her interest. And so he replied, awkwardly:

"I acted on impulse, ma'am—"

He did not go on, and she smiled.

"It's a pity you didn't act on impulse some weeks sooner," she said coolly. And then as though to placate him for the liberties that she had taken: "Perhaps your answer might have been different."

He straightened and stared at her again.

"You think so, ma'am? Do you mean that?"

She leaned forward and touched his sleeve with her fingers.

"I said, 'perhaps,' Mr. Edwards."

Her transitions were disturbing, and the smile that he gave her had none of the radiance of her own, which flashed gayly and then slowly faded in indecision.

"Well—what's to be done about it?" she said. "Do you want me to help you?"

"If you would, ma'am—"

"And will you promise to follow my directions?"

"Yes."

"Very well. My first one is, don't be discouraged. My second, patience. My third, wait until you hear from me."

He left the house with much material for reflection. The tyranny of her humor had restored him to reason and given him new hope. He was ready to believe anything good of Joan, and prepared for the truth of a theory expounded by so shrewd a person as Beatrice de Selignac.

Chapter Twenty-four

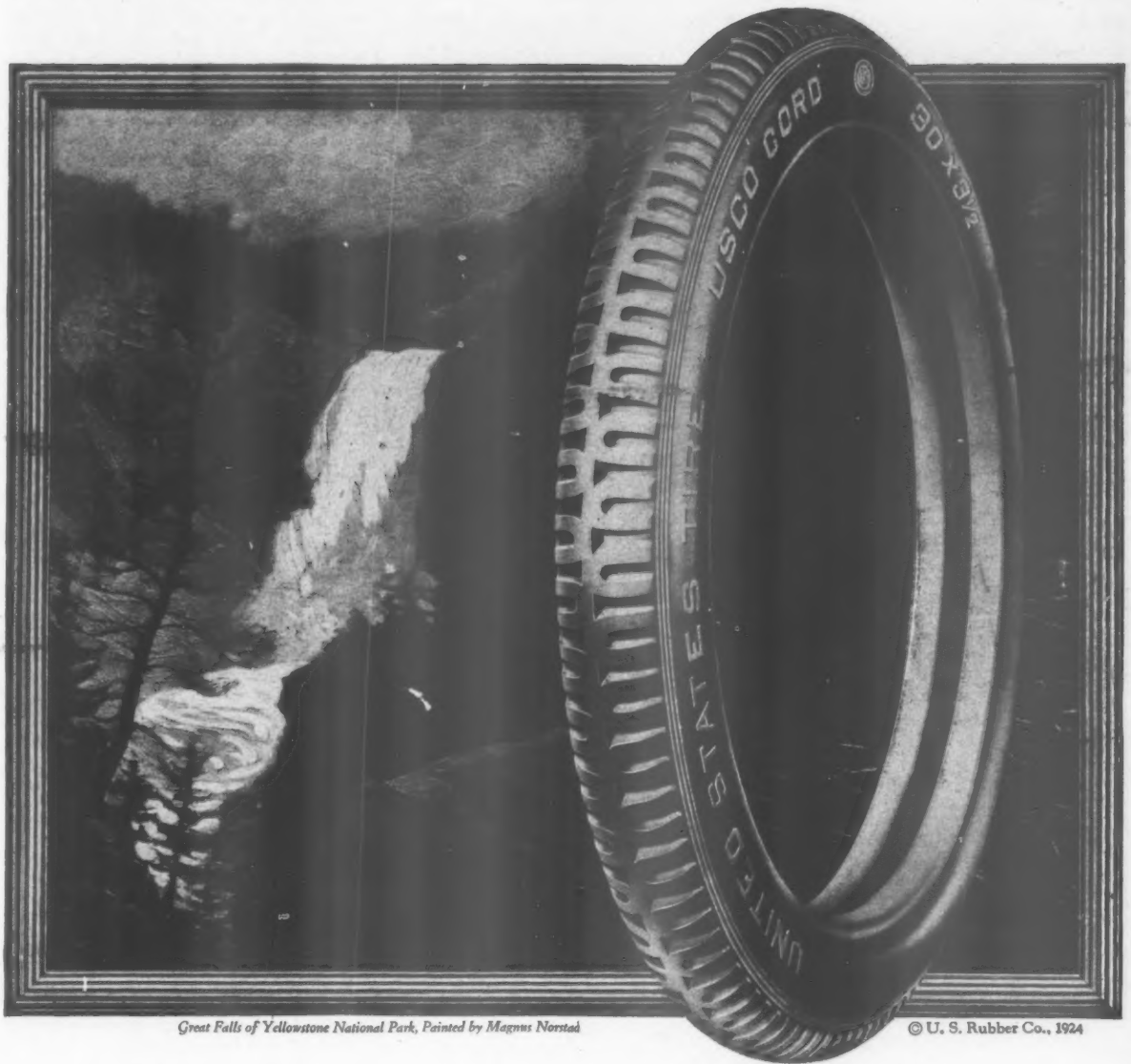
IT was less than a week later that Edwards received at his apartment an envelope containing a sheet of blue paper which had an odor of lilacs and bore the handwriting of Madam de Selignac:

"Hotel Traymore, Atlantic City—"

That was all—no signature or even initials. But the words were eloquent.

He called her up at once, but she denied all knowledge of the message that he had received from her. She also told him that he was stupid, and hung up the receiver. But he understood at last that Joan had written to Beatrice, committing her to secrecy as to her hiding-place, and that Beatrice had betrayed her, breaking the spirit if not the letter of her instructions.

But he lost no time in taking advantage of the situation. The Verde River Bill



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was on the calendar for the following Wednesday. He had the week-end at least at his disposal; and packing a suitcase, he took a train for Philadelphia.

He sent no message announcing his arrival, made no reservation, and reached the hotel in the bus from the station, with no more definite plan than to take a room, dine and then possibly send his name to Joan.

The colorful corridors of the great hotel gave him a vague sense of hostility, of formality, of peopled loneliness. It was a state of mind, of course, born of the possible difficulty of finding a chance for a moment alone with Joan in an atmosphere of friendly privacy like that of her Washington library. He was too much at Joan's mercy for the opportunities that he sought; for here, though under the same roof, she could, if she chose, invent a hundred pretexts to avoid him. When he came down, he assured himself that she was not upon the lower floor, and then dined alone. The hour was too late for Jack to be abroad, he thought. Joan had dined earlier and was probably in her room.

The telephones were close by, and yet he hesitated.

IT would be easy for Joan to refuse to see him. If he could only meet her, by chance! He walked the corridor for a while, smoking a cigarette, then went down to the grill, though he scarcely hoped to find her there at such an hour. People were dining, not Joan's kind, and an orchestra was preparing for the business of the evening. He glanced at the sirens at the tables, and at those more deftly colored ones on the walls, and then went up the stairs and resolutely to the telephone desk.

He succeeded in getting the room at once, and a feminine voice at the end of the wire.

"Is that you, Mrs. Freeman?" he asked. "This is Stephen Edwards. Could you see me, for a moment?"

"Ah," said the voice, "Monsieur Edwards of Washington! Madame Freeman is not here. This is Mademoiselle Dupuy, monsieur."

"Oh, mademoiselle! Do you know when Mrs. Freeman will be in?"

"I do not think that she will be gone long, monsieur."

"Oh!" And then as with an inspiration. "And how is Jack?"

"Very well, monsieur. I'm just putting him to bed."

"Give him my love, mademoiselle. Tell him I hope to see him tomorrow. And if Mrs. Freeman comes in, will you tell her that I have called to see her?"

"Yes, monsieur. Would you care to come up to the parlor and wait? I am sure Madame would be glad to see you."

He hesitated. Mademoiselle Dupuy was of course speaking from her knowledge of Joan's friendship and hospitality in Washington for this visitor. She did not know—it was an unfair advantage to take, but it would give him a foothold, one that he needed.

"Very well, mademoiselle," he said briskly. "I'll come up."

"The parlor is Room Seven Forty, monsieur."

"Thanks."

HE left the telephone, his glance still searching the corridors and stairways, then entered a crowded elevator. At the seventh floor he got out. A woman had preceded him. She walked down the corridor, he following. At the door of Room Seven Forty she turned, her hand on the knob, and he stopped. The light was dim in the corridor.

"I beg pardon," he said, "but I was looking for Mrs. Freeman's parlor."

She glanced around at the vague tall shape somewhere behind her.

"This is Mrs. Freeman's parlor," she replied. "I am Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Freeman's sister."

He turned quickly, consciousness diverted by the reverberating echo of a memory. Then he straightened. What was it that she had said?

"Oh! I—" He stopped again. It was the first that he had known of a sister of Joan's. And then: "This is Stephen Edwards, of Washington," he said.

She had bent forward, occupied with the key. She turned it and opened the door.

"Do come in, Mr. Edwards," she said. "Jack is always talking of you. Joan will be back in a—"

She had entered and turned toward him. Edwards had followed into the pleasant room, with signs of Joan and Jack about—flowers on the table, a toy airplane on a chair.

He had not noticed the lapse in the speech of Joan's sister. It was its sound rather than its meaning that possessed him.

The wide brim of her hat shaded her face from the light overhead, but she stood with one slender hand at the fur at her throat. It was her attitude, strained, intense, that held his attention—and something familiar in the grace of her pose, in the birdlike tilt of the head beneath the hat. For a moment they stood in silence, the woman as though transfixed by a fright, the man puzzled and uncertain.

"I did not know—that Mrs. Freeman—had a sister," he said slowly, still staring.

But she turned her head aside, the hat-brim concealing her face. The fingers at her throat trembled.

"Didn't you?" she said. "It's curious—she—she didn't tell you."

THE shrinking figure, the bent graceful neck with the yellow hair above it, the voice against the sheer wall of Mount Temple, across the shadowed lake— He took a pace forward.

"Ruth!" he cried. "Ruth!"

There was no reply. Her back was toward him; one hand clutched the table.

"Ruth! What are you doing here?"

Slowly she turned toward him, her chin raised toward the light, her eyes closed as though still unwilling to believe what they had seen. She opened them, and her gaze flickered into his.

"I—I—my name is not Ruth. I—I am Joan's sister."

He had forgotten that. In the intensity of this new comprehension, other thoughts had no importance.

"Impossible!" he muttered, looking around the room as though in search of a negation of his statement.

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The Romance and Lure of Travel



F YOU want to live before you die—travel. Shuttlecocking between your office and your home, between your church and your club, isn't living. It is merely existing, which is as different from living as fruit is from the leaves around it.

At the head of the editorial page of the London Times, that journalistic and oracular deity of the British, the following slogan has appeared for nearly a hundred years:

*"What do they know of England who only
England know?"*

In other words: what does any one know of his own country who has never seen any other? Very little! How can you see the *relative* rank of your own land, the *relative* intelligence, wisdom, power and progress of your people, if you have never seen the world beyond? Very little.

Everybody should regard travel not only as recreation but as the biggest of their educational and social opportunities. Educational, because of the knowledge and observation which travel entails; social, because of the extension of one's circle of friends and acquaintances.

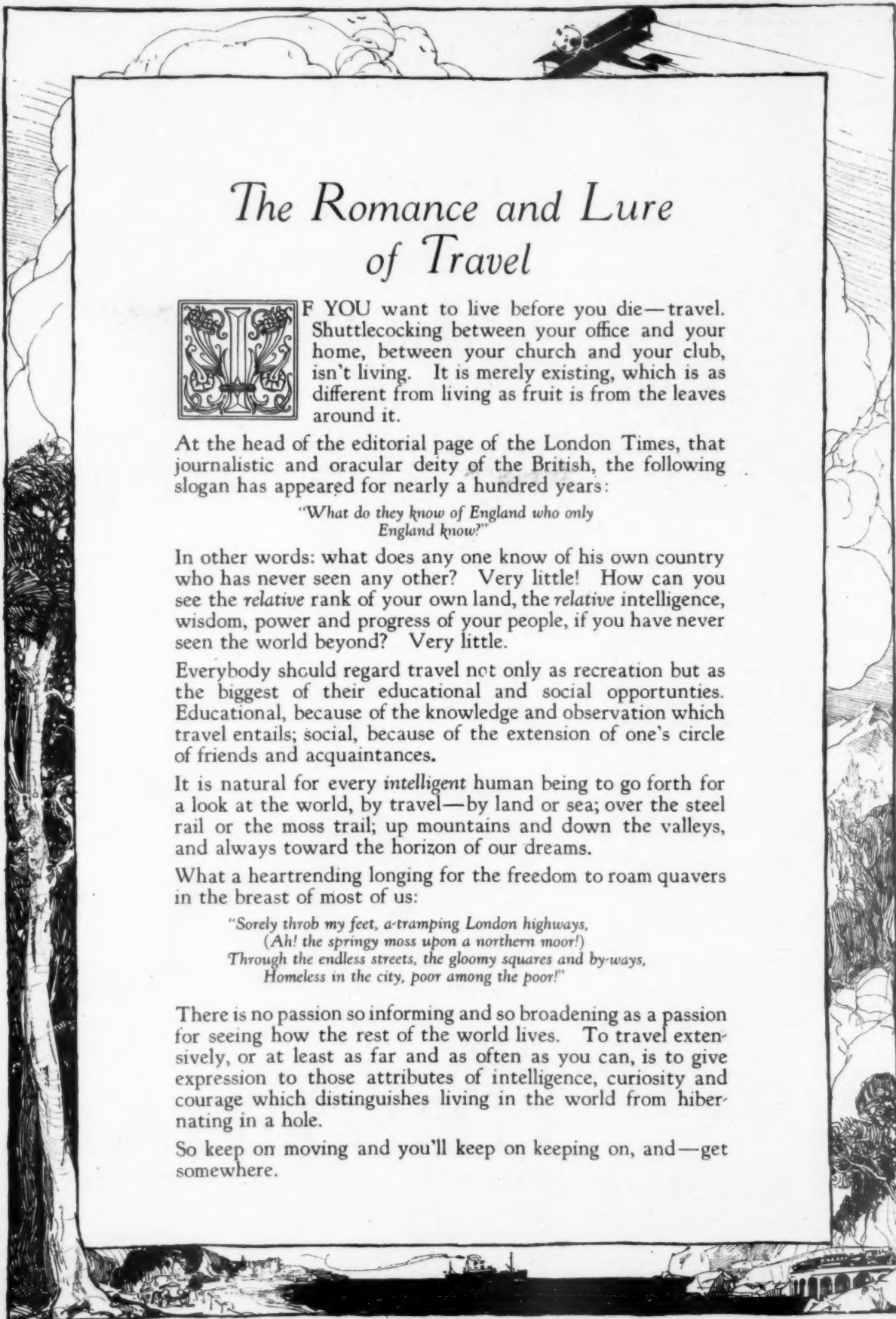
It is natural for every *intelligent* human being to go forth for a look at the world, by travel—by land or sea; over the steel rail or the moss trail; up mountains and down the valleys, and always toward the horizon of our dreams.

What a heartrending longing for the freedom to roam quavers in the breast of most of us:

*"Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways,
(Ah! the springy moss upon a northern moor!)
Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and by-ways,
Homeless in the city, poor among the poor!"*

There is no passion so informing and so broadening as a passion for seeing how the rest of the world lives. To travel extensively, or at least as far and as often as you can, is to give expression to those attributes of intelligence, curiosity and courage which distinguishes living in the world from hibernating in a hole.

So keep on moving and you'll keep on keeping on, and—get somewhere.



She gave a dry, nervous laugh, a quick shrug of her slender shoulders. "It's the truth," she said, "Joan's sister." And then, her thin voice gathering strength from his silence: "And you're Stephen Edwards! Imagine it!"

SHE twisted suddenly away from him, laughing again, more insistently, then buried her face for a moment in the roses on the table. She knew that he was watching her—intently. She needed the poise of some feminine gesture.

"It's a small world, isn't it?" she gasped, uttering the platitude as though groping for words to fill a silence made intolerable by his stare. His gaze burned her. Would he never stop looking?

At last he gave a shrug. "I suppose I'll have to believe you," he mumbled.

"You have only to ask Mademoiselle—or Joan," she said more calmly.

He turned half around toward the door into the corridor. It seemed for a moment as though he was about to go out. But with a frown he twisted toward her.

"She doesn't know—" he began.

Her look questioned him swiftly, and then her glance fell. She made a shrug. "How could she—since I didn't myself, until the present moment?" she replied coolly.

He made a quick gesture of assent.

"Of course," he muttered. "I understand."

"It's unnecessary," she added with cool assurance, "that anyone should know we've met before."

He bent his head.

"Naturally," he muttered.

She had moved to the mirror, and with an air of being very much at home, removed her hat and preened her hair. It was a flippant motion of body and hands, intended to hide her awkward moment, perhaps to assert her immunity, the grace of a modest woman with something to hide, or of a brazen woman who cared not at all. He did not know. The light from the bracket caught in the meshes of her yellow hair and outlined her slim figure. She was thinner, older.

The gesture, whatever its motive, had given her complete poise, for she turned toward him.

"Do sit down, Mr. Edwards," she said with a studied air of the commonplace. "Joan and I went out for a chair-ride. I left her at the drug-store. She ought to be here at any moment."

"Thanks," he said. But he did not sit. The extraordinary revelations of the few moments of his visit had upset the orderly processes of his mind. He thought of going while there was still time. But he only stood staring, frowning down at this woman who had come out of the past to intrude upon his hopes of happiness.

"Your name was Ruth Shirley—" he found himself saying.

She turned aside with a shrug.

"That was never my name," she replied easily. "Need it matter?"

He was silent, thinking deeply. But he started quickly at the sound of the turning doorknob. And then Joan entered.

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WHEN FALLS THE COLOSSEUM

(Continued from page 45)

antagonist, self. If only she were given time to control her tingling nerves, the sensibilities he so adroitly played upon! But she was breathless with the demand of it all, and the lure of this devastating country.

She stared into the face, suddenly so little like her own, so full of strange drawn lines and shadows, so frightened in its strained eagerness. Then without warning, she covered that face as if to hide, even from herself, what she saw there.

BUT Jere stretched out in the most comfortable chair the parlor of his suite afforded, lighted a cigar, and searching into his vest pocket, drew out the reckless scrawl of Jere, Jr. Over and over he read the letter from his boy. And for the moment Ethel Marsh was completely forgotten.

In the next room his valet was busy laying out his dinner things. Downstairs in a corner of the main dining-room, screened off by palms for his particular use, the choice dishes and wines of a perfect cuisine were about to be served. Tomorrow the wires would be pulled to obtain for his exclusive amusement the most famous and picturesque monument of history. At his will, for a few hours' whim, the public would be barred from the Colosseum. A sense of luxury, of anticipation, stole over him. Who should say that man could not make the world his!

A gentle knock sounded on the door. The valet came with his noiseless step from the inner room and opened it. Jere barely heard both.

"You did not tell me your wishes for tomorrow, signor."

Jere looked up. His guide stood there, hat in hand—waiting. Jere's eyes strayed to the bearded face. The somber, haunting eyes of the man in the doorway rested upon him with an expression he could not read.

UNDER the embrace of midnight, Rome lay breathless, as if all thought were concentrated in desire. A mystic mantle, shimmering and pale, covered her with beauty, concealing the scars of centuries, bringing the youth of dreams to the city of whispering night. Her lips were lifted as if for a first kiss. Yet even in her abandon, one sensed the thousands of nights under whose ardor she had languished and laughed as she sent them on their way; the millions of human hearts which had throbbed to her mesmeric touch and been translated into dust. Like a crown of stars, her lure, unchanging, had been worn so long that Love itself seemed prisoner, a conqueror made slave. And Rome sighed.

It was a sigh of triumph. Stretched on her silver couch, she knew that man and the night alike were hers to command.

A hush of anticipation charged with suppressed laughter held the Jere Owen party as their cars slid out of the hotel entrance like sleek black beetles in the soft night. Behind them thundered the

jazz of Broadway, the syncopation of an American band to which young Italy danced. Before them stretched the silence of old Italy.

Back through the centuries glided the Owen party. As they turned into the street at the end of which towered the Colosseum, outlined sharp and black against the luminous sky, there was none of the shuddering chill which had seized them when they left it the day before. The scented warmth of a spring night enveloped them.

The women in fluttering garments disappeared like butterflies ready to lift into flight. The men, and a small army of servants, followed them. From somewhere at the other side of the Arena came the caress of stringed instruments and the trailing note of Italian voices.

There were no other parties at the Colosseum. Jere had seen to that, though it had involved no great difficulty. Midnight suppers in the open, except in summer, were not a habit with the Roman populace. The gigantic jagged pile, splashed with bold brush against the illumined blue of the sky, belonged, for a few hours at least, to the power of American millions.

The men carrying hampers opened them, spread a long white cloth, and around it placed soft cushions. The guests dropped upon them, or separating into couples, wandered off toward the shadows that fell across the Arena. The moon moved upward, looking in through the empty windows as it had long since, upon scenes of pleasure and of carnage, like the eye of God.

Corks popped. Laughter went high. Anticipation stirred into movement. Two or three pairs drifted into the moonlit space, swaying in each other's arms to a rhythm that moved them more deeply than guitar or violin. Instinctively the singers quickened their tempo, flinging soft voices against the velvet of voluptuous night.

Away from the group wandered the tall, lean figure of Chris Norton with a graceful form clinging to his arm.

"You know, dear," he whispered, instinctively lowering his voice as if it might carry too far, "I feel closer to you in this bigness than I've ever felt in all the years I've loved you."

"Chris," she put suddenly, "can there be two kinds of love?"

"Rabelais said there were three hundred and sixty-five thousand," he smiled. "But he meant ways of loving, not love itself."

"How many do you think there are?"

"Just one," came softly. "A complete oneness of understanding that puts the beloved first in all things."

"Is it as simple as that?"

"It's not a conscious thing at all, you dear child. It's instinctive. I haven't the least notion how I arrived at the place where I'd cut off this right arm to save you pain. But here I am, and it's the perfectly natural thing to do."

"Chris, suppose—suppose another man were trying to take me from you—one who hadn't the right to?"

"There's not one who has the right to—unless you wanted to go. And then I'd put up a helluva fight to keep you."

"I—I don't want to go, Chris."

"What's the matter?" He turned her about suddenly, hands on her shoulders. "Is something—or some one—bothering you?"

"No—no," came hastily.

"Well, if anyone were, my darling, you'd come straight to me." And as she looked away, not answering: "You would—wouldn't you?"

"Don't you think there are some problems a woman must shoulder alone?"

"My biggest job is to make you happy. To do that, these shoulders have got to be strong enough for your burdens as well as my own. Anyway, yours are mine, aren't they?"

"Chris," she murmured, raising her eyes so that the moonlight seeped into them, "I'm not half good enough for you—honest, I'm not."

"Sweetheart," he laughed, "I'm no Sir Galahad; don't get that mistaken idea. Only one thing I know—I'd wipe anyone who hurt you right out of existence. And without the slightest hesitation!" He bent down, so that their heads touched. "Here comes the big chief. Give us a kiss before he gets near enough to see."

She lifted her arms, and they closed round his neck. There was something of the appeal of a child's in the warm lips that came to his, clung there. It was almost as if she wanted the man coming toward them to see their embrace. And his genial greeting within a few feet proved that it had not escaped him.

"Wish you hadn't disturbed yourselves! You can't shock these old walls—they've seen too much. And I'm impervious—I've seen a lot, too." He reached out a hand, as if in benediction. "Besides, Italy was made for lovers."

"Funny thing," grinned Chris, "but the flavor goes out of loving when there's an audience, even a sympathetic one."

"How do you like this pre-honey-moon?" Jere put with his magnetic smile. "Great stuff, eh?"

"Oh, the place hasn't such a lot to do with it," came promptly. "As a matter of fact, anywhere would be about the same—"

"With her?" laughed Jere. "Queer—how little variety there is in the point of view when a man's in love. We say the same thing in about the same way. I often think women must have the laugh on us." He looked from Chris to the girl and back again, laid a hand jocularly across his heart. "Will you spare your girl for a dance with me?"

"I'll have to pick up this jazz stuff when we get home, or first thing you know, you'll be stealing my wife!" Chris made a face, and his hand dropped hers.

AS Jere's arms went round her, Ethel Marsh looked over her shoulder, more with a swift desire to avoid his eyes than to follow her lover's movements. He was hailing the guide, who stood alone at the edge of the Arena. The gentle light that flooded the place played over the man's face, so that the high cheekbones glistened. It deepened the hollows, hiding all the scragginess of beard and



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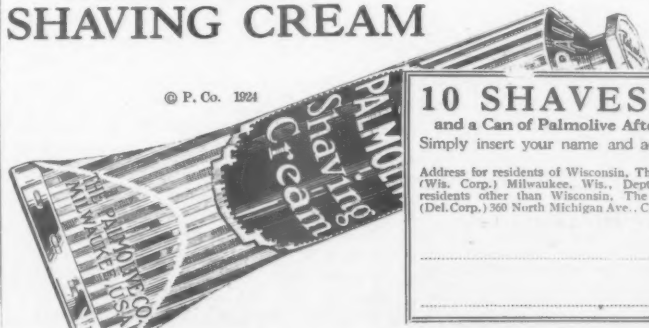
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ill-cut hair and giving to the haunting outlines an odd, unearthly beauty. Chris joined him. They stood talking a moment, then strolled on and became part of the shadows.

Jere's arms tightened. Not a word passed as the two moved over the gravel as if it had been a polished floor. The music, melting even in its modern melody; the moon, bending overhead to spill its silver, yet discreetly avoiding the great splashes of black below the arches—all draped a mantle of magic about the stolid walls that gazed with their empty eyes upon human ants at play.

Ethel Marsh closed hers and drifted. Gone was the torture of yesterday's misery, gone the struggle which for so long had gripped her, gone the disgust with both herself and the man who held her. A nostalgia stole over her. The woman in Jere Owen's arms was another—one it was impossible to question or censure at that moment. The man, swift to sense a sudden give and relaxation of the slight figure, drew it so close that he almost lifted it from the ground. They moved as one, yet as sharply contrasted as the light of the moon against its shadow.

Suddenly darkness surrounded them. The girl's eyes opened. They were under the arch as they had been yesterday, the same spot, the same chill of inner walls untouched by the sun.

She started away. The arms about her did not relax. She opened her lips. Demanding ones descended, closing them. Even the faint cry of protest was smothered. He held her, limp and helpless, like some captured thing, in hands that might easily have broken her had she tried to escape.

But the attempt was not there. She could not move. A faint struggle, not more than a tremor, had met that first kiss, and then thought strangled in the grip of emotion. It was exactly as if waves were closing over her. The velvet lull of them engulfed her. The weight of them forced her down. The song of them surged in her ears. The voice she might have summoned was submerged. The sense of drowning, sweeping her downward, made her gasp for breath. And with the gasp, a name, scarcely spoken, rose to her lips, like a cry for help from deep waters.

Out of the shadows, a shadow resolved itself. It came swiftly toward them along the path under the arches. But not until it reached him, was Jere Owen conscious of it. Then it loosened his hands with strong lean ones which, as the girl swayed backward, were raised, closing on his throat. The wiry, long body was upon the more stocky one, forcing it to the wall by sheer strength of silent fury.

JERE tried to free himself. The lean hands held firm. The gentleness of the boy had dropped, a tattered cloak on pagan soil, and primitive man emerged with fingers throbbing to tear to bits.

Against the desperate stillness, the music sounded crashing.

The throbbing fingers pressed closer. It was not until the girl's voice came through the darkness that their hold relaxed, even for an instant.

"Chris!" It was a shuddering whisper.

"Don't! He didn't know what he was doing! Chris—please—he didn't know!"

Her fine hands met the grasping ones.

"Can't you see—he's been drinking—heavily. They all have. Let him go—he didn't mean it. It was as much my fault as his—I should have known! Chris,"—as no response met her,—

"think! The scandal—your future—"

"The future be damned!"

"But for me! You said—you'd do anything—for me—"

The tumbling phrases came in a sob; the slim fingers tore at his. She kept murmuring his name—a plea, a demand, a despairing claim.

THE fevered hands dropped at last, fell to his sides, and he turned away, out into the moon-drenched Arena, head bent, shoulders bowed like those of a man burdened with a sudden unaccustomed weight. She followed swiftly, eyes darkened by the fear which had filled them.

Jere Owen stood unsteadily, gazing after the two. The mechanism of his facile brain clicked into action. A new sensation had him. It was the first time anything had gripped him by the throat, man or circumstance. The reaction was not pleasant. His teeth came together. Tomorrow Chris Norton would be disposed of, given his walking papers. Come to think of it, the boy probably would not wait for that. Undoubtedly a note defining his resignation would be awaiting Jere when the party returned. But that was not what Jere wanted. He must have the upper hand; his must be the directing force.

It had all happened in less than a moment—the onslaught, the girl's agonized pleading, that stooped figure moving out into the Arena. Absurd! Such things didn't happen! He would act as if no memory of it remained with him! He had blundered. It suited his desire to have Ethel Marsh stay with the party. And if Chris were permitted to withdraw, she would. Ignoring the whole incident was the simplest, therefore the most subtle, method of blocking any attempt on the boy's part to make an issue of it.

She had offered the plea that he was drunk. She knew he was nothing of the sort, had sat next to him at dinner. He had not touched a drop. She had shielded him with a woman's swift ability to lie. Jere managed a smile.

He ran a hand under his collar and over the red marks on his neck. Unfortunate experience! He must be more circumspect next time. And that next time must be—soon.

He rejoined the crowd lounging round the improvised table, poured a tumblerful of champagne, emptied it. It warmed the veins which had been chilled with a terror he refused to acknowledge. He poured another. It gave him a comforting conviction of blood surging once more, and the certainty that the episode in the dark had been actually unreal.

Some one offered him a highball. His glass was refilled several times before he became conscious of the fact that the beautiful woman at his side was leaning wearily against him.

He got up abruptly, and she swayed

down among the cushions. A sudden desire to be alone seized him. He finished another highball and stumbled up the broken steps, tier on tier, crawling finally along the one that led to what had once been the Imperial Box. It was not an easy ascent, although only halfway between the Arena and the top. When finally he managed to make his way into the inclosure, across its broken ledge, he felt poised in midair.

He looked aloft and down. The place seemed more vast from here, more stupendous—the humans below him more like insects, indistinguishable.

The words his guide had quoted yesterday recurred in all their prophetic force:

"When falls the Colosseum—then falls Rome. When falls Rome—then falls the world!"

What colossal egotism! The be-all, the end-all! The audacity of it! Yet he liked it. Its spirit was thoroughly sympathetic. The Colosseum would never fall. What mattered that they had stripped it of marble, gold, bronze? Trappings—that was all. It had been standing for centuries, and would so stand forever. It was more potential than the Sphinx, more powerful than the Rock of Ages.

NIGHT touched his eyes with scented fingers. He let go the imagination which in the uninspired atmosphere of New York was held in leash. It filled the tiers of seats with floating color. It transformed the walls into gleaming white. It hoisted overhead the awning of royal purple that roofed the box. It placed in the box below his own the lovely Vestal Virgins. And himself, Tibertius, stood with gold-hemmed toga flung round his shoulders, Emperor of Rome—Emperor of the civilized world.

He looked round at the beasts springing upon the bars of their cages—wild with hunger, scenting human flesh, frenzied for release. He looked and smiled. In the tunnels under the arches the lions awaited his signal. Power—the wonder—the glory of it!

They were led on, the Christians, huddled together—a tiny group in that vast throng, white-lipped in their pathetic strength, waiting for the inevitable. Around them closed the endless circle, the great mass of spectators, hungrier than the beasts. Facing them in the Imperial Box stood the Emperor on whose command hung their lives.

As he gazed upon the terrified faces, one separated itself from the group. A figure stepped forward, arms raised, a gesture of despair, one of last supplication. The white garment slipped from her pale shoulder. A braid of glistening gold fell across it. She stood there, looking up at him with the dark-rimmed deep eyes of one who had lately filled his days and nights. His own, fevered and intense, stared down until the space between them vanished and she seemed to come closer.

A rumble of impatience issued from the multitude, a thundering growl from the beasts. In the tunnels shaggy heads were raised.

The gaze of the Emperor bent to the eyes that seemed so near his own. Their plea was not for herself, not for her own

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life, but for that stricken group clinging to one another in the face of death. The lifted arms were for them, though he fancied those arms clasped softly round his neck. Given a choice, he knew how the captive would have chosen. But she was not to be given a choice. That lovely form must not be torn by wild beasts. No need for the spilled blood of wanton sacrifice. She was made for another service, those lovely lips, that silken hair.

The Emperor signaled, not the lions, but his slaves. Under the lash the trembling blacks descended into the Arena. A great light flooded the eyes that held his, and she turned, arms still outstretched, to reassure her comrades. In that moment she was seized, raised struggling to shoulders of iron, and borne to the steps that led upward out of reach of bestial jaws. Yet in that moment, as they placed her in the Imperial arms, the light was dashed from her eyes as suddenly as if she had gone blind.

The eager mob surged forward in their seats. They waited breathless for the next move. Then their Emperor lifted the lovely body high and with it gave the signal for slaughter.

JERE OWEN grinned. It amused him to play thus with his imagination as a child plays with a toy. That picture he had painted for himself so vividly was, after all, not so strange. It would never be old—it would never be new. Men and women—conditions—all were the same now as then. Less obviously brutal, perhaps, but otherwise, in essentials, unchanged. The conflicts of life were the same—for wealth, power, sex. And to be victor over the first always had and always would assure victory over the other two.

That crowd below him, now, were they one whit different from the imaginary throng with which he had just filled these seats? He looked down, then leaned forward and looked again. The crowd he had left below was no longer there. He could see nothing, not even the Arena. A great cloud seemed to roll between him and it. Not a dust-cloud, nor vapor, nor yet smoke—more like a heavy shadow. He looked hastily upward, then about him. The heavy shadow, ominous, spreading like a giant hand, hung overhead. He reached out, gropingly. He touched no tangible thing.

Too dazed to feel anything but wonder, his hand went across his eyes to dispel the mist before them. Then he raised his head once more. Blackness encircled him, shutting him alone in nothingness. In great waves it closed upon him. He flung a shout into the silence. It died there, did not even come back to him in echo. It was completely as if no sound had issued from his throat. Terror sent his feet stumbling in what he believed to be the direction by which he had made his way into the Imperial Box. With each step the stones crumbled from under him. He could gain no foothold. Only in a narrow circle at the spot on which he stood, could he move—and that availed nothing. A sense of futility, of sudden impotence, clutched at his heart, paralyzing him. If only some

streak of light would come through this blackness! If only some sound would humanize this emptiness! If only some movement would lift this petrifying deadness!

At last it came, a low rumble like the drums of a distant, marching army. Nearer it drew. Thousands there seemed to be, in the volume of sound rolling toward him, accompanied now by the continuous tramp of leaden feet. Where before the air had been soundless, it now seemed all sound, reverberating, beating against him, filling space. Where before he could grasp nothing tangible, he struck out now as if his feeble hands might throttle an approaching enemy.

What was it? What was descending upon him? What power unseen was he fighting with a futility he had never before known? What force was this, bent upon crushing him?

He stared unseeing. He shouted unheard. In the dense black, the terrific crash of sound shut out consciousness of all else. He was as one lost in eternity. And with that flashing thought, the shadow enveloping him lifted. His staring eyes found their vision. The din that deafened took sudden form. Wherever he looked were tumbling walls.

The Colosseum was falling!

The sight was so horrible that his mumbling lips prayed for return of the darkness. As if smitten from above, it was closing in on itself, the great structure. With a roar that sent him cringing into a corner, it cracked, it swayed, thrust inward by a force omnipotent.

Not in swift collapse, but with the menace that measures the value of slow torture, the massive walls separated like a broken eggshell. The fissures widened in grinning zigzags. The irregular tiers of seats which for so many centuries had withstood the elements were tossed high and dropped with a smashing thud into the Arena. Masses of rock, of sharp splintered stone, were flung past, thundering, blinding in their momentum, a tornado of swirling destruction. The arrogance that defied eternity was hurled to earth. The derision of a power unknown had struck—the Colosseum toppled to its doom. And in its midst crouched the man—alone.

THERE could be no escape. One minute—two—the end! His companions had fled—not one had raised a hand to save him. Without help, without hope, he could only wait. A sensation of strangling cut off his breath. He struggled to regain it. Why—when so soon it would be shut off forever, choked out as if it had never been?

Now it was coming—now! With the vain human instinct to hide from impending annihilation, he crouched, raising puny arms to ward off the inevitable. But no—the walls continued to sway—back and forth, descending, then rising, as if deliberately prolonging his agony.

A panic of rebellion seized him—a madness for action. He would get away—there was still time. Why did he halt there cringing, trapped, without effort to move? Why were his feet clamped to the spot? He must free himself! This

horror must not be allowed to crush him like a worm. He straightened, precipitated himself toward the ledge, caught hold of it, dragged his shaken body over it. Haste—that was the one thought, the one concentrated impulse of his being. Then his breath stopped. He could not move a muscle! Something held him inert, robbed him of all power.

A shriek of horrible, hopeless fear rang out. The towering walls crumbled. The Colosseum crashed.

WITH the cry still in his throat, Jere Owen stared blankly into the face bending above him. A rugged hand held him steady, and it was a moment before he realized that he was hanging out of the Box, probably saved from a drop into the Arena by the firm grip on his shoulder.

"The Signor might have had an ugly fall!" his guide explained.

"I had a damned ugly dream." Jere shivered as he straightened himself. "Thought the Colosseum was falling—end of the world. Bah!"

"The world for the moment is still the same, signor. I came to find you—I am glad I came in time."

An arm was passed through Jere's, helped him to his feet. His body was saturated with the cold sweat of his fear. He propped himself against the ledge to retrieve his usual composure. The fellow must have no intimation that a nightmare could get him like this.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"A little after three, signor."

"About ten o'clock in New York. The old town is just beginning to wake up."

He said it chiefly to jog his senses back to reality. He was still so shaky that the strong hand under his elbow was a welcome support.

"You must see New York some day, young man!" he added.

"I have seen it."

"But you told me you've never been in America."

"I have seen it—perhaps in a vision. They come sometimes, as this one came to you."

"My vision convinces me that whisky and champagne make poor company," laughed Jere.

As he was half led, half guided along the uneven tiers toward the steps, he walked carefully, lest his feet might find nothing under them. Never in his long and often hazardous experience had he been so shaken. And by nothing more than a dream! No, not a dream—he preferred to think of it as something more poignant. A vision, his guide had called it.

He turned from the man who walked beside him, and glanced upward to find the canopy of blue spread above, with the moon gliding toward the horizon, unruffled by a single cloud. He glanced downward, to see much the same group of guests, draping themselves in much the same postures as when he had left them. His poise was returning. As they reached solid ground, he detached himself from the arm that supported him. Some one was singing, "For it's al-ways fair weather—" Jere Owen's head went back with the smiling mask of his usual self-possession. Visions



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couldn't hold him for long. He had left the menace of that nightmare within the confines of the Imperial Box.

ROME was raising a heavy head to meet the new day's activities as Jere Owen's party separated at the hotel. Only a few drowsy words were exchanged. It was seven-fifteen, and suddenly they realized that sleep was an immediate necessity. They struggled up the stairs or dropped down on them to wait for the slow-moving lift. It had been a wild and wonderful party—further discussion was postponed until late in the afternoon.

Jere let himself into his apartment and gave himself over to the hands of a sleepy valet. The warm garment of his accustomed assurance encompassed him. Things had comfortably adjusted themselves. He had even said a cheery, smiling "Good morning!" to Chris Norton and Ethel Marsh, with an attitude of complete innocence and ignorance.

The valet was dismissed. Jere started to get into bed, when a gentle knock sounded on the door. He called "Come," and turned, to behold the face of his guide framed in the shadowy doorway.

The man held out a small square of blue.

"I hope the Signor will pardon me.

This has just arrived. The concierge asked me to deliver it."

Jere went to the window and drew up the wooden blind. Then he tore open the cable, held it to the sunlight, and read:

Your son, Jere Gifford Owen, killed in automobile accident at ten o'clock tonight. Please wire immediate instructions. Deepest sympathy.

It was signed by the president of the college.

Dead stillness closed about the man who stood numbly trying to grasp the message that had come out of the night. Then through his fogged brain reverberated the roar of toppling walls. They towered, swaying over him. They gaped, grinning like a broken skull. They crashed—and as they went, they carried him crushed in their wreckage. At ten o'clock the Colosseum had fallen! The world had come to an end!

Jere Owen raised stark eyes from the sheet that spelled his doom. The somber, haunting ones of the man in the doorway rested upon him with an expression he could not read. And in a flash then, he knew why that face had haunted him. It was unmistakable—the face that looked down from the wall of every gallery, of every church, in Europe.

THE GOLDEN LADDER

(Continued from page 72)

when Louis Napoleon made Eugénie empress, he had to put on her head the crown Napoleon placed on the head of his second wife; for Betty Jumel owned the crown that Napoleon placed on his first wife's head!

GRANDEUR was the sunshine of Betty's latter soul. That bewildered creature had also its terrifying glooms. Her mad ingenuity began to devise horrors for its own torment. Conspiracies were set on foot to storm the mansion, slay her and steal her riches.

Charity and self-protection connived at a weird procedure. She learned that a score or more of French immigrants were starving in New York, and she took them all into her pay, formed them into a military company and established them at the mansion as her own imperial body-guard, paid for out of her own revenues and uniformed fantastically.

Sentinels stood at the gates; there was a brass band for the drills and the parades, and for concerts. Boys who fished in the Harlem River could hear the music blare and catch glimpses of Betty riding at the head of her little army, straight as a grenadier and turning now and then to issue a command. After leading them about her estates, she would halt her horse and review her troops. The drill would end in a clatter of volley fire.

All through the night the guards were posted and relieved; and since it seemed necessary for the army to find a pretext for its continued existence, every now and then there would be an alarm, guns would be fired, and the guards would be routed out of bed and set to searching the woods.

She went again to Saratoga, but one

day at table gave a sudden start and became another person. On the way back to New York her actions frightened the passengers in the train. From then on her doom was evident.

Sometimes the fifteen-year-old lad William Chase was put in command of the troops, but he was soon deposed. For not all of Betty's fears were for attacks from outside. The mania of treachery within afflicted her.

She began to turn against the people she had lavished her affections upon. She accused her grandnephew of fixing a heavy cornice so that it would fall upon her and kill her. She accused Eliza Péry of trying to poison her. She made Nelson Chase taste the tea he brewed for her before she would drink it. In frenzies of sudden detestation she would drive all of her relatives from the house, then receive them back with tears and kisses, only to round upon them again.

One day young William Inglis Chase, who stands at her right hand in the portrait, offended her. Miss Parker says that, though he was only fifteen years old, "he ran off with a woman much older than himself who wanted his fortune," and that "Madam discarded him."

According to Shelton, young William, in a rage at Betty, threw an inkstand at her portrait and hit his own shoulder. In any case, Betty sewed a black patch over the boy's face on the canvas. She told Miss Parker that "his character is defaced and not the picture. There it shall remain until he redeems himself." She did not mention him in her will.

When the boy's father Nelson Chase came home to the mansion, he found all his and the boy's belongings thrown out upon the lawn. Thenceforth Betty lived alone.

She had been ungratefully used, as she saw it. She had adopted children for their companionship, and they abandoned her or used her. She guaranteed them money if they would live with her. She kept Nelson Chase in idle expectation of great wealth. Monsieur Péry of France had a love of huge dogs and deep draughts of liquor. None of them seemed to love her for herself. All of them seemed to be keeping a death-watch upon her and her wealth.

SO Betty banished them all and dwelt alone, visited only by her pastor (for she grew more religious than ever), by her physician, and by tradesmen.

She kept the rickety Venetian blinds drawn tight and wandered about early and late from room to room, stirring the ancient dust with her shuffling feet, but letting in no sunshine, no fresh air.

In her bitterness she planned to thwart the hopeful heirs whose affection she had come to suspect of mercenary motives. She and her lawyers wrought at a will that should prevent their having any reward for their long patience. But the lawyers could not bring her thoughts into cohesion, and she would not sign the wills they drafted.

Her pastor, Mr. Smith, had better success, and came one day with two witnesses and a will; "and she in a fumbling kind of a way put her signature to it." In this document she bequeathed sixteen lots for the building of a new church for Mr. Smith, and seventy thousand dollars for the building. She gave Mr. Smith five thousand dollars, and sums to various charities.

She left for Eliza Péry and her husband and their child the income from ten thousand dollars.

To Nelson Chase and his son William Inglis she bequeathed never a penny.

The pastor carried this will away with him and kept it against the fatal day.

The last months of Betty's life were glorified by the belief that the premises were filled with hidden treasure and she pleaded that it be sought for. Also she was endowed with the royal power of miraculous cure by the laying on of hands. A queen to the last, she must have her features rouged and powdered every day. Her nightcap was threaded with pink ribbons, and she spent her last hours upon the bed Napoleon had slept on in the bedroom where George Washington had slept.

And there she—slept.

Chapter Forty-four

IT was just after the close of the Civil War that had raged in the disunited States for four years when the war ended among all the souls of Betty Bowen Jumel Burr—a war that had lasted a little more than ninety years. She died on a Sunday morning, the 16th of July, 1865.

In the inventory of her estate her bank-balance was found to be \$3,645, with a promissory note for eighteen thousand dollars. Her personal property was totaled at the sum of \$1,238.74, which included three dilapidated carriages valued, one at twenty dollars, one at



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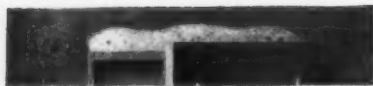
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fifteen (a gift, she said, from Louis-Philippe) and one at five, and two fuzzy old gray horses valued at thirty dollars each.

The poor old horses dragged out of their stupor in the slumberous barn must have wondered what it was all about. And so do I. They may have recalled the guard mounts and the golden days when they stepped high and switched their white tails against the glistening whiffletrees of the glossiest carriage in town.

But the rickety estate of all of them, horses, carriages and Betty, was the bankruptcy that follows all human endeavor, good and bad—if anyone can be sure of the exact definition of either epithet.

Of the jewels that still sparkled though Betty's eyes were dull, the appraisers found not one. It was said that they were buried at night in the garden to escape the appraisers. Years later they were exhibited at a charity fair in Dr. Vandewater's Harlem church. Some of them may be seen to this day by one who has the right to ask for a look.

THE family that Betty left turned the decaying house into a small Bedlam. Nelson Chase, who had remarried, lived in the Burr room and took his meals alone. Monsieur and Madame Péry lived in the Washington room and ate at a different hour from the family of William Inglis Chase, who occupied the rooms above the great dining-room. Miss Nitschke, the governess of the Péry child, slept in the Lafayette room and shared nothing except the vapors of the one distracted cook.

With a legacy estimated at a million dollars, and several conflicting wills in existence, it is small wonder that a neighbor, Charles O'Connor, had occasionally to be called in to promote the peace. This distinguished lawyer, who had acted in the divorce case for Aaron Burr, was soon joined by numerous other lawyers in a famous group of lawsuits extending on and on for years until the wealth was gone and only the old house and the neglected grounds were left.

In the chaos of all these trials Betty's past was dug out of the grave and hung up for all the world to see. But now confusion was worse confounded, for everything that anybody affirmed was denied by somebody else; affidavit contradicted affidavit; cross-examination disputed examination; and senile witnesses refuted themselves so often that the truth can never be known.

It was the clergyman who wrecked what little good name Betty had manufactured; for in his desire to restrain the resident heirs, he sent to Providence to look into Betty's past. He even advertised for heirs, and they arose. And the

odors from the somnolent muck-heap became a miasma of scandal.

IT was then that George Washington Bowen cast aside his policy of silence and came forward at the age of seventy-nine to confess, or to boast, that he was, as the testimony states, "a come-by-chance born in a fancy house." He was told that by a law enacted ten years before, an illegitimate son could inherit from his mother when there were no legitimate children, and he sued for the estate.

Aged witnesses brought Betty back to life again, drifting as a little beauty through the vile life of old Providence and climbing over the pale of decency in New York. It was thus that the truth was fetched up from oblivion in the stammering of irascible old witnesses, seeing their youth more clearly than the years between.

The upshot of the case was that a jury decided against George Washington Bowen; decided that he was not the son of Eliza B. Jumel—thus throwing doubt upon the "facts" that contradicted the legends, so that no one can say just what is fiction, and what is history.

George Washington Bowen appealed the case, of course, and waited thirteen years for the final decree of the highest court; and it was adverse. Still he went on claiming that he was Betty's son until his death at the age of ninety.

Then a cousin of his took up the fight and eventually, in 1903, sold his claim to another suitor.

In the meanwhile, in 1887, the house was sold for a hundred thousand dollars, with ground extending to the city water-pipe which had come down from Croton long since. Later a part of the estate was sold for the same price to General Earle, and he sold it to the City of New York for two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. The Daughters of the American Revolution took possession of it and gradually began its restoration as Washington's Headquarters.

And now it stands in serene and demure beauty, a glorious, inglorious enigma, a house whose walls reek with dignity and infamy, with war and romance, tragedy and woeful realism. The city which had been so far away has climbed the hill and swarmed about the old house like a sea.

Tourists and sightseers visit it in coveys, but not as "Washington's Headquarters." It is always, must always be, the Jumel Mansion.

For the warm-hearted, hot-tempered, dance-loving Washington has been doomed to be a frozen allegory of majesty in the national gallery of his country. But Betty Jumel lives as one of the picturesque sinners, cherished like Rahab the harlot—the nearest her nation has come to furnishing a Maintenon or a Du Barry to the dull envy of the respectables.

It is enough for the historian to say: "Thus such a one did at such a time in such a way." But the moralist looks for a lesson, a reward for virtue or a revenge upon vice.

The historian has done his duty when he has discovered and honestly spread out the chronicle. Let the moralist pick

"The Grand Passion"

The two great games of golf and love are combined in a specially joyous story which you will find in an early issue—a story by
WALTER PRICHARD EATON

and choose for himself and draw what comfort or warning best suits his creed.

Betty's son, George Washington Bowen, if he were her son, pleaded:

"It was something I couldn't help."

Who, indeed, can help anything—or anybody? Could not Betty have handed the same plea up from her grave when her very soul was brought to trial?

"It was something I couldn't help!"

She was goaded through the world by a legitimate, a commendable longing for beauty, glory and wealth. Her methods were ignoble, her sins perhaps many. Was she punished for them?

Did she in the end fare better or worse than the kindly, industrious, generous, honorable Jumel, whom she ble? to death financially if not actually?

Left alone in the cold mansion, he sighed that she had cheated him out of his possessions; yet since they would go at last to his beloved adopted child Mary Bownes, he said he was satisfied. But Mary Bownes did not live to inherit them, and her children were disinherited by the law!

Betty seems to have tried everything in life except self-sacrifice, and to have experienced everything but true love. She seems never to have found happiness or contentment. But how many do? She never gained her one ambition: recognition. Yet who gains his ambition?

She died in slovenly insanity. Yet her insanity was gorgeous with imagined triumphs. And she who as a little girl ran screaming from a hovel torn down by a mob in Providence, ended her days in a most beautiful mansion on a high hill overlooking the greatest city of her continent.

THE old Roman poet Martial devoted three of his priceless epigrams to little bits of life preserved from death by being caught in flowing resin that hardened into transparent amber.

In one he speaks of an ant overtaken by a drop of gum; it was "contemptible in life, but its death made it precious." (*Vita contempta manente, funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis.*)

In another drop a bee hides and glows (*et latet et lucet*) "as if locked in its own nectar—a worthy reward for its toils, a death it might well have wished to die."

In a third long jewel is a viper, surprised and fettered by the clinging dew and sealed in a nobler tomb than Cleopatra herself could boast.

Betty Jumel had something of the ant, something of the bee, something of the viper. The slow and stealthy drip of gossip followed her, enveloped her, became tradition, and now holds her fast forever, deathlessly enmeshed.

She who might have gone down into the oblivion that buries innumerable other women of her time, the good wives and mothers, with the wantons and evil ones—she has written her name indelibly on the beadroll of the American immortals. She has become a part of her people's legend.

Here ends Rupert Hughes' great novel. His contribution next month will be "What More Do We Know?" a striking short story that will give you something to think about.



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SPEECH IS SILVER

(Continued from page 65)

Mrs. Watkins arched her eyebrows and looked suspiciously at her husband, whose round, chubby face, peering over the top of the coverlet, seemed absolutely guileless. She searched in vain for traces of a lurking twinkle in his eyes.

"Well," she remarked finally, "I must say that there seems to be a change for the better in your general state of mind, but I can't quite figure it out."

Mr. Watkins dissembled artistically. He laughed lightly and squeezed her hand.

"I guess maybe I've been sort of a darned fool about this thing," he said. "I've got sense enough to admit it. I'm not altogether converted yet, but maybe I will be if you don't preach too much."

Mrs. Watkins smiled cynically.

"That's funny, that is," she remarked. "You're the best little preacher we have on the block yourself."

WHEN the front door slammed five minutes later, Henry Watkins bounded out of bed and peered through the curtains at his wife and Georgie as they walked down the tree-shaded street on their way to the local headquarters of the International Society for the Cultivation of Better Speech Production. There was nothing of the mollycoddle about Georgie's manner, his father remarked to himself, as he noted the boy's sturdiness and abounding spirits—no, and he'd be everlastingly darned, or words to that general effect, if anything even approximating mollycoddism or namby-pambyism were permitted to engulf him in his formative years.

Fortified by this firm resolve, he shaved with surprising rapidity and was presently strolling down the street prepared to take the first step in the little conspiracy which he had been plotting for several days. His destination was a certain large vacant lot about two blocks away, a sort of neighborhood eyesore in the very center of the trim suburb. To the youngsters of the neighborhood, however, the "Garrison lot" was not an eyesore, but an earthly paradise. Here, untrammelled by the restrictions which carefully protected their own well-kept lawns, and out of earshot of watchful relatives, they could be free beings; here they had built a rickety hut out of old fence-boards and the wood from battered vegetable crates, a hut which served as headquarters for the Hilltop Boys Sporting and Athletic Club, a not particularly exclusive organization; here they played baseball and dug trenches for mimic warfare and indulged themselves in other pastimes.

Mr. Watkins had carefully figured out that the only time he could be absolutely certain to find the "Garrison lot" fairly well populated and at the same time free from the presence of Georgie would be a Saturday morning. As he approached the place, a blend of shrill shrieks and harsh laughter which trailed off into occasional high tremolos assured him that the material he needed for the consummation of his scheme was at hand. From a vantage-point on the edge of one of the open spaces in the fence he observed the proceedings inside with lively interest.

A dramatic scene was being enacted. Three youngsters with handkerchiefs over their eyes and wearing cowboy costumes were pointing toy pistols at a line comprising eight or ten other boys, all of whose hands were raised high above their heads. A fourth masked figure was going down the line and carefully abstracting from the pockets of all the victims everything which they contained.

"Get a move on, Sam," said one of the masked cowboys gruffly. "You can't tell what minute one of those sheriff's gangs or poss-es-es or something like that may be comin' up the trail, and there may be bloodshed."

"All right, Chief," replied Sam, moving more briskly. "No monkey-shines now, fellows, or you'll get shot full of lead."

"I want my police-whistle back," wailed a tiny lad at the end of the line who seemed on the verge of tears. "You give me my whistle back, or my father'll lick some of you fellows—I'll tell my father, I will."

"Give him his whistle back, Sam," ordered the chief. "We're not stealin' nothin' from babies. We're men, we are. Aint we men, fellows?"

A murmur of exclamations arose from both the oppressors and the oppressed.

"Sure we are."

"You said something, Chief."

"I'd like to see his old father come down here. I guess we could lick a dozen old fathers if we once got started."

"I guess maybe we could lick two thousand dozen old fathers, any time."

MR. WATKINS instinctively withdrew behind the fence. Somehow he felt that until the dramatic proceedings on the other side had reached a climax, it would be best for a mere adult to remain in obscurity. He sauntered down the block meditating on the masculine airs assumed by the youngsters. Decidedly, he thought to himself, they would fall in with his scheme, if properly approached.

When he returned five minutes later, there seemed to be a lull in the proceedings. He cautiously beckoned to the bandit chief, who was standing apart from the others. He had removed the handkerchief from his eyes and stood revealed as Bobby Saunders, the nine-year-old son of a neighbor, a red-haired, blue-eyed lad who was generally referred to by the mothers on the street as a "young savage" and whose ultimate fate on the gallows had been freely predicted by not a few fathers. Bobby came running, grinning expansively.

"Hello, Mr. Watkins," he remarked cheerily. "Georgie aint here, if you're lookin' for him."

"I'm not looking for Georgie. I want to talk with you. You see, I—"

"I aint done nothin', Mr. Watkins—honest I aint. I aint done nothin' that—"

"I didn't say you had, Bobby. Want to earn a little money?"

"Sure."

"Well, I've got a little proposition I want to put up to you, only you've got



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to keep it secret. Will you promise to keep it a dead secret, and make the other boys keep quiet about it too?"

"Hope to die, Mr. Watkins!" He made the traditional sign of boyhood, crossing his heart twice with great rapidity.

"You're sure you can keep the other boys quiet?"

"Say, I'm the chief of this gang and the president of the club and everything, and if they don't do what I tell 'em to, they get the stuffin' licked out of 'em."

His tone and manner were imperial as he said this, and the expansive grin was replaced by a formidable frown. It was clear to Henry Watkins that he had come to headquarters. He lowered his voice.

"Well, it's this way, Bobby," he said in a whisper. "I want to cure Georgie of something, and I want you and the other boys to help me out. He's been going to a school downtown where they teach him to pronounce words in a sort of different style from the way you and I and the other boys talk, and it's got on my nerves. He seems to like it, and his mother likes it too, but I want to get him out of these notions, and that's where you come in. There's a lot of sissified boys go to that school, and—"

"I know," broke in Bobby eagerly. "It's down on Taylor Street—there was a woman tryin' to get Dad to get me to join, but I guess Dad felt the same way you do about it, and he wouldn't have anything to do with it. I've kinda noticed that Georgie's been talkin' kinda queer lately. He's a good kid, Mr. Watkins, and he don't want to get into any kinda Lizzie ways like Wilbur Fancher and those Arch'bald twins, sayin' 'cawn't' all the time and such things as that."

Mr. Watkins resisted the impulse to embrace Bobby.

"Well, here's the proposition," he resumed. "I'm going to give you a dollar, and all the other kids inside there a half-dollar each, if you start in Monday and sort of kid the life out of Georgie every time he springs any of these new ways of pronouncing words. We used to call it 'razzing' when I was a boy. You know what I mean—make him feel as if he'd better decide to talk like the rest of you. Understand me?"

A BEATIFIC smile wreathed the face of his fellow-conspirator. He chuckled gleefully.

"Say, Mr. Watkins," he gurgled, "that's easy, that is, havin' fun and gettin' paid for it. Got the money with you?"

Mr. Watkins reached into his pocket and took out a jingling handful of half-dollars. He handed two of them to Bobby.

"I'll let you tell the other kids about it when I've gone," he said. "Better line them up."

Bobby mustered his forces inside the fence a minute later and made a little speech of introduction.

"This is Georgie's father," he said, "and he's been takin' up important business with the club. He's goin' to give you all some money for doin' somethin' easy, only there aint nothin' to be said about it, and if I catch any kid sayin' anything or snitchin', he's goin' to be expelled after I get through with him. We



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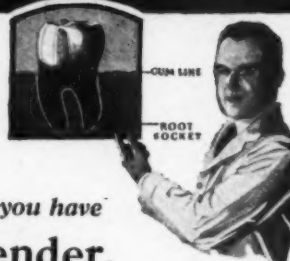
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gotta stick together, men, in this thing. Are you with me?"

"Sure, Chief," came in a chorus of assent from his delighted but thoroughly mystified followers.

Mr. Watkins dropped a half-dollar into the hand of each boy and then took Bobby out on the street for a final conference.

"Don't treat him rough or anything," he said. "Just razz him for a couple of days, and we'll cure him. If it works out, there's more money in it for all the other boys, and double for you. And remember—not a word—not a breath of this to anybody."

"You're certainly a fine man, Mr. Watkins," remarked Bobby, shaking his benefactor's proffered hand. "There aint any kid would dare say anything after I get through talkin' with 'em. They know I'd fix 'em. I'm some fixer, I am, when I get started—yes, sir."

MR. WATKINS saw no reason to argue this point. He walked away secure in the affections of the entire membership of the Hilltop Boys Sporting and Athletic Club and thoroughly satisfied with himself. He couldn't resist the impulse to tell one of the other harassed fathers all about his plan at luncheon.

"A kid can't stand ridicule any more than a grown-up," he remarked sagely. "The thing will come to the breaking-point in about three days. By that time Georgie will be so disgusted with the whole business that he'll come to us and beg to be taken out of this class."

The Machiavellian cunning of the whole scheme made a deep impression upon his listeners, and he was urged to report the progressive steps in the development of the conspiracy.

Henry Watkins found nothing to report for the first three days. Georgie betrayed no signs of being disturbed in spirit, and indulged in his nightly pronunciation drill in the living-room under the supervision of his mother. On Tuesday evening Mr. Watkins tried to draw him out.

"Have a good time today down on the lot, Georgie?" he inquired innocently.

"We cer-tain-ly did," replied Georgie meticulously, enunciating each syllable so perfectly that his father writhed.

"The whole gang was there, I suppose—Bobby Saunders and everyone?"

"They cer-tain-ly were."

"Pretty decent bunch of boys around this neighborhood—don't you think so, Georgie?"

"They cer-tain-ly are, Father—I guess I wouldn't know what to do without those boys. I guess there wouldn't be any fun at all if I didn't have them to play with."

Mr. Watkins resumed his paper, completely defeated. His wife turned to him the tenderest of smiles when Georgie had gone to bed.

"Even you will have to admit, Henry," she remarked sweetly, "that Georgie's

better speech work is improving his pronunciation. Did you ever hear anything more adorable than the way he brings out his syllables instead of slurring them the way most youngsters do?"

"Very fine—very fine," replied her husband. "Remarkable—quite remarkable."

"I knew you'd come to see the light; I knew it—deep down in my heart."

Mr. Watkins grunted and pretended an intense interest in the printed page. His thoughts were elsewhere, however. Decidedly, he said to himself, a little investigation was in order.

THE opportunity to make it came on the following day. Georgie, he knew, would be at his midweek lesson at the studio after school-hours. He hurried through his work at the office and reached the Garrison lot shortly before five o'clock. A cautious reconnoiter revealed the presence of the entire gang, including the redoubtable Bobby. Mr. Watkins inadvertently revealed his presence before he could catch the leader's eyes, and the entire group bore down on him with shrill cries of greeting. Avarice shone in their eyes. Their benefactor raised a restraining hand.

"Keep 'em off," he shouted. "I just want to talk to you for a minute, Bobby."

The Saunders boy turned and waved his followers back.

"This is business, men," he remarked with curt finality. "I'm your business agent, I guess, aint I? I'll attend to this thing. Get back, now."

The others withdrew reluctantly. Mr. Watkins drew Bobby a few feet farther away.

"Aren't you kids doing what I paid you to do?" he asked.

"Sure we are, Mr. Watkins—hope to die if we aint—cross my heart and drop dead! Honest we are."

Bobby's voluble protests would have run on still farther if Mr. Watkins had not silenced him with a gesture.

"Well, all I've got to say," he remarked, "is that it doesn't seem to be taking. It doesn't seem to have any effect on him at all. I don't understand it."

Bobby screwed his face up quizzically. "I'll tell you, Mr. Watkins," he said judicially, "Georgie's a kinda hard case, he is—he didn't seem to mind all this kiddin' and so forth at first, but I kinda think we got him started a little yesterday; he got sore, and then we got after him again, and he got sorer, and we kept after him some more, and he started to cry and ran home. I guess in about two or three more days, maybe, we can fix it so he'll want to quit that darned old school—that is, if I can keep the gang together that long."

"What do you mean—keep the gang together?"

"Well, you see, we didn't figure it was goin' to take so long, and some of the bunch—well, some of the bunch—well, you know it is with kids, and so on. They think that—that—"

"That they ought to get a little more change—is that it?"

"Sure," he replied, "that's it."

Mr. Watkins had come prepared for an

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emergency of this sort. He dipped into his pocket and brought forth more shining silver. Bobby beckoned to his followers, who were watching the proceedings in tiptoed anticipation, and they swarmed around their patron. Half-dollars were again distributed, but this time their disburser delivered himself of an ultimatum.

"This is the finish," he said. "That is all there is; there isn't any more—that is, unless you get the result I want; and—well, then we'll see."

He didn't feel quite so pleased with himself on the way home as he had been a few days before, and when the next evening came and Georgie's state of mind was still placid and undisturbed, he wondered if he'd been making an eternal ass of himself.

The thought worried him all the next day in the office, and he dropped into a lunch-room for his midday meal, feeling ashamed to face the questioning of his fellow-sufferers at the club. One or two of them had been sarcastically scoffing at him for several days, and he was rather fed up on the thing.

LATE that afternoon his preoccupation with the whole problem had brought on such a state of nervous irritability that he decided to walk home in an effort to work off his exasperation. A little foot-sore after a tramp of nearly three miles, he trudged wearily down Poplar Street just before the dinner-hour. As he approached the Garrison lot, he noticed that it seemed deserted. A strange silence brooded over the scene, but as he passed, he heard a voice behind a corner of the fence which still stood firm and secure. It was a familiar voice, and the murmur of it caused him to search for a knothole through which its possessor might be surreptitiously observed. He found one, and the subsequent sights and sounds which fell upon his astonished senses were—disturbing.

Seated upon the ground in a double semicircle he saw the entire membership of the Hilltop Boys Sporting and Athletic Club with the red-haired Saunders boy in the direct center of the front row. Facing his audience and seated upon a soap-box was his son Georgie. He was speaking, and he held the rapt and concentrated attention of his listeners.

"I'll try you on just one more word today," Georgie was saying. "It's one of the test words—*A-mer-i-can*. Don't run it all together, and don't say 'Amur-rikin' like most everybody does. All together now."

"*A-mer-i-can*," chanted a chorus of voices, an uneven and somewhat discordant chorus.

"That's pretty rotten, that is," remarked Georgie in a professorial manner. "Try it again now, fellows."

"*A-mer-i-can*," was repeated eight or ten times, Georgie sounding it correctly before each attempt. When his exercise was completed, he stood up.

"And now come through with your dimes," he said briskly. "And anybody who doesn't pay today is expelled from the class. I can't take any more promises."

He held out his hand, and the youngsters formed in a line headed by Bobby



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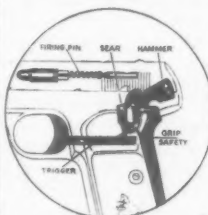


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Saunders. Each dropped a coin in
 Georgie's outstretched palm. Once or
 twice he had to make change, extracting
 a small fistful of silver of various de-
 nominations from his pocket for the pur-
 pose. His father watched the operation
 for a moment or two, entranced, and then
 hurried up the street toward home.

Ten minutes later, considerably mysti-
 fied and a prey to a mixed jumble of
 emotions which churned about inside him,
 he sat on the front porch trying to de-
 cide on just what course of action to
 pursue. A sturdy little figure came
 through the gate and strode up the gravel-
 path, whistling.

"Come here, Georgie," commanded Mr.
 Watkins.

The whistle died down slowly as
 Georgie slouched up the steps.

"What is it, Dad?" he inquired care-
 lessly.

"I hear you're giving better-speech
 lessons—what's the idea?"

The boy looked around hopelessly.

"Where's—where's Mother?" he asked
 stumbingly.

"She's inside, but she hasn't got any-
 thing to do or say about it. This is
 between us two. What's the idea—
 how'd you come to set up as a teacher?"

"Well—well, you see, I—" he floundered,
 and then the words came in an almost
 incoherent rush that would have shocked
 Miss Brown. "Well, you see, our
 teacher said she'd send a half-dozen boys
 to that camp up at Lake Sunapee if they
 learned to say certain words correctly—
 ten words there are—send them up there
 for a week, and pay their railroad fares
 and expenses and everything—boys, you
 see, that don't take the lessons—boys that
 those of us that take lessons would teach

to say these ten words correctly. It's a
 Better Speech prize—it's encouraging bet-
 ter speech, Miss Brown says. The best
 boys, you see, will get sent—I mean the
 boys that speak best. And so—and so—
 well, and so I told the gang and said I'd
 teach them if they—if they—well, I said
 I'd teach them."

"At ten cents a lesson—is that it?"

Georgie grinned sheepishly.

"Well, you see it's this way, Dad: the
 day I told them about it, they all had
 some money, and they were showing it,
 and they said they knew where they could
 get some more, and so—and so—well,
 and so I thought I'd better charge them
 for teaching them because I wanted some
 money for—for—well, for something."

"For what—for a nice set of books
 about better speech and voice production
 and so forth?"

"No—for a set of boxing gloves.
 There's a fellow down at school that's
 got a set, and he's a scientific boxer, he
 is, and he can lick any other boy, I
 guess, because he's got experience. And
 he's got us all sore, and I thought if I
 got a set and had some training and prac-
 tice—well, I thought maybe I could stop
 him boasting so much sometime and
 show him where he gets off."

Mr. Watkins sprang out of his chair
 and encircled his offspring with his right
 arm, squeezing him tightly.

"Atta boy!" he shouted.

Mrs. Watkins, peering through the
 screen door, couldn't quite make it out.

"What's going on?" she asked.

Her husband held up his left hand.

"Madam," he announced gayly, "permit
 me to introduce you to the coming light-
 weight champion of Hilltop, Mr. George
 Frederick Watkins—he eats 'em alive!"

WOMEN ARE SO SILLY

(Continued from page 93)

"Aren't those pretty shoes of Nell's?"
 Peggy was saying. "I must ask her
 where she got 'em."

"Good Lord!" said the Emperor.

He used a jigger and overapproached.
 It cost him two strokes instead of one.
 And he was angry. Ordinarily, being a
 schooled golfer, such a loss would merely
 have meant an increased concentration
 on the next shots. But now his anger
 was confused with other emotions; it
 was mixed up with memories of Peggy's
 lips, and the sound of Peggy's soft,
 laughing voice, and the thoughts of Lucy
 Briggs, who played golf silently, effi-
 ciently, almost like a man. He saw her, two
 holes ahead, going smoothly along with
 young Tom Blaine as her partner. Gus-
 sie moved as far away from Peggy as
 the next tee would permit, and turned
 his back when she drove.

"Oh, dear! I'm afraid it's out of
 bounds," he heard her say. "I'm going
 to aim at out of bounds next time. I'll
 bet then I'll go smack on the green."

"Try my way," said Nell. "I don't
 aim at all."

Gussie gritted his teeth. Good Lord!
 Why were women such utter idiots?
 Why, when they played golf, couldn't
 they play golf?

He wheeled in silence, and laid into
 his drive with a vicious swing, controlled,

however, by his will, and resulting in a
 tremendous wallop of three hundred
 yards.

"My partner, ladies and gents!" Peggy
 announced with a flourish.

"Where'd you go?" the Emperor cut
 in curtly.

"Why are you so cross, Mr. Emperor?"
 Peggy demanded softly, trotting along by
 his side.

"I'm not cross," he snapped. "But
 for heck's sake, play golf. We want to
 get somewhere in this tournament."

"I'm doing the best I can," she
 answered. Something in her voice made
 him look at her. Her big eyes seemed
 misty. Good heavens, was she going to
 cry?

"Well, then, try to do better than you
 can," he answered. "That's what wins
 matches."

"I didn't know you could be so—so
 horrid. You are an emperor—in that
 respect," she snapped back with sudden
 spirit.

"And I didn't know you could be so
 silly," he retorted.

Neither of them, probably, had meant
 to say so much. But having said so
 much, they said more. And then they
 said nothing at all. Peggy's golf grew
 more and more terrible. The Emperor
 concentrated on his own game, with a

grim determination to salvage what he could from the wreck. He reeled off hole after hole in par. He made miracle shots which, ordinarily, would have filled him with elation. But now, as they met on the green after one of them, he couldn't help seeing Peggy's red lips, or her hands clasped around her club, or the soft nape of her neck as she bent to putt; and his annoyance was the keener because of the remembered desire of her. Clearly, the Emperor was upset. It was an unhappy afternoon. Cyrus and his daughter could hardly be having a hilarious time, either. The Emperor, between whiles, realized that he was probably making a holy show of himself. And that added nothing to his peace of mind.

WHEN the eighteen holes were at last over, and the scores turned in, the Emperor and Peggy found themselves second from the bottom, in spite of his own contribution of par holes. Never before in his life had he seen his name at the bottom of a score-board. He glowered in silence.

Peggy looked at him narrowly, and at length spoke.

"You don't like to be at the bottom, do you?" she said.

"Does anybody?" he replied.

She laughed. "My Gawd! You men are such babies! What difference does it make?"

"It's the difference between doing what you set out to do well, and doing it badly," said he grimly. "You can't understand that, can you?"

"Perhaps I can," she answered, "—if what I set out to do really mattered."

"But I happen to think that golf matters," he said.

"Yes, dear old thing, I know you do," she answered, and pouted her red lips at him, and laughed mockingly with her eyes.

The Emperor had a sudden fresh twinge of longing, and took an instinctive step toward her, but she slipped away, still with the mock in her eyes.

"I've been nasty—I'll come tonight and square myself if I can," he called.

But she shook her head. "I'm going over to a dance in Marlton tonight."

He went back to the board, recalling that he hadn't noted who won the tournament. The names of Lucy and Tom stood at the top!

At the clubhouse, after he had dressed, he saw Lucy, cool and fresh and sedately virginal.

"Glad you won," he managed.

"It was too easy, with Tom's handi-cap," she answered. "No fight at all. Did you have a good round?"

Her eyes, too, he fancied, were mocking him. It hadn't occurred to him before that Lucy's eyes were capable of mockery. He had chiefly observed them concentrated on a golf-ball. They were not so large as Peggy's. They were cool and gray. They certainly had never disturbed him before. But now there was challenge in them. A queer world—or queer female creatures in it.

"Play with me from scratch next Saturday, will you, and have a fight on your hands?" he found himself asking.

"Is there another mixed foursome next Saturday?"

"So they say."



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Lucy reflected on the matter. "I don't want to take you away from Peggy."

"Damn it, will you play with me?" the Emperor blurted.

"Damn it, I will!" said Lucy, and her mockery of him he found suddenly delightful.

He and Lucy practiced four times together that coming week, while Mrs. Penhallow sat serenely on the veranda and read the London *Mercury*. They played all eighteen holes, without any dalliance under the willows. The Emperor, in fact, hurried past the spot, averting his eyes. Some things were not so easy to forget. Nor was it quite easy to forget that a girl's hand has magnetic qualities. Once, during the last day's practice, Lucy's hand and his met quite accidentally, reaching into the tee-box for sand. He closed his fingers over hers and gave them a little squeeze. Then he turned red. He had forgotten it was Lucy!

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered.

Lucy looked away from him, and made no reply for a prolonged moment. Then she faced him with a little smile. It was a disturbingly wistful little smile, which he couldn't fathom.

"That's quite all right," she said. "It's your drive."

He had an absurd inclination to repeat the experiment. But Lucy didn't reach into another tee-box until he was out of the way.

THEY won the tournament of Saturday by one stroke, thanks to a superb approach and putt of Lucy's on the home green, when they knew it was a four here, or miss the prize. Lucy had played all the way, in fact, with concentrated efficiency. It had been a glorious afternoon of real golf. Peggy had not even been on the course, to disturb him. When it was over, in the low sunlight flushing to pink through the trees, the Emperor took Lucy home in his run-about. Her hands lay in her lap. The backs were tanned brown. They were firm, strong hands. The Emperor took one of his suddenly from the wheel, and touched them.

Lucy looked at him gravely. "That wasn't an accident," she said.

"It was an impulse," he answered.

"If anybody two weeks ago had told me you were a philanderer, I should have laughed at them."

"But I'm not a philanderer," Gussie declared, indignant.

The girl shook her head, as she placed his hand back on the wheel. "Last week you were holding Peggy's hand, no doubt. And now you try to hold mine."

Then, quite suddenly, the Emperor had a revelation. This desire for Peggy that had so troubled him—it wasn't really for Peggy. It was for a mate. He knew well enough that Peggy was no mate for him. Think of her as an instructor's wife! Think of playing golf with her week in and week out! She was foolishly feminine; she was capricious, shallow, silly. Lucy was different. She was sensible. She had always attracted him, too. But she had never before excited him. Now she did. Peggy had waked something in him. He took his

hand off the wheel again, and in spite of Lucy's resistance got hold of one of hers.

"If you struggle, we'll go into the ditch," he said.

Lucy laughed—nervously. Her color was high. "I—I don't know what to make of you," she said.

"Make a happy man of me," he answered. "Let me come to see you to-night."

"It might be simpler if you stayed to dinner," she replied. But she got her hand away.

THE following Wednesday the Emperor and Lucy had gone off for a tramp in the woods. The Professor, without any of his week-end cronies to play with, had resorted to a solitary practice round. Mrs. Penhallow sat upon the club veranda. Having exhausted the London *Mercury*, she was sampling Papini's "Life of Christ," to see what people found in it so extraordinary. She expected to be disappointed, and was, which caused a slight smile of satisfaction to play over her countenance. Besides, wasn't Augustus, Junior, out walking with Lucy Briggs? Intelligence will triumph!

The Professor, rather bored by his lonely practice, and weary with the heat, reached a point where the shade of the willows and the river-bank invited him. He picked up his ball, and sought the pleasant seclusion. But as he dropped below a fringe of bushes, he was aware of some one there ahead of him. It was Peggy. She had been sitting with elbows on knees and her pretty chin in her hands. Now she looked up at him, startled, but with a quick smile. Professor Penhallow smiled back. He had a very nice and quizzical smile—when he wanted to.

"May I sit here, too, by your river, a moment, and get cool?" he asked.

Peggy nodded, patting the bank beside her. He sat down at her side.

"Did you too get tired of practicing?" he inquired.

"Me? Practice?" she laughed. "I hate golf!"

"You do? But I saw you playing with Gussie only a week or two ago."

"That was because he likes it," she answered. "It's a silly game. Why do all you men take it so seriously?"

"Why do we take anything seriously?" the Professor said.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, and threw a stick into the water.

They were both silent for a considerable time. Then the Professor suddenly asked: "Why did you give Gussie up so easily?"

Peggy turned startled eyes to his face. "How do you know I gave him up?" she demanded. "You speak as if I had him once, and as if I wanted to keep him."

"Didn't you?" The Professor's voice was gentle.

"Oh, what's the use?" Peggy flung out. "You all think I'm a silly flapper. Well, I am! I know it. I can't pull a long face and go plugging around after a white pill all day and never crack a smile. I can't get excited over doing anything serious. I—I just want to live."

"We all want to do that, Peggy. But some people find satisfaction out of living one way, some out of another. What

I think you really mean is that you are only nineteen."

"I'm twenty," she cut in.

"But you haven't told me why you gave up Gussie without a fight. I must say I expected to see you put up a good scrap. I should imagine you could, if you wanted to. You could if I were Gussie."

"Now, just what do you mean by that?" Peggy demanded.

"I mean you've disappointed me," Professor Penhallow smiled.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Peggy. "I'll bet that don't go for the Emp—for Gussie's mother."

"Frankly, Gussie's mother does not approve of you. I hardly approve of you myself—for Gussie. To my son, as you may be aware, life is real, life is earnest. He too, in time, will become a professor. It is doubtful if you would ever make a successful wife for a professor. I applaud your action. Still, I am disappointed."

"Aren't you assuming quite a chunk?" said Peggy.

"Am I?"

"No." She laughed, mirthlessly. "You're a good scout—this is the dope: When I was a kid, and the Emperor—that's what we all call him—was in college, I thought he was the whole works. When he spoke to me, vacations, I walked on air for days. I—I had a picture of him, cut out of a group photograph in his college annual, in my wrist-watch. There aint much highbrow stuff in our house. Maybe you can guess that. Dad's a good broker, but he's short on the classics. Gus was my—well, sort of my ideal; and besides, he was everything I wasn't, and my kind weren't. When he cottoned to me this summer, I fell for it hard. And I got a bump. He's all right, but not for me. He'd 'a' been criticizing me the rest of my days."

"There's much in that," the Professor agreed.

"I'll tell the cockeyed world there is! Oh, I could fight, all right. But what would I fight with? My body, against—against Lucy's golf and her Radcliffe diploma. I won't fight with my body, I won't, I won't! It's too horrid!"

THE Professor, unused to the frankness of the new generation, might perhaps have been a little shocked, had not Peggy's distress been so great, and had the sudden tears not flowed from her large brown eyes.

"You will never have to," he answered gently. "All this means is that Gussie was not the man for you. No one will be long disappointed but myself, and I don't matter."

"I—we—he kissed me, right here on this bank. I made him do it," she half sobbed. "I wanted him to—terribly. That's the kind of a person I am!"

"And he did it?" cried Professor Penhallow. "Well, well! Gussie is human, after all! My dear girl, you have increased my pride in my son—and my disappointment, as well."

"You keep talking about your disappointment—what do you mean?" Her curiosity got the better of her tears.

"Alas!" the Professor answered. "I am an elderly man. The joy and the ir-

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responsible charm and the beauty of youth, careless youth, romantic, uncalculating youth, appeal to me strangely. I thought less of your happiness, or my son's happiness, than having such a dear, lovely, laughing creature as you in the house, to hear and to look at."

"You sweet old thing!" said Peggy, putting her hand into his. "Then you don't think I'm a rotter?"

"I think you are all the sweet longing of the waltzes I knew in my youth time," the Professor answered, patting her hand. "And I think you are a very wise, brave and sensible girl, too, and I think you know something about sacrifice, even if, like all of your generation, you won't admit it; and I think if Gussie doesn't remember your kiss, deep in his heart, all his life, he's no son of mine; and I think you'd better go home now, and proceed

to put him out of your thoughts, and wait for a fine, big chap who loves to joke and has a rumbling voice and a disorderly mind and will take you exploring in western China and love you distractingly."

Peggy looked up into his face with misty eyes. Her adorable red mouth was smiling.

"I hope he knows a lot of geometry," she said.

"Oh, my poor, foolish son!" the Professor sighed, smiling down at her, and helping her to her feet.

They walked back across the green fairway together. Mrs. Penhallow, from the veranda, glanced up from her book and saw them coming.

Three people, taking tea at a near-by table, were startled by a strange sound.

"Bah!" And again, "Bah!"

THE SPORTING VENUS

(Continued from page 61)

was mistress of the situation, an eighteen-year-old Venus arising from the ancestral waters of a sporting sea. None realized her charm more deeply than Lord Grayle himself.

"Gad, my dear!" said he. "Can you ever forgive me? Only fancy your silly father moping around the Continent by himself, when all the time we might have been having such jolly good fun together! I feel positively ill, you know! We must start things off with a dinner, eh? Then I shall have Swansfield House renovated, and when the season opens, we can let go with a tearing old bang! Nothing like knocking them dizzy at the start, you know!"

The guests assembled that night in the banquet hall where once Black Donald and his followers wreaked bloody vengeance on the last of their hereditary enemies. Gwendolyn, with jewels sparkling against her slender throat, was the spirit of the evening that all men toasted. She made a rare and radiant vision, well sufficient to stir the blood of the most jaded nobleman, let alone a simple son of the moor such as Donald o' the Hill. Her thoughts turned to him as the evening progressed. Romance called to her in a Cinderella night, and there was none of her own age among her father's guests. She yearned to try her new power on the sober Scotch youth who was familiar only with the chrysalis from which she had burst. So strong did the impulse become, that she threw a cloak over her shoulders and ran lightly down the driveway to the keeper's lodge, ostensibly bearing wine and cake to old Malcolm and his wife.

Had the young beauty only known it, there was no need for such artifice. Donald o' the Hill had been an unseen witness to her triumph. Clinging to the vines that overhung the lower rampart, the boy had been watching for hours with his face pressed against a high window that commanded a view of the banquet hall. Upon the dark heaven of his night the girl appeared as a single glorious star, matchless and unattainable, yet becoming on the instant the accepted beacon of his dreams—the guiding goddess of his destiny.

But when Lord Grayle's daughter

tapped on the door of the MacAllan cottage, the keeper's son had already returned and was apparently engrossed in arranging new quarters for a litter of foxhound puppies. He was more shy and silent than usual, so much so that old Malcolm protested angrily:

"Coom, lad, whar's yer manners? Put the poopies under the tawble, an' gang back wi' Lady Gwen. Take yon lantern, an' stir yersel'."

THERE was little need of a lantern. The witchery of a full moon silvered the castle grounds and opened wide the flagons of enchantment. They walked in silence to the portico, where the girl turned and laid a hand gently on the arm of her escort.

"We leave for London in the morning, Donald. This is good-by. Thank you for many things—and—Scotland will always be very dear to me."

She waited a moment, but he made no response. "Laddie," she reproved gently, "has the cat stolen your tongue?"

"Na," he answered, with his eyes averted and his cap twirling in his hands, "but there's soomthin' in na neck that will na coom oop or gang doon. I'm a' fu' o' words, but I canna say them."

She had her moment of feminine triumph when she beheld dumb adoration written in his face. Leaning forward impulsively, her lips touched lightly on his cheek. "That's to remember me by, Donald," she whispered, and turned to leave.

But the kiss had melted the bonds of his reserve, and now he dropped to his knees, clutching at the folds of her skirt, and crying fiercely: "I love ye! I love ye! I'll na let ye go! Oh, lassie, what hae ye done to Donald o' the Hill?"

The passionate outburst startled the girl, and for a moment she drew back, striving to disengage herself from his grasp.

Behind them the door opened upon Lord Grayle, whose startled eyes beheld in the supplicating posture of the gamekeeper's son a piece of idiocy obviously annoying to his daughter.

In language such as only a Grayle could use when thoroughly aroused, the Baron

of Swansfield and Whitewater ordered young MacAllan from his sight. The boy said no word until a rough hand was laid on his shoulder. Then the spirit of a Bruce snapped its bonds. He wrenched loose, drew back, and there poured from his lips a defiant cataract of words, gushing so fiercely in the Highland tongue that only its drift was intelligible.

Gwendolyn was reminded of the day she had attended school at Cronleigh, and heard a Scotch lad of only ten declaiming with clenched fists:

If thou hast said I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Highland or Lowland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!

Presently he had calmed down sufficiently for the girl to make herself heard.

"Father," she requested quietly, "if you please—"

By the merest inclination of her head, the last of the Grayles made her wishes plain. Lord Grayle hesitated a moment, bowed and withdrew, smiling a little at the characteristic way in which he had been dismissed. Quite evidently she would put the silly young puppy in his place.

The girl faced Donald, and she might have been the spirit of the fifth Geraldine standing there in the moonlight—the Geraldine who gave her heart at first sight to the young gallant that she met on the road to London. But before she could say what was in her heart, the youth blurted out:

"Na, na, Lady Gwen! Ye maun nae say a word. The Laird was cruel richt, and I'll na forget mase! again. I'll gang awa' in the mornin' to yon college at Enbrugh to take up medicine."

"To study medicine, Donald? To be a doctor? But lad, you will need money."

"I hae ma haid and two fisties, an' the kiss ye gie me on the cheek," said he. "It's eneuch!"

The girl looked away a moment. Then: "I'd like a keepsake, Donald. Did you keep the pretty crystal you picked up on the moor?"

He produced it, a heart-shaped bit of quartz bright with many colors.

"Thank you," she accepted. "I'll always keep this, Donny. Good-by, lad—and the best of luck!"

HE clasped her proffered hand, turned his back, and strode sturdily away into the darkness. The girl watched him fade from sight, and then looked down at the lump of colored crystal. He was her first lover.

Give me an amulet
That keeps Intelligence with you:
Red when you love, and rosier red—
And when you love not, pale and blue!

Lord Grayle's daughter questioned the stars but saw no hint of the future written there. Indoors her father awaited impatiently.

"I hope you sent the boy packing, my dear."

There was an odd look in the girl's eyes as she responded lightly. "I shouldn't wonder! He told me he would never forget himself again, so everything's all right. Do you mind, Father, if I retire early?"



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CREATIONS JORDAN NEW YORK

Upstairs she sat for hours in her room by an open window while in her veins there battled for control the impetuous blood of the Grayles that knew no law, and the equally powerful influence of the Geraldines, aristocrats to their fingertips. At sunrise she went again to the window, and stood there until the figure of a youth, striding south over the moor, walked out of her life, shouldering sturdily a bundle that contained all his possessions. She watched until a fold in the brown moor engulfed him, and their two worlds parted. Then she accepted destiny with a wistful smile and prepared herself for the journey to London.

THE dead leaves fluttered one by one from the Tree of Time, marking the weeks that were buried under months, and the months that were covered over by the passing years. Meanwhile the influences of birth, training and circumstance worked out a logical pattern for Donald MacAllan and the Laird's daughter.

Along a path as clogged and tortuous as the gray trail that led toward Connock's crags, the boy pulled himself stubbornly upward. The traits of repression and self-denial were intensified by his experience in Edinburgh, where he slaved his way through the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, denying himself all pleasure, and befriended only by a skilled and canny doctor who said to him:

"They're no a' surgeons that get the name o' it, but I've lived seventy and two years, and hae neever seen i' the coontra round a likelier prospect than yersel'. Noo, lad, ye can do it! Stoody and save yer siller. Remember, mon, if ye put two pennies in a poorse, they'll creep thegither!"

So Donald put his "two pennies in a poorse" and diverged not an inch from the chalk-line that led to his goal. If he experienced any breath from a different world, it came to him through the medium of illustrated papers, collected while cleaning the rooms of more fortunate classmates. Thus he obtained material for the scrapbook that became his most sacredly guarded possession—a crudely bound folio that told in print and picture the colorful exploits of the capricious young beauty Gwendolyn, Lady Grayle, referred to now in many quarters as "the Sporting Venus." Between the pages, heather and bluebell were pressed.

No Scotchman wears his heart upon his sleeve where it may be brushed off by passing fancy. The principles of caution, frugality and self-sacrifice for the sake of the old folks are inborn. Yet the love of romance burns the more fiercely because it is repressed.

Donald MacAllan's feeling for the fair companion of his boyhood was as deep and natural as that which he felt for the bubbling Falls of Bruar and the glint of purple heather on the high rock in the glen. She formed a part of a devotion that sustained him and yet was too deep for utterance. She might well have been the heroine of a Sir Walter Scott novel, for to him she was unattainable, yet as marvelously real. Turning the pages of his scrapbook, her face smiled at him from Epsom, Newmarket and Crews, and he followed her while she

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Mrs. Ola Valentine, of Arkansas, says, "My little boy, now 5 years old, had been deaf since about 4 months of age. Now he hears very well and is learning to talk."

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sailed her yacht in the King's Cup, or saddled a Derby winner, swamped the bookmakers and flung her winnings to the four winds.

She possessed in her volatile temperament all the recklessness that had been denied his blood, and he was fascinated by each unfolding chapter. Yet sometimes the instinct of the physician, coupled with an odd sense of responsibility, rose within him so strongly that his dark eyes grew dreamy under thoughtful brows.

IN truth, it was a wild star that Lord Grayle had loosed on a heaven of his own making; but scarcely had the flight begun, when the girl's course was interrupted by the cataclysm that convulsed Europe and drowned all gayety with the crash of cannon.

The shock reversed many a lever in the switching-tower of humanity. It took young Doctor MacAllan, with ink scarcely dry on his credentials, and flung him toward the battlefield to absorb more knowledge in four years than he had hoped to master in a lifetime. There he remained until the last gun was fired, drinking still deeper from the well of discipline and iron.

For the young Sporting Venus, the opposite was ordained. Lord Grayle's daughter was among the first to drop everything and take her place in the ranks of feminine toilers whom the Government gradually welded into a machine of a million cogs. It proved to be a four-year period during which the star-eyed beauty of the turf and field voluntarily suppressed every instinct of her nature. Her blood thirsted for dramatic expression. Had the Government said the word, she could have been a Jeanne d'Arc, immortalizing herself on the battlefield.

Instead she toiled in London—an unseen drudge in hospital wards and munition factories. During the last days of the war she got her first news of Donald from his father, who was shipped back to England with little left of him but his voice. Old Malcolm smiled up at her from a cot at Stonyhurst.

"He's a braw lad and a gr-and doctor, Lady Gwen. 'Twas him that coot off ma legs."

The tales whispered by the desperately wounded gamekeeper made her eyes sparkle and her breath come fast. She concentrated all her efforts toward preserving the parental spark of life sent back to her by a youth whose cheek had received the only kiss she had ever bestowed. On the day that the elder MacAllan took a turn for the better, her own father died suddenly in council-chambers, leaving Gwendolyn utterly alone, and with an idle fortune to do with as she wished.

Following the quiet simplicity of her father's obsequies, the young mistress of Swansfield House took Malcolm MacAllan back to his cottage in Scotland and there established him in so much comfort that his conscience bothered him.

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case in the parlor. "What hae ye got there, Lady Gwen?"

But she laughingly evaded answer. Later she came to his side and displayed an odd brooch of varicolored quartz. "See, Malcolm," she invited, "how rosy red it looks!"

"Aye," he nodded cannily, "but 'tis only when the sun shines on't; 'tis na fair itherwise!"

Sometimes she hurried down to London and returned with information obtained from the War Office. The news concerning the Forty-second Highlanders was supplemented by infrequent letters from Donald, now a major and cited more than once for valor. Malcolm himself had never learned to write; nevertheless the replies went back in a heavily scrawled hand that was guided by dainty fingers.

THEN came Peace on the wings of Victory, bidding the nation awaken from its nightmare. The reaction set the pendulum of emotion swinging from one extreme of the arc to the other. A tidal wave swept aside the restraints of wartime, and left a feverish froth of hysteria in its wake.

Gwendolyn reopened Swansfield House, which was on the line of march for returning troops, and here many lavish entertainments were given. In this move she was encouraged by many of her father's friends—notably the Bishop of Brockhurst, who had an uneclesiastical fondness for the fleshpots of society. The good cleric was welcome, but there were others whom the girl merely tolerated. Lord Grayle had always supported an improvident retinue which now descended on his daughter.

The moment came for which she had waited; Donald MacAllan returned, a beribboned major marching at the head of his men, while the bagpipes screamed "Cock o' the North, my Huntly Brawl!" and all London cheered what was left of the Black Watch! Oh, but he was then a gallant figure of a man, tall and stern, eyes looking straight ahead, and the decorations gleaming on his chest. It was thus that she glimpsed him from the crowded stand erected in front of her residence. He passed on, guarded by rows of uniformed "bobbies," and she watched him go with much the same feeling in her heart as on the morning she stood by a castle window and saw a fold in the brown moor hide him from her sight. In the uncompromising set of his shoulders she recognized the same stubborn pride that had bade him tell her: "I'll na forget masel' again, Lady Gwen!"

It was remembrance of that phrase uttered with the fierce bitterness of a pledge that restrained her from yielding to the wish to be in Scotland when Malcolm welcomed his son. Other and more subtle influences grew stronger as the days passed. She was now at the height of her youth and beauty. Instincts that had been held in leash by the tense drama of the war fought with accumulated force against further restraint. The hot coals of heredity were being fanned by those who sought again the prodigality of the Grayles.

She was nervous, restless—poised with fluttering pinions on the peak of her own emotions, not knowing in which direction

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State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles M. Richter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Red Book Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443 of the Illinois Statutes, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Editor, Karl Edwin Harriman, 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, Charles M. Richter, 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Louis Eckstein, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Estate of Louis M. Stumer, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Benjamin J. Rosenthal, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Stephen Hexter, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; A. R. Stumer, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Charles M. Richter, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Ralph K. Strassman, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of the stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs, contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which each stockholder and security holder who does not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, holder of bonds and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, partnership, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of the publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager, Southern and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1924. [Seal.] LOUIS H. KEBBET, JII.

happiness lay, but eager for flight. No girl in England had more opportunities for a brilliant marriage, but it was with men of mature years and settled station, and their dignified courtship awakened no thrill. There was that in her blood which spurned the conventional and demanded the spectacular. As in life, so in love—she was the born gambler, willing to risk all in the hope of winning much.

The meeting came unexpectedly, at a Charity Ball in Queensgate Manor, where she was the scintillating sensation of the night, and he a poor young officer present at the command of his military superior. She covered the lapse of years with a charming courtesy and the light query: "Major MacAllan, I wonder if you foxie is still safe across the Brig o' Pitlochrie?" Then, before he could answer, she had guided him skillfully away from earshot, and was whispering: "Oh, Donny, I'm so proud of you! Let this night be mine, laddie—mine for Auld Lang Syne—with none to interfere."

IT was an attack that swept him off his feet, just as her youth and beauty intoxicated him. Like all the Grayles, she had chosen now to plunge, laying her heart and fortune on the turn of the card represented by this dark-eyed product of the Highlands. Swiftly she made him the most conspicuous figure of the evening, blinding his eyes to all save herself, and swinging in his arms over the ball-room floor, while others sought in vain to claim a promised dance. London had never seen a handsomer couple; nor was there any disputing the evidence that they were very much in love with each other. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Bishop of Brockhurst. "Who's the young Lochinvar? I'll lay a ten-pound note that he carries her away to his castle before morning!"

But the famous prelate would have lost his wager had anyone taken him up. Major Donald MacAllan recovered himself sharply at the very moment when the prize was his for the asking. They faced each other on a moonlit balcony, and it was the young surgeon who broke the spell that was upon them. He spoke gravely, with a conscious effort to free the burrs from his tongue. "The night has been ours, Lady Gwen—yours and mine; but it is over now, and I must go my way, lassie. It is not fair to tempt from his reason the man whose heart must take orders."

"Tempt?" she protested. "Why, Donald—"

"Aye!" he confirmed. "Tempt is the vera word! Make no mistake, Lady Gwen: I love you noo as I hae always done, and I hae gone through much a-ready because of it, and will go through more. But until Donald MacAllan can lift up and na drag down, until he can provide an' na be provided for, ye maun na offer a fortune that I hae not earned, beauty which I canna shelter, and a station in life that was na intended for Donald o' the Hill. If the time shall ever come, Lady Gwen, when you hae need o' me, I'll ken it a' too well, and old Hornie himself will na stand me off; but until then, this be thy world, and a pretty one it is." He indicated the brilliant scene behind them, and then ges-

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tured toward the rooftops of London and the obscurity beyond. "There lies mine, Lady Gwen—and tomorrow I enter it, without uniform, and with scarce the money for office-rent; but it is what calls me!"

The Lady Grayle gathered a cloak around white shoulders, and then held out her hand. She spoke with the studied calmness of the gambler who accepts Fate as reflected by a spinning marble. "So be it!" she told him. "It is now my turn to say that Lady Grayle will not forget herself again. You will find, Donald, that a girl who has the courage to bare her heart as I have done, can also lock it up and throw the key away. Good evening, Major MacAllan!"

AGAIN the curtain of the years descended while Time's busy fingers sent the shuttle spinning through the weave. The last of the Grayles, yielding to the suggestion of the stars, sold Swansfield House and Craigloch Castle, gathered her financial reserves and set out to fulfill destiny in the rôle of the Sporting Venus.

In a year all Europe was talking, for she rocketed through the Continental heavens with all the erratic brilliance of a shooting star, and Luck was a hand-maiden that answered to her bidding. She forced a suspension of play at Monte Carlo, took the midnight train for Paris, and the following day bought Prince Raoul's stable and paid for it with an afternoon's wagers at Longchamps. Thereafter they knew her in whatever part of the world the waters of life ran swiftest and the Goddess of Chance flirted with her followers.

Strange stories were told of the Sporting Venus, but they bore never a breath of scandal. No one had ever seen the girl when she was not accompanied by a stern-faced, gray-haired woman who carried a small black satchel in which there was said to be a revolver. That was Judy Lynch, on whose Welsh breast the girl had slumbered as a baby. Such men as sought the company of the Lady Grayle—and there were many—found themselves helpless under the silent gaze of this feminine Cerberus who was omnipresent. There were one or two who needed further convincing, notably the young Marquis d'Avigne, for whose benefit the girl shot the pips out of a card at ten paces in the Casino at Buenos Aires. That story preceded her to the boulevards of Paris, and made her more that ever the toast of high gamblers.

But the inevitable time came when the luck turned as strongly against her as it had run in her favor. Sharps who had followed her over the world sprang coup after coup. Mines that had been the foundation of her father's wealth petered out. Even such securities as she had believed permanently safe with her solicitor were filched by an absconding clerk who—ironically enough—lost the money backing the Grayle colors at the races. Even Nature demanded its reckoning, and the girl concealed behind a gambler's mask excruciating headaches from which she sought relief in the opiates that she had once administered to tortured men in the war hospitals of London.

None save her faithful Welsh com-

panion guessed how ill of heart and flesh the girl really was—certainly not the men of title and wealth who still proposed to her, and whom she laughingly evaded. But one night at Venice when the stars seemed very close, she crumpled down among the cushions of a gondola, buried her face in the lap of her nurse, and surrendered to harsh grief that shook her frame. "It was written from the first," she sobbed. "We can't escape our destinies! I tried once, and the door was closed upon me. Why?"

"That, I do not know," said the older woman, "unless it was to permit all this first to pass away."

"It is done," sighed the girl. "But my brain is still on fire. Nish, have we enough money to reach Scotland?"

"Nish" was the pet name she had bestowed on her nurse as a child, and its use now moved the older woman deeply. "That and more, Lady Gwen. Nish has been saving against this day for years. What's in your heart, child?"

"I don't know," whispered the girl. "It's locked, and the key lies beyond the Brig o' Pitlochrie, where I lost it in a storm. If I could only ride there again, with the wind in my face, the rain drumming on the moor, and Auld Hornie calling me into eternal darkness! Let the rocket fall amid the heather at night, with none to see." She struggled suddenly for composure, exclaiming: "I'm talking nonsense, Mrs. Lynch. Come, let's sing 'The Reel o' Tullochgorum!'"

"For blythe and merry we'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
To fa' to fa'"

She drooped heavily against her nurse, and—Judy bent over quickly, to find that the girl was unconscious.

NOT many weeks later the grizzled keeper of the tavern down Alwyn way learned from a customer the latest bit of gossip from Craigloch.

"I hear, Jock, that the Laird's cawstle hae been sold again. This time 'tis nae ither than Donald MacAllan that boot it."

"My—my!" said Jock. "Weel, Donald can afford it. Wha' wi' royal commissions an' a' that, he's a vera weel-to-do young mon. I ken when he lived i' the keeper's cottage wi' his mither and puir Malcolm. They're dead noo."

"Aye, they're gang!" agreed the other. "I dinna see wha' Donald want wi' sic a hame when he hae na family o' his ain."

"'Twould make a fine hoospital," suggested the innkeeper.

"Ah-ha, I neever thought o' that! Nae doobt 'tis the answer!"

But the conjecture was wrong. The mind and heart of the distinguished surgeon Sir Donald MacAllan, knighted for his services to the Crown, were far removed from his profession on the night he came up from London to dine alone in the spectral hall of Craigloch Castle. He sat at one end of a long table while a stolid butler tiptoed to and fro with food that was untouched.

Presently he looked up, and the candle-light revealed hair that was prematurely gray, and fine features set in a mask of infinite sadness. It was the look of a man who lived on memories.

Outside, the north wind descended from the crags of Connock, astride a storm that promised to scourge the moor as it had not done for years. With a gesture the new owner of Craigloch Castle dismissed his attendant, who paused just beyond the curtains to peer back curiously. Later the startled butler reported to the servants' quarters that the master was "seein' things in the banquet-room!"

One after another they ventured nervously into the hall and peered from behind curtains at an uncanny scene. In a low voice, vibrant with emotion, the young surgeon was addressing an empty chair!

Blue-white lightning flamed past the castle windows, the sword of Thor unsheathed from a scabbard of thunder. Dr. MacAllan passed a dazed hand across his forehead and pulled himself together. Restlessly he paced the floor, but with every moment a sense of something he could not fathom grew stronger, and he paused, head erect and every faculty strained to the snapping point. "Yes, lassie! Yes, dear! Donald hears, but where?"

The whisper was wrung from him repeatedly, and sometimes it seemed to the frightened servants as though he had heard an answer, for he spun around, started toward a blank wall and then checked himself, baffled.

Suddenly they all heard it: an insistent banging on the castle door, followed by a cry that pierced the moan of the wind.

Before his servants could do more than cross themselves, Dr. MacAllan had opened the door upon the storm-whipped figure of an old woman whose wild eyes and rain-drenched hair, falling over her face, gave her the appearance of a witch. She clutched at him, too exhausted to do more than gasp: "Doctor—Doctor—come!"

The shaking butler stepped forward.

"For God's sake, sir!" he pleaded.

But the young surgeon steadied his visitor with a supporting arm, and uttered only the one word: "Where?"

THE next minute he was down the driveway with the old woman rocking at his side, and babbling between breaths: "I ran all the way to the village and back. We didn't know you were here, nor that you owned—I only saw the agent—to think of her being your tenant! God's will be done! She's been calling you! She's delirious! It's the drugs and the storm together, Doctor."

The surgeon broke into a run. Ahead of him lights gleamed from the windows of the keeper's cottage he had once known so well. The door was banging in the wind, and he read its alarming message with a sharp cry of protest. A single glance into the disordered bedroom told him it was empty. Judy Lynch, following him in, sank upon the floor.

"I feared it all along!" she cried. "It was what the poor child always visioned—alone at night in a storm on the moor with Old Hornie calling. God help us, she has gone to her death!"

The owner of Craigloch Castle seemed scarce to hear. His face had assumed the set expression of a man who had stood day and night in the Flanders hell and had whipped Death at its own game. Deeper

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lay the soul of a Scotch boy who knew every inch of the moor and who had already divined the girl's destination. He spoke with curt authority. "Go back to the castle, and have the servants heat water and blankets! My man will drive you in the car toward Pitlochrie! Stop when you hear two shots, and then guide me toward you with the lights and siren. I'll go as she did—on foot across the moor!"

Not three minutes later he was breasting the storm, and picking his way in the direction from which the wind blew fiercest. That was his only clue; and he seized it with the instinct of the born physician. The girl would struggle on with her face to the gale.

Under the spell of memory the years dropped from his shoulders. His intuitive mind, guiding him far better than his reason could have done, kept him in a straight course until he reached the arc of a circle that must mark the limits of a woman's endurance. Then he weaved back and forth in a mile-long web, calling her name. His cries brought no response, and in desperation he lapsed into the appeal to which she had answered once from the Bog o' Dunleigh:

"Lassie, lassie! . . . 'Tis Donald o' the Hill. . . . Coom awa' from Auld Hornie! . . . Coom to the lad that maun take ye hame! . . . What's wrang wi' yer ears? . . . O-hey, lassie!"

Then, so faintly that he had to hush his pounding heart before he could be sure, the faint call came to him from out the darkness to the left.

"O-hey, Donny!"

He turned sharply, floundered forward a matter of minutes, heard the cry near at hand, and was in time to catch the slim figure that fell forward into his arms.

Two shots rang out—and a closed car paused on the Pitlochrie road. A siren revealed its location, and Donald o' the Hill moved toward it, carrying the unconscious figure of the Laird's daughter.

IN the long, uncertain days that followed, Craigloch Castle, scene of many a romantic conflict in the past, witnessed another that was more desperately contested than all the rest. But when spring came, a Dark Foe had been banished by a Scotch physician whose skill was only exceeded by his stubbornness and love. The bluebells bloomed, and the last of the Grayles walked again "ower the muir amang the heather," leaning on the arm of the gamekeeper's son.

The Bishop of Brockhurst, still as portly as ever, came up from London to perform the ceremony. The celebrated clergyman had but one complaint, and he voiced it humorously to the bridegroom: "You stubborn Scotch ass! Why didn't you carry her off to your castle on the night I offered to bet ten pounds that you would? Look at all the time you've wasted."

Sir Donald MacAllan's face lit with one of his rare smiles.

"Weel, now," he soothed, "ye maun remember that on the night ye speak of, I dinna hae a castle; but d'ye ken that on the vera same day I paid for Craigloch, I carried ma lassie through yon door? Bishop, that's awfu' quick for a Scotchman!"

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for July

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CHIROPRACTIC teaches that we live in a sea of life; that in every drop of water, in every breath of air, and in every morsel of food, there are myriads of germs that yield their lives to ours. We hold that if germs caused disease the human race would, long since, have perished from the earth.

Germ theorists explain the fact that all who come in contact with the germs do not contract disease, by saying that such are not "susceptible."

Why is one person susceptible and another not?

Chiropractic teaches that "susceptibility," or "lack of resistance," is due to an absence of the life force, sent over the nerves, by the "power within" that carries on all the processes in the living body. It teaches that when a vertebra becomes misaligned, it impairs the conductivity of the nerve, and steps down "resistance" to the point of "susceptibility."

The work of the chiropractor is to adjust the vertebra to normal position, thereby permitting normal resistance to the stress of environment.

A fair trial, at the hands of a competent chiropractor, will convince one by demonstration of the fundamental correctness of Chiropractic



It is simply impossible for me to put into words my overwhelming gratitude to Chiropractic for saving me from the terrors of Tuberculosis.

My hope is that more people may come to know of the wonderful science of Chiropractic. May it ever continue to restore health and happiness to humanity.

LILLIAN WALKER

DEFINITION

The practice of Chiropractic consists of the palpation and adjustment, with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse.

Write for information regarding Chiropractors
or Schools to the

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THE VALLEY OF VOICES

(Continued from page 57)

As Tête-Boule left them, nursing his fingers, Steele muttered: "He wont forget that soon. Trying to hear what you were saying, was he?"

"Ah-hah! De nex' tam eet will be hees neck."

"But what was it you found in the muskeg?"

"In the muskeg we fin' ver' beeg track of somet'ing. We nevaire see such strange sign before." The Ojibway shook his head. "But de rain wipe eet out."

"Then I found more, staying here, than you did down the river."

"Wat you see?"

"Well, David, I've seen the trail of the Windigo, and I've made another little discovery. We've got a Wabeno at the post, and I let you guess who it is."

"A Wabeno!" echoed the surprised David. Then with a grimace he added: "I t'ink dat Wabeno got a sore han' now; but the Windigo trail—were you fin' eet?"

"I'll tell you and Michel what I know, after supper; they are calling me now." The two friends parted.

Chapter Nine

AS Steele met Denise at the door of the factor's quarters, he said quietly: "Let's not talk of the bear-trail tonight, mademoiselle." And the grateful look she gave him was ample reward for his tact.

"As I feared, monsieur, the men found nothing down-river," said St. Onge as they sat down to the simple meal.

Not knowing whether Michel had as yet confided in the factor, Steele made no mention of the peculiar trail.

"It is certainly a puzzle, Colonel."

"Yes, a riddle which will be solved in only one way, monsieur—by time. Some day when we have left the Wailing River, we may hear of the fate of my men."

"Then you have no faith in the Windigo theory of their disappearance?" Steele boldly challenged, with a curl of the lip.

The tired eyes of St. Onge twinkled. "So far as our Indians are concerned, monsieur, the Windigo will drive us out of the valley. But I am not prepared to say that the Windigo have my fur."

Brenton Steele was nearly on the point of demanding that his host put his cards on the table face up. As he ate in silence, the American promised himself that there should shortly be a showing of hands or he would go south at once. Then the brooding eyes of Denise St. Onge met his, and he realized what it would mean to leave Wailing River to its fate—what memories he should leave behind when he started south for the Nepigon.

THAT evening three men, heads together, smoked on the beach. Slowly and in detail Michel and David told Steele of their search and discovery of the strange footprints. While making a wide circle, a mile back from the river, they had run upon them.

"What were they like, Michel?"

"Dey were long lak' de bear, but no bear een dees cuntryee mak' dem so big."

"Queer t'ing de bear w'at mak' de track," broke in David, "was starv', for dey not seenk into mud. Ver' small bear, ver' beeg track!"

"Just like the ones I'll show you in the morning!" exclaimed Steele. "And you found no trail of the men with the canoe?"

"No sign but round de camp—no trail in muskeg."

"Well, Michel, what do you think? Could the brute that made the track you saw, howl like the one on the ridge here?"

The Iroquois' small eyes narrowed to slits. He puffed hard for a space before answering. "De howl on de ridge was no bear—bear onlee yell w'en he get hurt. Michel not know w'at howl on de ridge, but he fin' out before de long snow melt."

"What do you think made the trail, David?" Steele grinned into the set face of his friend.

David shook his head. "I nevaire see so beeg bear-track, but eef bear mak' dat track, he ees sick bear—been shot, or starve een trap."

Then Steele told of his search of the ridge and of the tracks he had seen that afternoon. But cudgel their brains as they would, the three were at a total loss for a solution of the riddle of the tracks' origin.

The night shut down, but the three men on the river shore still sat smoking. From the trade-house, St. Onge emerged to call a good-night and continued to his house without joining them. Before the shadows swallowed them up, the figure of a woman appeared for an instant at the factor's door. Shortly the strains of a violin floated out over the silent post. Soon the flickering light of candles, begged of the factor, marked where the post people, distraught by the tale Charlotte had brought home with her, had begun a night of fear. On the beach the striking of a match momentarily lighted the set faces of two half-breeds and a white man.

In the middle of a sentence David suddenly stopped, raising his head as though listening. Then, silently rising, he plunged into a clump of alders close by. There was a low curse and the sound of a scuffle.

"By Gar! Wat you got, Daveed?" demanded the low voice of Michel as he and Steele followed to the brush.

"I show you somet'ing!" was the muttered reply, as the dark shape of the Ojibway dragged an indistinguishable and struggling mass from the alders.

"Tête-Boule!" rasped Michel, peering into the face of David's writhing prisoner. "Wat you do dere?"

"So you t'ink to hear somet'ing, Tête-Boule?" growled the angry voice of the Ojibway, shaking the man he held in the vise of his two hands as a husky dog shakes a rabbit. "You crawl lak' de mink, but I smell you lak' de wolf smell de wood-mouse." And the man from Nepigon shifted a hand to Tête-Boule's throat.

The mouth of the eavesdropper gaped for air.

"Now I geeve you somet'ing to leeson to, Wabeno! Shaman! Maker of de Beeg Medicine! Eef you don' be ver' careful, David de Nepigon wolf will tear de devil out of your t'roat." And with a wrench he sent the half-choked Tête-Boule sprawling on the beach.

"Guess he wont eavesdrop again in a hurry!" laughed Steele as the cowed Indian disappeared in the shadows. But Michel seemed so strangely silent that the American asked:

"What's the matter, Michel? Don't you like to see him handled so roughly?"

The Iroquois made no reply.

"Wake up, Michel, and tell us what you are thinking of."

"I t'ink," said the head-man slowly, "dat de long snows will be red in dees valley."

"What, you don't think that fool Tête-Boule will make trouble?"

"Tête-Boule ees no fool." And the Indian would say no more.

The house was silent when Steele went to his room. Late into the night his thoughts were busy with the hours on the ridge with Denise St. Onge, of her abandon to the feeling which had swept her when she played her "Farewell," of her reticence and yet her desire to make clear the situation which her father seemingly feared to reveal to Steele. Then the matter of the tracks in the mud—what manner of beast could be loose in the bush? A bear never before seen in this section of the North, and just at the time the post Indians would make the most of it! The Windigo epidemic was surely launched in earnest. There was work to be done at Wailing River before the snow flew. In the morning they would take up that trail and follow it, but when they lost it in the dry going, what next? Well, they had a plan for the next month, but the Frenchman would first have to show his cards. If he refused, there was nothing to do but get on to Nepigon. On the way there were Ogoké and Monsieur Lafamme. That ought to be interesting. But little did Steele realize as his drowsy brain dwelt for an instant on the call on Monsieur Lafamme, free-trader, just how interesting that visit was to be.

Chapter Ten

AT daylight three men were bending over tracks which ran through a wet hollow less than a mile from Wailing River.

"Well, Michel, did you ever see a black bear that would leave these behind him?" asked Steele as David and the head-man carefully inspected the strange trail.

"Ver' beeg track, but ver' small bear," laconically vouchsafed the kneeling hunter.

"How about it, David?"

David turned a blank face to his chief. Then squatting on his moccasined heels, he scratched his head. "Mud soft, but de track not deep. Windigo starve". He come to de pos' soon and eat Tête-Boule. Den he be ver' seek."

At this palpable dissimulation, Steele demurred.

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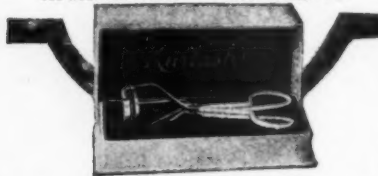
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"Come, now, this is no joking matter; what have you got in that square head of yours?"

David bared a set of strong teeth in a characteristic grin.

"W'en we start upriver for de Nepigon, I tell you. You laugh at me eef I say w'at I t'ink now."

Michel took up the trail forward while David and Steele followed it back, only to lose it shortly in the dry birch-leaves. On their return they found Michel waiting.

"She don't run far," he announced. "I don't follow eet far in de dry bush."

Then the three made a wide circle, but failed to pick up the elusive tracks. Disappointed, they were returning to the post by another route than the trail to the ridge overlooking the "Vale of Tempe," when Michel, who was leading, suddenly stopped, raising his hand in warning.

STIFF as the spruce around them, the three stood listening. Faintly to their straining ears came a low chanting, accompanied by the rhythmic beating of what sounded like a drum. Steele turned a questioning face to David, who grinned broadly, nodding his head in time to the far drum-beats.

"What in thunder!" queried the curious scientist. "Somebody doing some conjuring, eh?"

"Tête-Boule, de beeg shaman, mak' heeself some medicine dees morning."

"Do the post people know that Tête-Boule is a Wabeno, Michel?" Steele asked.

"Tête-Boule mak' medicine for long tam, to drive away de Windigo. De people t'ink he ees beeg shaman, for sure."

"Well, the first thing for St. Onge to do is to get rid of him. He keeps the post Indians stirred up with his mumbo-jumbo, and ought to be kicked out. What do you think, Michel?"

For answer, the tall Iroquois drew an ugly skinning-knife from its sheath in his belt, and ran his thumb over its edge. Then he said: "Eet be good t'ing eef I put dees een hees back?"

"No, not without orders from your chief," replied Steele, amused at the literal interpretation given to his suggestion. "But this Tête-Boule will make trouble all winter with his sorcery."

As they talked, the low droning continued, accented by the beating of the medicine drum.

"Let's see what he is about," suggested Steele, and they crept forward.

Within a hundred yards they made out a small, round skin tepee, from within which the singsong emanated.

"Naske awass, Windigog!" moaned the voice inside. "Ahuah—ahuah!"

"He tell de Windigo to go away," whispered David to Steele.

Then Michel wormed his way to some small balsam near the tent, while the others watched.

Presently a low mewing from the Iroquois stopped short the wailing in the tent. Then from the balsam rose the caterwauling of a lynx in the mating season.

The drumming started furiously, accompanied by vociferous shouting. The scream of the lynx rose to a maniacal shriek. The drumming ceased, and the maudlin cries of a creature frenzied with

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION

MISCELLANEOUS-CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

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THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS School and College Bureau

Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School

Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

Again this year many young people will be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need to select a school hurriedly on mere hearsay when expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing, or calling for a personal interview at

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15 N. WELLS STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

fear filled the tent. Presently the flap was thrust aside, and a gray-faced Indian scrambled out and fled like a deer in the direction of the post, leaving behind him a white man and an Ojibway doubled with laughter, and beside them, his face set like stone, a tall half-breed deep in thought.

"Why did you do that, Michel? He will only make things worse at the post."
"I try eef he 'fraid of de Windigo, heeself."

"Well, are you satisfied?"

"Yes. Eet ees ver' strange he ees so scare'." And the head-man shook his head doubtfully. "He talk to de Windigo, an' w'en he come, he run."

In the tent was the complete paraphernalia of the Ojibway shaman, or conjuror. The otter-skin pouch, the medicine drum of untanned caribou hide, the rattle and mystic shells, were all familiar to Steele from his knowledge of the medicine-rites of the Salteaux nation.

"He must be a member of the Mide-wiwin; he's got the tools," said Steele, examining the crude passports by means of which the Indian sorcerer enters into communication with the supernatural world. "He's a Wabeno, too. Puts the devils into people. I'm inclined to think he's an outlaw from the conjurors' union, as you might say, for he kept it quiet here for some time after he arrived."

BACK at the post Steele related to St. Onge the events of the morning.

"This Tête-Boule, Colonel, is only a source of trouble here. He is filling the minds of the Indians with the Windigo, and then makes medicine to drive him away, doubtless for a consideration."

St. Onge smiled. "You may remember when I told you of Tête-Boule reporting cries in the muskeg and tracks, you scoffed, monsieur. Now you admit he may have told the truth?"

"True, but he is only stirring up your people—making matters worse, and will drive them away before winter, at this rate."

St. Onge shrugged. "It will not matter. I am expecting a packet from Albany any day, ordering me to abandon the post."

Steele stared at his host in surprise. Where was the old fighting blood of this veteran? What had paralyzed his nerve? And his love for his daughter—that at least should drive him to fight through to the bitter end.

They were on the river shore, and alone; and so Steele grasped the opportunity for which he had waited.

"Colonel St. Onge," he began, "I am deeply interested in your situation here. I have offered the services of David and myself, in an attempt to aid you in your trouble; but I must say candidly that you are not meeting me halfway. If I am to put in the next three weeks in an effort to run this thing down, I must first have your full and complete confidence. I must know—what *you* know—and think. This is due me. It is evident that you and Michel have certain suspicions which you have withheld from David and myself—that your daughter is laboring under a great strain. If you cannot take me into your confidence, I shall be compelled to thank you for your

MURDER MYSTERY STIRS BRITISH

Strange Crime in English Village Excites All Albion

London, May 20.—The deepest interest is expressed in all quarters over a curious murder last night in the village of Middlebourne. Cries of distress brought the inhabitants to Gallowstree Point, a sandspit where there still stands an ancient gibbet. Bound to the old gallows and garroted, they found the body of a man, a stranger as yet unidentified. The faint sound of oars was the only immediate clue. Later, however, it developed that an immensely valuable ancient Chinese vase had been stolen from the collection of a wealthy woman who lives near by, and Scotland Yard men are inclined to connect the two crimes. As yet however they are unsolved.

Woman Thwarts German Plot

The remarkable achievement of an English woman diplomatic agent, recently made public, divides popular interest with what has come to be known as "The Gallowstree Mystery." Seizing an unexpected opportunity to impersonate a Continental woman spy who had been murdered, this English woman gained the confidence of the head of a German junta known to be directing certain sinister Teutonic activities, and as you Americans phrase it, contrived most effectively to "throw a monkey-wrench into the machine."

Tragedy at Hunter's Lodge

Another newspaper thriller has been the curious tragedy which recently transpired at a country place known as Hunter's Lodge. This, however, has been solved in brilliant fashion by the noted Belgian detective Hercule Poirot. The story of this affair has been most tellingly set down by Agatha Christie—and along with an account of "The Gallowstree Mystery" by the famous J. S. Fletcher, and of the diplomatic agent's coup by Clarence Herbert New, it appears in the current June issue of THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE.

ESCAPED CONVICT ATTACKS DISTRICT ATTORNEY BARRON

The shooting of the notorious Benny the Mink and of his sweetheart Flower Mary yesterday bares the fact that for weeks District Attorney Barron and his wife have been in imminent peril of assassination, and as a result Mrs. Barron has for some time been under a physician's care. It will be recalled that Mr. Barron was instrumental in the conviction of Benny the Mink, who escaped from the penitentiary some weeks ago, and the next day appeared at Mr. Barron's home. This attempt at revenge was frustrated, but last night a second attack came within a split second of success and was only prevented by the jealousy of Flower Mary, who, resentful of Benny's attentions to one Swedish Anna, shot him just as he was about to kill Attorney Barron, and was herself slain by the dying convict.

American Saves Borneo Rajah

Sandakan, Borneo, May 19.—Extraordinary daring on the part of an American civil engineer named Barton, who had been employed by the Rajah of Kloedang to assist in developing his realm, today saved the rajah's life. A certain unscrupulous adventurer named Schmidt had plotted to murder the rajah and seat his weakling brother on the throne, and only a quick and accurate bit of American gun-play by Barton saved the rajah's life. Schmidt was instantly killed.

Piracy off Madagascar Coast

A second demonstration of the extent to which American soldiers of fortune are penetrating the most remote regions is provided by the extraordinary adventures of a schooner captain named Trenchard off the Madagascar coast. The complete narrative of his exploits is chronicled by that gifted writer H. Bedford-Jones in his novelette "The Barren Islands." This, together with Barton's adventure "A Game of Draw in Borneo," by Culpeper Zandt, the drama revolving about Attorney Barron described by Steuart Emery and many other fascinating stories, is published in the June issue of THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE, which is now on sale.

! betrayed

Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious

AT a distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But upon their first face-to-face meeting he discovered that her teeth were not clean. And he soon lost interest.

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hospitality and bid you good-by, deeply as I shall regret it."

St. Onge listened patiently—as the speaker thought, hopelessly—to the ultimatum.

"Let us sit down, and talk it over, monsieur," he replied.

THE two men moved to a rock and lighted their pipes.

"Monsieur Steele," began St. Onge, "I am in a net from which I see no escape. You came here a stranger, claiming to be a scientist, interested in the study of Indian customs and folklore. That is all I know about you. As it was, I told you too much that first night."

"What you told me has been respected, sir," interrupted Steele, irritated.

"Yes, monsieur," mollified the factor, "we have found you a gentleman. But for a time I suspected you of being a member of the Provincial police, and that would have complicated matters."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if it were ever known upriver that the police had stayed here with me for some time before acting against Laflamme, the post might be burned over our heads. They are a lawless crowd, monsieur."

"According to your story, you are bound to lose the post whatever happens."

"Yes, but there is Denise."

"I don't understand."

"Monsieur, Laflamme has never stopped at anything. He might not stop there."

"You mean that he—is in love with Mademoiselle St. Onge?"

"Precisely!"

"And might attempt to take her by force?"

"He might attempt anything. He has never respected the law—is a desperate man."

"But they would hunt him down. He could not get away in this country. He would be a madman to attempt it."

"He is a madman, monsieur."

Steele was tempted to laugh in the face of his host. He would shortly have the opportunity of measuring this madman with his own eyes. St. Onge certainly was painting him in strong colors. But they had wandered from the point.

"I have asked you for your confidence," he said abruptly. "If you cannot see your way clear to allow me to aid you, I shall regret it."

"Monsieur Steele, we have decided that you deserve our confidence—Denise and I; but I fear it will do no good now. They have got us."

"They?" demanded the American.

"Yes." And the blood mounted to St. Onge's bronzed face as he talked. "I told you that Lascelles had pursued my daughter since the winter we spent at Albany. And now, with the disappearance of this fur, the post can be closed, as it shows a loss under my management. He can force me from the company's service—ruin me. In France I have no property left; it is all gone, and I am an old man, monsieur."

The face of St. Onge was yellow and wrinkled.

"But you will not consent to your daughter—" vehemently protested the younger man, when he was interrupted:

"Ah, monsieur, you do not know her. I fear that already she may have involved herself. I have just learned that she sent a letter by the last canoe to Albany."

Steele was revolted at the thought. It was monstrous—unbelievable! Small wonder he had found her playing her heart out at the rapids!

"But that is not all," went on St. Onge. "Shortly before your arrival a canoe brought this letter from Ogoké."

Steele's lean face lighted with curiosity as he started to read the letter handed him by the factor. Then the muscles of his jaw bulged as his teeth ground in anger.

Monsieur St. Onge,

Wailing River.

For the third and last time I am writing you in an attempt to make you see the light as a sensible man. I have reason to know that Lascelles is now ready to force your hand. The post has proved a failure, as he intended it should, and you have now to decide between leaving the company or giving your daughter to a man you despise.

The offer I have made to you, I repeat. From Ogoké Lake we can keep the organized companies out of the Wailing River Valley, and control the Swift Current and Drowning River trade as well. In five years we will retire rich.

I offer your daughter a name honored for generations in Three Rivers. Although I have spent my life in the North, my education has been of the best—not picked up in the barrack-room like that of Lascelles. Monsieur le Colonel, the time has come when you are forced to make a choice between us. Join with me, and in a few years your daughter will live in luxury in Montreal or Quebec, and your old age will be provided for; choose Lascelles, and you will never see the ice break up on the Wailing, for your Indians will leave you. I have loved your daughter since I saw her at Albany, and can make her happy. Consider carefully before you decide to become the dog of Lascelles. If it is to be that rat of a *sous-lieutenant*, I warn you now that you will find my arm long. Until the snow flies I will wait for your canoe.

LOUIS LAFLAMME.

Steele returned the letter to St. Onge with the comment: "Monsieur, you were a soldier of France. To a letter like this there is but one reply—for a soldier."

"For a soldier," repeated the Frenchman with excitement, "there is but one reply: 'On guard!' I would kill her with my own hand before giving her to that renegade. Why, there is a white woman, now, at Ogoké—and to write this insult!"

The American leaped to his feet. "Colonel," he cried, "Laflamme says you won't see the ice leave the Wailing. Let's call that bluff! With your leave, I'll come back on the snow, and we'll watch the ice go out together!"

THE hands of the two men met as they silently pledged each other. Then Steele's face sobered as his mind turned to the greater problem.

"But Lascelles—how does Laflamme know so much about him?"

"Laflamme was at Fort Albany, four years ago, attempting to make a deal with Lascelles. He was suspected of trying to lure him from his company's

employ. It was there he first saw Denise. Since then he has written us many letters. Once he stopped here on his way upriver, and threatened to take her away by force if she did not listen to him. She lives in constant fear of him."

"That explains much," replied Steele. "And the letter she sent to Lascelles—when did it go down-river?"

"With the search-party from Albany. Long before you reached here—as much as two weeks."

"And this letter evidently accounts for her depression—her sadness."

"Yes. That—and her fear of Lafamme. She believes that he will keep his word—try to use force. As for the letter, she refuses to tell me what she wrote, but I can guess."

"And of course Lascelles will show up here before the river closes, since she has at last listened to him?"

"That is what I fear—"

"But what do you intend to do, monsieur? You must have some plan," impatiently demanded Steele.

"What *can* I do? I've told her I shall never consent to it—that I would kill her and myself first."

There was no solution to this problem in the mind of the American. It was a situation which seemed hopeless indeed. If Denise refused to listen to her father, she surely was too proud to brook interference from a stranger. She had burned her bridges; yet something must be done—something to prevent her self-destruction. But what? And then, with a start, he remembered the Windigo.

Chapter Eleven

THE following morning the three friends were loading their canoe preparatory to ascending the river on a round of the fall camps of Indians trading at the post, when the flash of a paddle far upstream aroused their interest.

"Dat ees queer t'ing," commented Michel, scowling darkly. "Eef M'sieur Lafamme come to mak' trouble, he weel fin' plenty here."

At the mention of Lafamme, David's small eyes narrowed; the muscles of his thick forearms worked nervously as though he already felt his fingers at the throat of the free-trader. Steele's curiosity was keenly aroused, for it was too late in the year for the canoe of a trading hunter to visit the post; this boat was undoubtedly from Ogoké. What new scheme had Lafamme in mind? It would be four weeks before the winter would break—the limit he had given St. Onge for his answer.

It was not long before the hard-driven craft was close enough to disclose but a single occupant. And shortly, as it neared the shore, Michel called:

"*Bonjour*, Pierre! Wat you do here so far from de Feather Lake?"

The Indian grounded his boat on the beach, and shaking the hand of the headman, replied in Ojibway as David and Steele joined them:

"*Bonjour*, Michel! The hunters at the Feather Lakes are leaving for the Medicine Hills country. For three nights the Windigo howled on the burnt ridge by Big Feather Lake. The people are weak



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with fear; they will not trap there this winter."

"Did you hear the Windigo, Pierre?" asked Michel gravely.

"No, I was netting whitefish at the Lake of the Deep Water. When I returned to the camp, they were leaving. There will be no trap-lines in that valley this long snows."

"Did the people see tracks?"

"No—their blood was cold in their veins. They did not stay to look for a trail. Why should they? They were afraid."

"But why did you leave your family for the Windigo to eat and come here? Last spring you traded your fur at Ogoké," rasped Michel so savagely that the Ojibway backed away, for the raw-boned Iroquois was feared the length of the Wailing.

"I need shells for my gun, and Ogoké is far," weakly replied the other, his eyes shifting uneasily.

The swart features of Michel twisted with anger. "You lie; you have plenty shell," he replied fiercely, returning to English for Steele's benefit. "You travel here to mak' trouble wid your talk of de Windigo." And the long arm of the exasperated head-man shot out in a crushing blow in the face of the Ojibway.

As the Indian staggered back from the attack of the infuriated Iroquois, Steele stepped between them, and pushing Michel aside, ordered sternly:

"That's enough!"

The cowed Indian, nursing his bleeding lips, and protesting his innocence, left the men on the beach and joined the post people, who were excitedly discussing the coming of the stranger and his reception at the hands of Michel.

"Evidently you don't like that Pierre," laughed Steele. "What made you so mad?"

"I t'ink he come here to talk to Tête-Boule," was the significant reply. "Dey weel mak' de medicine tonight."

"Is he a shaman—a conjuror—too?"

"He claim he ees beeg medicine-man, one of de Midewiwin, so I t'ink he put de

devil een me now." Then Michel related what had passed between him and Pierre.

"But you can't blame him for fearing the Windigo, or for coming here if it is nearer his hunting-grounds than Ogoké."

THE inscrutable Iroquois faced Steele with snapping eyes.

"Many long snows fall, m'sieur, seence de 'Jibway starve out een de Wailing Rivière. Maybe ten—maybe more. Many die all t'rough dees countree dat long snows, for eet was de year of de rabbit plague and dere were no moose. Dees Pierre come to Fort Mamatawan dat spreng, an' say hees woman die, but I go to hees camp dat summer, an' I fin' her bones een de bush een two, three place—all roun'. He keel hees woman—and left her in de snow for de wolverines an' fox—she nevaire starve.' He ees no good. He come here to mak' trouble an' scare people."

"But why should he come so far to make trouble?"

Michel, with a shrug of his bony shoulders, answered:

"We see some day."

Steele and David exchanged puzzled looks. What could Michel have in the back of his head? Once he learned that St. Onge had revealed to Steele his situation with Laflamme and Lascelles the Indian had been frank enough. He had even admitted himself stumped so far as the Windigo riddle was concerned—was now convinced that the ill-fated canoe and its crew were not in the whirlpool of the Devil's Mile; nor could he suggest a plan of campaign for the next three weeks before David and Steele should start south. And yet, beneath this seeming candor, Steele sensed that the loyal Iroquois was groping in the dark for some clue—struggling with vague suspicions which he hesitated to voice. But no inkling of what his mind was at work on could either David or Steele elicit from the canny half-breed.

(The next chapters of Mr. Marsh's fine novel include some specially interesting episodes. Be sure to read them in our forthcoming July issue.)

THE JOY OF BATTLE

(Continued from page 49)

able soon to return hospitality; and Clem, as well as Judith, had many friends. There were some people who took a humorous pleasure in including Susan in the invitation-list. Susan always declined; at least she did until one of her friends gave a dinner for Clem and said: "I suppose it's no use asking you, Susan; Clem and Judith are coming."

Susan said "Why not?" and came.

She wore that night a dress of strange amber-colored silk which had probably been dyed, as most of Susan's clothes had to be, for Susan had no money, not even a failing fortune like that of Judith Ware. Susan had never cut her hair. She said that she liked it too well. It was smooth and brown, and clung to her head in the kind of waves that hair-dressers' plates imitate. But the beautiful thing about Susan was her skin, which was weathered and yet not weather-beaten, rather dark, with color that

stayed in it as if it had been blown there by a wind. Her features were fine and clear, and her eyes were blue, and important only as they expressed Susan's thought. Susan was good-looking even if she was twenty-five and now an "older girl," in the vernacular of Judith. And Susan was a girl who was going to stay good-looking as long as she lived.

Anna Wetherell, who gave the dinner, looked Susan over and said: "You look good enough to eat tonight. Maybe Clem will change his mind."

"Not he," said Susan. "He likes just what he's got—some one whom he can tell things to without ever being contradicted."

"No man likes that for long," said Anna.

"They like it until the honeymoon's over, anyway. Then they don't expect it," answered Susan. "That's why I'm still a maiden. I've never been able to

give any of them the line of palaver he wants."

"You didn't really want Clem, did you?" asked Anna, who knew Susan well.

"I certainly did not, after my first fine frenzy," grinned Susan.

Anna laughed back. She was having a dozen people for dinner, and she had put Susan beside an eminent explorer who was visiting a local relative and being lionized in the city that season. Clem was on the left of his hostess, and his Judith not far down the table on the other side. Anna expected to enjoy the combination. Like most women, she wasted no great affection on Judith Ware. The common feeling was that Judith could pretty well look after herself and her own affairs, and that it took most of her time and energy looking after them.

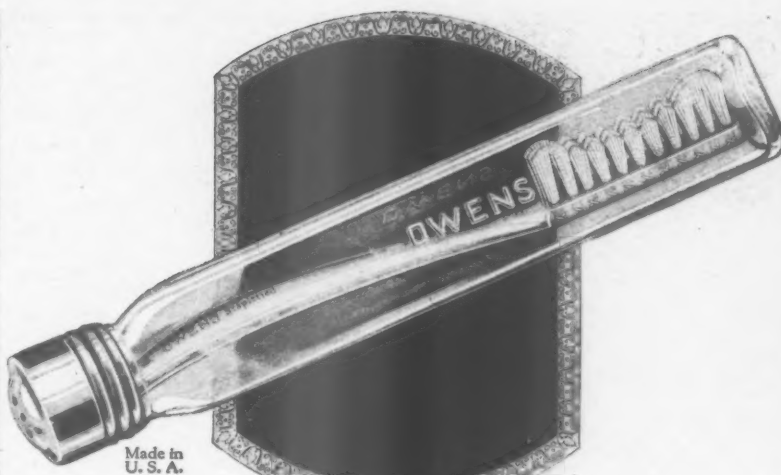
From where Clem sat, he could not help seeing Susan. He had spoken to her with the grave nonchalance which he kept for greeting her on the rare occasions on which they met, and she had smiled at him gayly. Then she devoted herself to her explorer.

Her conversation was lost in the general rumble and noise of talk, but every time Clem looked at her, he felt that he knew exactly what she was saying. He saw the explorer compose himself at the beginning of the first course to listen decently to what his partner might say; he saw him prick up his ears, five minutes later, saw him smile, guessed that he was fumbling for repartee, saw him neglect his salad and grow quarrelsome over his ice.

"Same old Susan," said Clem to himself. "She took a fall out of that fellow." He forgot to be astonished at the fact that he himself took some delight in the explorer's discomfiture. In fact, he never noticed the delight. He was studying Susan's shortcomings.

JUDITH did not know what he was studying, but she knew that his eyes rested on Susan once or twice too often. It did not bother her especially, but she was not the sort of woman to neglect her fences. She did a rather skillful thing. After dinner she cultivated the explorer herself.

He was used to women's attention since he had become a celebrity, but he did not often get anyone as pretty as Judith to devote herself to him. Susan had piqued and stimulated him immensely, but he turned with relief to Judith and told her all he usually told people about his adventures. She listened with easy grace and just the right amount of admiration in her voice to make him feel heroic; and he doubtless enjoyed feeling heroic, because Susan had made him seem something of a conceited fool. So he rather paraded his conquest of Judith. Clem, watching how Nilssen had turned from Susan to Judith, felt reinforced in his opinion that she was the kind of girl whom every man wanted. He only hoped that Susan appreciated that fact too, and was sorry that, things being as they were, he couldn't very well call her attention to it. As for Susan, she went blissfully off to play billiards with Anna's husband.



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who liked Susan beyond compare. They shut the door of the billiard-room far down the hall, and Clem thought that distinctly bad form.

“Isn’t Susan wonderful?” Anna asked him casually as she saw her husband depart, laughing at some foolish remark of Susan’s. “Oh, I forgot. I should have said: ‘Isn’t Judith wonderful?’”

“Judith is, certainly.” Clem tried to put all his devotion into his tone, and his eyes sought Judith. She was like a lovely flower in that blue dress. She was like a lovely flower. She was—his mind drummed on—a lovely flower. He couldn’t seem to think of any other simile, and it irritated him, just as his lack of imagination in regard to Judith had done once or twice before. He never could imagine Judith in different situations as he wanted to sometimes, never see her tired or exhilarated or guess at the expression on her face as she would wake in the morning, as she might conceivably hold a child. She remained a flower in spite of the exercise of his wits; and the children he stealthily put in her arms sat oddly there, like stiff little plaster *bambini*. He admitted no fault in Judith. This was entirely due to his lack of imagination. Judith would be all things after he married her. She was pliable.

He suddenly felt a desire to prove it, and also to get away with Judith—away from this disturbing party.

Bending over her, he said softly: “What do you say to ducking and going for a ride? Anna won’t care. Tell her you have a headache.”

Judith hesitated for a fraction of a moment. Her lovely limpid eyes rested on her explorer, just called on for some recital of adventure, and holding the attention of the group. He was very different in appearance from the rest of the men in the room. As he answered questions which he had no doubt answered many times, his glance was slightly insolent. He was at the top notch of his power, and quite a figure to be temporarily in Cosmopolis. Himself very rich and able to equip his own expeditions, known to be ready to exploit the scene of his explorations with commercial skill, head of several syndicates for development of new properties, and master of a great deal of capital, he was not a person to be taken lightly by either men or women. Judith had heard her father speak of him with great respect.

Still, her hesitation was very slight. “Of course, let’s go, if you want to. I’d love it.” And Judith went to make her excuses to Anna.

THEY got into Clem’s car and drove for two hours silently. It should have been an occasion to revel in each other’s company. There was a moon; there were smooth cement roads; there was night doing its level best to weave a spell around them. But the thoughts of each seemed to steal back to the party, and such conversation as they had, showed it.

“I like you,” said Clem, “because you aren’t always arguing.”

“Why argue?” answered Judith. “I think that’s what men don’t like in girls. Poor Mr. Nillssen was quite worn out by Susan.”

“He seemed to enjoy himself at the table.”

“Did you think so? I thought he looked very much bored. But no doubt you know men’s expressions better than I do.”

“Oh, I didn’t notice him particularly.”

“Very rich, isn’t he?”

“Nillssen? I guess so. He has a private fortune, you know. This exploration business of his is partly adventure, partly commercial. Interesting fellow.”

“Awfully.”

CLEM stopped the car on top of a bank overlooking a river and put his arm around Judith. She laid her head on his shoulder in the most idyllic way, and he thought that he was a lucky fellow, the luckiest man in the world, and said so, three times. Then, as there seemed nothing further to say or do, they went back to town and stopped at Henry’s for some coffee and lobster Newburg. Henry’s was very popular at that time of night, and it was not astonishing to find it hard to get a table. But it was not exactly what they expected, to find the next table occupied by a number of the guests who had been at Anna’s three hours before. Nillssen was giving a little party of his own, and Anna and Susan were among his guests.

They all had great fun teasing Clem and Judith.

“So this is the way you go to bed with a headache! Just an excuse for a little petting-party.”

Judith only smiled her languorous, desirable smile, but Clem felt a fool, especially with those faintly mocking eyes of Susan’s, which did not bother to meet his. Petting-parties! He wasn’t that kind of a fool. What did she take him for, anyhow?

He turned to amuse Judith, whose attention kept flagging a little. He was conscious that he did not want to appear as if he weren’t fully enjoying himself. He wanted to show how much he *was* enjoying himself. He even started to banter Judith, but she didn’t banter back. That was distinctly not her line. So again he felt foolish, and by the time the other party left the restaurant, the blanket of silence had fallen very heavily over Clem and his betrothed. If anyone had told Clem that as he released Judith from the charming good-night embrace at her front door which was now his privilege, he heaved a faint sigh which was not one of dalliance, he would have been extremely indignant. He adored Judith.

As has been indicated, Clem was both clever and worthy. But just as he was slightly heavy on his feet, so he was not light on his spirit, so to speak. He could not help trudging rather deliberately through his emotions. During the period of his first engagement strange things had happened. A sense of exhilaration had pervaded everything, a curious willingness to do things foreign to his nature. It had been a spirited time, and unconsciously he had credited the spirit to the state of being betrothed. For he found himself during the first weeks of his engagement to Judith waiting and waiting for something to happen to him, waiting for the old pungency to return to his

feelings, the quick hot leaps of emotion that had been his, once again to invade him. But they did nothing of the sort. His feelings stayed put. There were periods when he actually had to remind himself how much in love he was, and dwell deliberately upon the curve of Judith's cheek and the softness of her hair to work up anything of an emotion. It surprised him. This engagement, like the other, had its phases of surprise.

He did rather pathetic things to show how happy he was. He sent Judith a great lot of flowers one day, and went to see her early in the evening to get her thanks. There had been so many—every kind he could think of. They had arrived at the Ware house, and were in glass and pottery all over the place. Judith said: "So many, darling! One would think you were buying out a florist's shop. Too bad they fade so quickly!"

Until that moment Clem had not realized that he was plagiarizing on a thing he had once done for Susan, who had told him that in all her life she never had had flowers enough. And when Susan had thanked him for his lavishness and insisted on going into raptures over each kind, she had—oh, well, certainly he didn't want to remember things like that. But Susan was sweet, if some one could dominate her. She ought to get a good husband, some one who could rule her.

The flowers were one instance when Clem tried to introduce something into his state of mind which was missing. He tried it also by bringing up subjects on which Judith must have an opinion, and deliberately controverting it. Not that he wanted to see her quarrelsome. There was nothing he disliked more in a woman. But there was a piquancy in bending a mind to his, and piquancy even in the effort. The only trouble was that there was no effort with Judith. If he said he wanted to do this or that, it was done without argument. His opinions were stuffed and mounted. One couldn't override Judith, because her concession came first, always without a quarrel, always without effort. She anticipated so many of his desires, too. That was, he told himself stoutly, one of the sweetest things about her.

THE weeks were gay. It happened that their engagement had been announced in the middle of a rather busy season. The social calendar was full, and Clem and Judith helped to make it more than full. There were two and three engagements for Judith some days, and double-headers even for Clem at night. The parties had a certain sameness, especially when Clem and Judith were so inexorably linked together. Once or twice Clem did think of suggesting that they cut them out, but he was dubious about how he should fill in the vacant places left in their time—until after they were married, of course; so whenever Judith told him of a fresh occasion on which their presence was desired, he agreed to be with her. Clem himself was growing pliable.

After a little, a certain routine began to be apparent in his attendance at parties. He called for Judith. He admired her gown, kissed her softly, always taking



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care not to hurt her costume, drove her to the house or club or wherever the event was taking place. For the rest of the evening he took his cues from her. If it was a dance, he danced the first dance with her, the fourth and the ninth, unless she got "crowded" and had to dispense with the fourth or ninth. If it was a dinner, he was usually put beside some one who wasn't particularly interesting, for Clem was a little heavy, and also, now that he was preempted, not very interesting to the younger girls. And all evening people—women—spoke to him about Judith; and it seemed that they said the same things over and over—true things, about her charm and sweetness and beauty—indisputable things. He was not heroic as Judith's fiancé. Inexplicably and strangely, for Judith was always bending her will to his, he became Judith's attachment. But of that he was not conscious for a long while, and he always felt very rugged and protective as he led Judith through a crowd or helped her in and out of motors.

The contemporary hero of many a social occasion was Nillssen. The explorer, with his keen, unconquered, skeptical glance could do about as he pleased. It was quite the vogue to be admired by Nillssen. Of course, he never said anything about his experiences with women in the countries to which he had traveled, and even chuckled a little whenever he was asked about the women of the South Sea Islands and their amateness. But the chuckle itself might have meant anything! And there was something unique in having a man around whose experiences with women were not entirely a trail from the college prom up to the country-club dance. Nillssen was making quite an impression on the business world, with his syndicates for profitable exploration of certain countries. Besides, when they told what club he had belonged to at Yale, it was clear he was a gentleman. Women hovered around him. He was the real sensation of the season.

AFTER being lionized over a long period, he had come to take adulation calmly and even humorously. The ordinary feminine admiration made no impression on him at all, unless it was unusually well dressed or well addressed. But that was the strange thing about the situation. For Judith was invariably beautifully dressed, and Susan had the kind of tongue which keeps even an explorer dangling. Clem kept on having the first, fourth and ninth dances with Judith, but Nillssen more than once had his three too. Clem did not care. He was not a naturally jealous person, and also Judith had her own way of being so sweet that he found it impossible to accuse her of flirting. There were others, however, who looked on and smiled.

Said Anna to Susan: "Judith begrudges you Nillssen too, doesn't she?"

Susan hugged her arms in a funny little way she had, and laughed.

"Isn't she a scream?" she asked. "The way she carries on is enough to make you want to sit in the orchestra and watch her. Can you always get a man if you agree to everything he says?"

"Always. That's your trouble, Susan. You fight them. You fight too much."

Susan ruminated.

"Of course perhaps you don't want either of these men," Anna went on, "but you may want one sometime. Better take a page out of Judith's book."

"She's too smart to fight," said Susan. "Well, maybe you're right. I must curb my manners, and I must take a good dose of paregoric every time I go out. In that sluggish state I will only move my lips slowly, and it may give me the manner—who knows—of pliability!"

The last word had a sharp ring to it.

"Well, will you come down to Red Lodge next week with us?"

"Going to have Jens Nillssen?"

"Yes, and I've got to have Clem and Judith. I need Clem to cut wood and things like that. An explorer may be too dainty—you never can tell. Clem, Judith—me and my man—Nillssen and you—the Haines duet. We will be a merry party. If you don't want to come, I'll ask Daisy Norton. She has a good line and a new lot of sport clothes which she was lamenting the other day she's had no chance to wear."

"Let her lament—or lend them to me. I'll come," said Susan.

RED LODGE was really a country place. It was built of logs painted red, and it fronted on the lake with a cape of pine trees around its back. The tradition of the place was that it was servantless, and guests went prepared to do some work.

According to what is expected of the beautiful and pliable, Judith should have arrived there helpless and been a blight. But being Judith and really artistic, she did nothing of the sort. She had brought with her only the simplest kind of clothes, knickers and khaki blouses, a costume in which she looked as slim as a boy of sixteen, while the rough clothes set off the delicacy of her skin to perfection and even enhanced her femininity. But that was not all. She could cook just enough to be useful, and Anna watched her with a kind of unwilling admiration. The first morning Judith had her dip early enough so that she was back and had coffee made for everybody. If it had been even remotely in Anna's mind to show Susan's superiority in primitive conditions, she failed—for Susan not only looked very badly put together in the harsh morning light, but she burned the bacon. It was unlike Susan, for she had been on innumerable parties with Anna before, and everyone knew Susan could cook. There it was, however: burned bacon.

Clem praised the coffee loudly, and Nillssen drank it up to the fourth cup. They were decent about the bacon, refusing to let Susan broil any more, and only teasing her mildly. Susan said that if she had been left alone in the kitchen, it never would have happened.

"I can't cook with an audience."

"Give her a chance by herself," said Judith. "Let her get supper, Anna. You and I'll do dinner."

As they had brought a great many cooked things with them, dinner was not so difficult to get. But it made a brave showing, and after it Judith went off for

a walk in the pine woods. Nillssen went with her, but Clem stayed behind, absorbed in getting the fishing-tackle which was left in the lodge into some sort of order. Later he found Susan in the kitchen with Anna's husband Jim. They were slicing onions for supper; and Susan, with tears in her eyes, for the onions were strong, waved odorous hands at him.

"Wait till you see your supper!" she said.

"You can't cook, Susan," said Clem. "You're a perfect mess. Look at that bacon. You'll never live down that bacon."

That was the sort of remark he never made to Judith. He stood with his hands in his pockets looking down at Susan and thinking that she was really lots of fun. He had the fishing-tackle in order; he had had a nap; and Susan in a blue linen blouse and homespun skirt was very good-looking. He remembered that characteristic expression as she glanced from the onion to him, that old mocking, stimulating look, with the corners of her mouth turned up defiantly and the laugh lurking in her eyes.

"One more word about that bacon," she said, "and I'll rub this onion on your face and spoil your beauty."

"Such rotten bacon," he said, and fled from the kitchen, feeling extremely humorous and exhilarated and hoping that she would chase him. But she only flourished the onion and let him go.

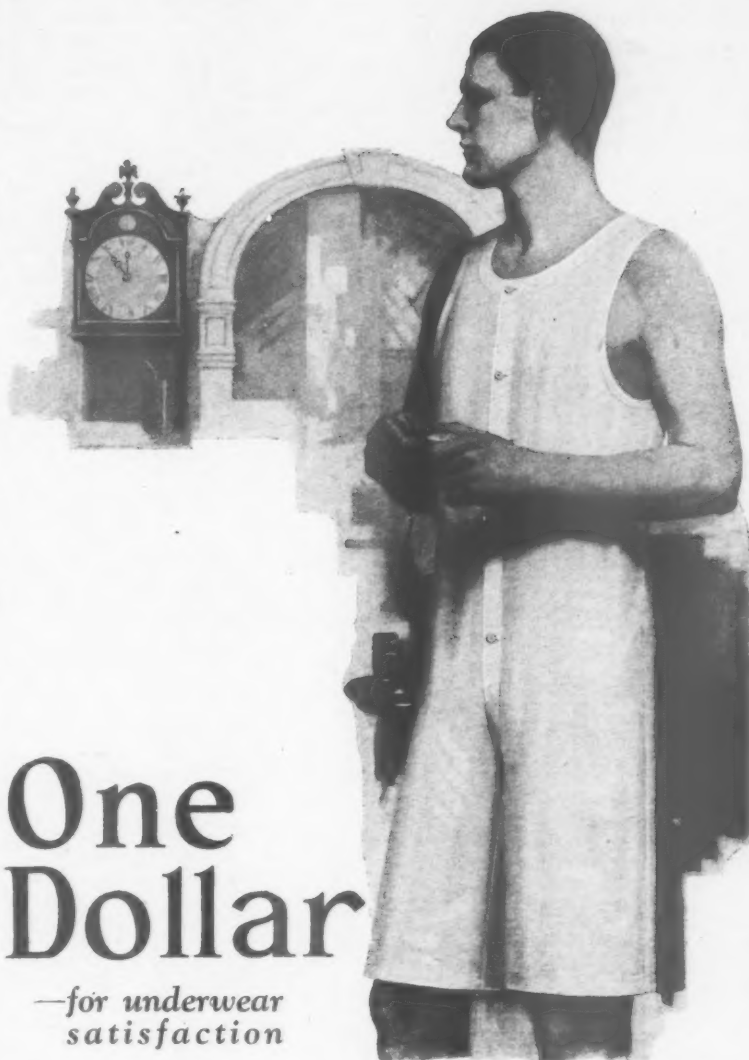
Outside the lodge he thought he would find Judith, and went down the trail toward the lake. She was coming along with Jens Nillssen, and they were talking lazily. As he looked at his lovely fiancée with the late afternoon sun gilding her hair, Clem thought, "She is like a nymph," and felt the exhilaration go out of him as he quickened his pace to meet her. They stood on the porch while she told him of the afternoon she had had, hinting at the gallantries of Nillssen. A shout of laughter went up from the kitchen. The explorer had gone in there. Clem felt a little out of it as he went on stroking Judith's hair.

SUPPER was served on the side porch overlooking the lake. Everyone abused Susan's cooking, which was excellent, in a kind of friendly abuse.

"You're better on onions than on bacon," said Clem.

It was gayer at supper taunting Susan than it had been at noon praising Judith. Then the moon came up, and the woods around the lodge grew magic. Some one lit the old lantern by the door, and it and the moon gave the only light as they made themselves comfortable. Susan sat down at the old piano inside the living-room, when she had finished the dishes, and played queer beautiful things; and in the music all the Susan whom Clem had taken three years to forget came to haunt him again. He sat and stroked Judith's hair and was suddenly horrified to find he was remembering things which Susan had said one soft night three years ago.

"Isn't it lovely here?" asked Judith. "You know the Barkers, just a mile away, are going to sell their place. I'd like a place out here. In some ways it's really



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The magic disappeared. Red Lodge was a country place to pay social debts. Clem found himself discussing the price of property along the lake front, and then stroking Judith again, in an effort to recapture his mood.

The music stopped, and from the low window Susan and Nillssen came out and set off along the lake path in the moonlight. A laugh floated back, Nillssen's laugh. What was Susan saying?

"Was that Susan going off with Jens?" asked Judith. "Why does she do things like that?"

"You were walking with him this afternoon."

"He insisted."

Clem found himself about to remark that it was no easy matter to get Susan to walk with you by moonlight—he knew; but somehow he did not say it. It was a relief when Jim lit the lamps inside and pulled out the bridge-tables. But when Clem was in bed, with the scent of pine trees and the sound of water coming through the great windows of his room, when he was too nearly asleep to resist involuntary thoughts, the last one that came to him was that in the morning he must certainly kid Susan again about that bacon.

THE party had come down on Friday afternoon, and the next day was Sunday. At four o'clock the men went fishing and came back for breakfast, feeling very hungry. Susan and Anna and Mildred Haines were waiting for them. Judith had not appeared.

"Judith will stir when she hears men's voices," said Mildred Haines to Anna in an aside. Clem heard it, but he pretended that he didn't, and was especially devoted to Judith at breakfast when she did appear. She had told him what she suffered from jealous women.

Judith was a little cross. She felt an incipient pimple on her chin rising in an untoward bump. Besides, she had things on her mind. Nillssen was sitting by Susan again. A hard, contemplative look crossed Judith's seraphic face as she watched them. Only Anna saw it.

But for the rest of the day Judith seemed to concentrate on the charming of Nillssen. There were things that only he could do for her, and in the afternoon they went together for another walk in the woods. Later Clem, finding Susan, asked her to come with him and find them.

"Sure," said Susan. "It must be unpleasant to misplace Judith."

Of course he had an answer for that, and they were very quarrelsome, and Clem again felt his spirits rising.

They went along the little curving paths and up the slopes of the hills until they came out in a high, rocky place from which they could look down on the view below.

"How gorgeous it is!" said Susan, forgetting Judith and Nillssen.

Then she looked down and saw them. They were standing together in a little open yet sheltered space below, just standing still, Judith's head drooping just a little, but her eyes turned up to the face of the man with her. It was not

the attitude of casual conversation. Clem watched, his face rigid, as if he were waiting to see what would happen, if the attitude would become an embrace. Then Susan screamed, a loud scream. The two below looked up, and Clem turned to Susan.

"What on earth!"

"I thought I saw a snake," said Susan.

Clem regarded her. Of all girls he knew, Susan was the least likely to be afraid of a snake. Her eyes met his, defiantly, proudly.

"Well, I did," she said stoutly. "And besides—"

"You certainly do play fair."

They went down the path to meet the others. Three hours later, when they all climbed into motors to get back to the city, Susan and Nillssen together, and Clem and Judith in his car, everyone was very gay except Clem and Susan.

Susan was very quiet. So was Clem. He wondered once, a little sardonically, as Judith curled up against him like a kitten, if she curled up that way with everyone. However, there was nothing really—Why had Susan screamed?

IT was after that house-party that the faintest captiousness crept into Clem's manner toward Judith, matched by a like faint captiousness in hers. Clem began to notice things that had been invisible before. He had not wanted to have his living-room in pale gold. He hated French furniture. Judith had been agreeable and agreeing as they talked it over. Yet here they were having a Louis XV drawing-room. He had ordered the furniture for Judith himself. There were so many concessions like that. He began to suspect that he was being managed, and the suspicion made him quarrelsome; and on the other hand Judith had a new slight tone of asperity. She talked about Nillssen a good deal, mentioning casually his new home in Philadelphia, which was furnished with things he had brought from all over the world.

"What's it to you?" asked Clem one evening.

"Why nothing—now," answered Judith—placably.

"What do you mean by that? That you'd have him if you didn't have to marry me?"

"Are you trying to fight with me?" asked Judith with sudden sharpness.

Light broke over Clem. That was exactly what he was trying to do.

"I am. I want to fight. I'm tired of having you always agree with what I say, and of being forced to do everything you want. I'd sooner fight honestly than have a dishonest peace, and you letting Nillssen make love to you under cover of it."

Judith turned to ice. After all, she was sure of Nillssen. A gesture would bring him to the point. And he was richer than Clem, and far more picturesque. If she were neatly out of this—

"I sometimes wonder if we were meant for each other," she said in a very gentle tone. "I am sorry—Clem."

"Oh, don't hedge," said Clem. "You want Nillssen, and that's quite all right with me."

Judith wasted no time. She told some of her friends the next afternoon that

she had broken with Clem—he was too jealous. Meanwhile she was waiting for an answer to the note she had sent to Jens by special delivery, the same messenger returning Clem's ring. It was on the cards that Jens would come to comfort her and find his own comfort. But Nillssen did not get the note. When the boy brought it to the house where he was staying, the explorer was in Susan's shabby living-room talking earnestly and eagerly, all the pompousness washed from his face.

He was going when Clem came in, Clem with speech bursting in his mind, resolute and frightened. Nillssen gave Clem one inimical glance and bowed himself out.

"Is he a bigamist?" demanded Clem.

"Why bigamist?"

"What's he flirting with you for?"

"No law against it—"

"But he wants to marry Judith."

"No, he doesn't."

"How do you know?"

"Because he's been asking me for a week to marry him and go with him when he leaves tonight," said Susan impatiently. "Besides, what business is it of yours, and what is the reason you come here at this hour in the afternoon? You needn't be jealous about Judith. It's she who's been—he doesn't care anything about her or she about him," she finished rather gallantly.

Clem was speechless.

"But she—" Then he forgot Judith in a sudden fear. "Well, Nillssen can't have you. You were engaged to me once, and you've got to marry me now."

"Are *you* the bigamist, by any chance?"

"Judith broke with me yesterday—for Nillssen."

"But he's leaving town tonight."

THEY contemplated Judith's plight speechlessly. Then Clem said gently: "It doesn't affect us, Susan. She doesn't want me. She told me so."

"Off with the new love, on with the old," said Susan cruelly, for she had been suffering lately and was only human.

Clem did not resist. He stood looking at her desperately, until Susan thought she might cry.

"I suppose you're right," he said at length. "I've been too stupid. It's too late to get anything back now."

"Oh, I've been stupid too," answered Susan almost crossly. But her eyes were very tender. He held her close, closer than he had ever wanted to hold Judith. He didn't think of what Susan was like in looks or manner. She was no flower, no nymph. Susan was Susan, and almost intolerably dear. She had to talk into his shoulder.

"But I warn you I'm not pliable. I don't mean to be. And you really *are* bossy," she continued their broken-off conversation of three years ago, as if it had been aching in *her* mind, too.

Clem put his hand over her mouth.

"Let's not talk much until we're married," he suggested.

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